W.m Fawkener Esq.r

THE

WORKS

OF

Alexander Pope, Esq.

VOLUME VI.

BEING THE

SECOND of his LETTERS.

LONDON,

For A. Millar, J. and R. Tonson, C. Bathurst, H. Woodfall, R. Baldwin, W. Johnston, T. Caslon, T. Longman, B. Law, T. Field, Dilly, and M. Richardson.

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LETTERS

TO AND FROM

Mr. GAY,

From 1712 to 1732.

LETTER I.

Binfield, Nov. 13, 1712.

YOU writ me a very kind Letter ſome months ago, and told me you were then upon the point of taking a journey into Devonſhire. That hindered my anſwering you, and I have ſince ſeveral times inquired of you, without any ſatisfaction; for ſo I call the knowledge of your welfare, or of any thing that concerns you. I paſt two months in Suſſex, and ſince my return have been again very ill. I writ to Lintot in hopes of hearing of you, but had no anſwer to that point. Our friend Mr. Cromwell too has been ſilent all this year; I believe he has been diſpleaſed at ſome or other of my freedoms *, which I very innocently take, and moſt with thoſe I think moſt my friends. But this I know nothing of; perhaps he may have opened to you: and if I know

* We ſee by the Letters to Mr. Cromwell, that Mr. Pope was uſed to rally him on his turn for trifling and pedantic criticiſm. So he loſt his two early friends, Cromwell and Wycherley, by his zeal to correct the bad poetry of the one, and the bad taſte of the other.

you right, you are of a temper to cement friendſhips, and not to divide them. I really much love Mr. Cromwell, and have a true affection for yourſelf, which, if I had any intereſt in the world, or power with thoſe who have, I ſhould not be long without manifeſting to you. I deſire you will not, either out of modeſty, or a vicious diſtruſt of another's value for you (thoſe two eternal foes to merit) imagine that your letters and converſation are not always welcome to me. There is no man more entirely fond of good-nature or ingenuity than myſelf, and I have ſeen too much of thoſe qualities in you to be any thing leſs than

Your, etc.

LETTER II.

Dec. 24, 1721.

IT has been my good fortune within this month paſt, to hear more things that have pleaſed me than (I think) almoſt in all my time beſide. But nothing upon my word has been ſo home-felt a ſatisfaction as the news you tell me of yourſelf: and you are not in the leaſt miſtaken, when you congratulate me upon your own good ſucceſs: for I have more people out of whom to be happy, than any ill-natured man can boaſt of. I may with honeſty affirm to you, that, notwithſtanding the many inconveniencies and diſadvantages they commonly talk of in the *Res anguſti domi*, I have never found any other, than the inability of giving people of merit the only certain proof of our value for them, in doing them ſome real ſervice. For after all, if we could but think a little, ſelf-love might make us philoſophers, and convince us *quantuli indiget Natura!* Ourſelves are eaſily provided for; 'tis nothing but the circumſtantials,

and the apparatus or equipage of human life, that coſts ſo much the furniſhing. Only what a luxurious man wants for horſes, and footmen, a good-natured man wants for his friends, or the indigent.

I ſhall ſee you this winter with much greater pleaſure than I could the laſt; and, I hope, as much of your time, as your attendance on the Ducheſs * will allow you to ſpare to any friend, will not be thought loſt upon one who is as much ſo as any man. I muſt alſo put you in mind, though you are now ſecretary to this Lady, that you are likewiſe ſecretary to nine other Ladies, and are to write ſometimes for them too. He who is forced to live wholly upon thoſe Ladies favours, is indeed in as precarious a condition as any He who does what Chaucer ſays for ſuſtenance; but they are very agreeable companions, like other Ladies, when a man only paſſes a night or ſo with them at his leiſure, and away. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER III.

Aug. 23, 1713.

JUST as I received yours, I was ſet down to write to you, with ſome ſhame that I had ſo long deferred it. But I can hardly repent my neglect, when it gives me the knowledge how little you inſiſt upon ceremony, and how much a greater ſhare in your memory I have, than I deſerve. I have been near a week in London, where I am like to remain, till I become, by Mr. Jervas's help, *Elegans formarum ſpectator*. I begin to diſ-

* Ducheſs of Monmouth, to whom he was juſt then made Secretary.

cover beauties that were till now imperceptible to me. Every corner of an eye, or turn of a noſe or ear, the ſmalleſt degree of light or ſhade on a cheek, or in a dimple, have charms to diſtract me. I no longer look upon Lord Plauſible as ridiculous, for admiring a Lady's fine tip of an ear and pretty elbow (as the *Plain Dealer* has it) but am in ſome danger even from the ugly and diſagreeable, ſince they may have their retired beauties, in one trait or other about them. You may gueſs in how uneaſy a ſtate I am, when every day the performances of others appear more beautiful and excellent, and my own more deſpicable. I have thrown away three Dr. Swifts, each of which was once my vanity, two Lady Bridgwaters, a Ducheſs of Montague, beſides half a dozen Earls, and one Knight of the garter. I have crucified Chriſt over again in effigy, and made a Madona as old as her mother St. Anne. Nay, what is yet more miraculous, I have rivalled St. Luke himſelf in painting, and as, 'tis ſaid, an angel came and finiſhed his piece, ſo, you would ſwear, a devil put the laſt hand to mine, 'tis ſo begrim'd and ſmutted. However, I comfort myſelf with a Chriſtian reflection, that I have not broken the commandment, for my pictures are not the likeneſs of any thing in heaven above, or in earth below, or in the water under the earth. Neither will any body adore or worſhip them, except the Indians ſhould have a ſight of them, who, they tell us, worſhip certain idols purely for their uglineſs.

I am very much recreated and refreſhed with the news of the advancement of the *Fan* *, which, I doubt not, will delight the eye and ſenſe of the Fair, as long as that agreeable machine ſhall play in the hands of poſterity. I am glad your fan is mounted ſo ſoon, but I would

* A Poem of Mr. Gay's, ſo intitled.

have you varniſh and glaze it at your leiſure, and poliſh the ſticks as much as you can. You may then cauſe it to be borne in the hands of both ſexes, no leſs in Britain than it is in China; where it is ordinary for a Mandarine to fan himſelf cool after a debate, and a Stateſman to hide his face with it when he tells a grave lie.

I am, etc.

LETTER IV.

Dear Mr. Gay, Sept. 23, 1714.

Welcome to your native ſoil! * welcome to your friends! thrice welcome to me! whether returned in glory, bleſt with court-intereſt, the love and familiarity of the great, and filled with agreeable hopes; or melancholy with dejection, contemplative of the changes of fortune, and doubtful for the future: Whether return'd a triumphant Whig, or a deſponding Tory, equally all hail! equally beloved and welcome to me! If happy, I am to partake in your elevation; if unhappy, you have ſtill a warm corner in my heart, and a retreat at Binfield in the worſt of times at your ſervice. If you are a Tory, or thought ſo by any man, I know it can proceed from nothing but your gratitude to a few people who endeavoured to ſerve you, and whoſe politics were never your concern. If you are a Whig, as I rather hope, and, as I think, your principles and mine (as brother poets) had ever a bias to the ſide of Liberty, I know you will be an honeſt man, and an inoffenſive one. Upon the whole, I know, you are incapable of

* In the beginning of this year Mr. Gay went over to Hanover with the Earl of Clarendon, who was ſent thither by Q. Anne. On her death they returned to England: and it was on this occaſion that Mr. Pope met him with this friendly welcome.

being ſo much of either party as to be good for nothing. Therefore once more, whatever you are, or in whatever ſtate you are, all hail!

One or two of your old friends complain'd they had heard nothing from you ſince the Queen's death; I told them no man living lov'd Mr. Gay better than I, yet I had not once written to him in all his voyage. This I thought a convincing proof, how truly one may be a friend to another without telling him ſo every month. But they had reaſons to themſelves to allege in your excuſe; as men who really value one another, will never want ſuch as make their friends and themſelves eaſy. The late univerſal concern in public affairs, threw us all into a hurry of ſpirits: even I, who am more a philoſopher than to expect any thing from any Reign, was borne away with the current, and full of the expectation of the Succeſſor. During your journeys I knew not whither to aim a letter after you; that was a ſort of ſhooting flying: add to this the demand Homer had upon me, to write fifty verſes a day, beſides learned notes, all which are at a concluſion for this year. Rejoice with me, O my friend, that my labour is over; come and make merry with me in much feaſting: We will feed among the lilies (by the lilies I mean the Ladies.) Are not the Roſalindas of Britain as charming as the Blouſalindas of the Hague? or have the two great Paſtoral poets of our nation renounced love at the ſame time? for Philips, immortal Philips, hath deſerted, yea, and in a ruſtic manner kicked, his Roſalind. Dr. Parnell and I have been inſeparable ever ſince you went. We are now at the Bath, where (if you are not, as I heartily hope, better engaged) your coming would be the greateſt pleaſure to us in the world. Talk not of expences: Homer ſhall ſupport his children. I beg a

line from you directed to the Poſt-houſe in Bath. Poor Parnell is in an ill ſtate of health.

Pardon me if I add a word of advice in the poetical way. Write ſomething on the King, or Prince, or Princeſs. On whatſoever foot you may be with the court, this can do no harm.— I ſhall never know where to end, and am confounded in the many things I have to ſay to you, though they all amount but to this, that I am entirely, as ever,

Your, etc.

LETTER V.

London, Nov. 8, 1717.

I Am extremely glad to find by a Letter of yours to Mr. Forteſcue, that you have received one from me; and I beg you to keep, as the greateſt of curioſities, that letter of mine which you received, and I never writ.

But the truth is, that we were made here to expect you in a ſhort time, that I was upon the ramble moſt part of the Summer, and have concluded the ſeaſon in grief, for the death of my poor father.

I ſhall not enter into a detail of my concerns and troubles, for two reaſons; becauſe I am really afflicted and need no airs of grief, and becauſe they are not the concerns and troubles of any but myſelf. But I think you (without too great a compliment) enough my friend, to be pleaſed to know he died eaſily, without a groan, or the ſickneſs of two minutes; in a word, as ſilently and peacefully as he lived.

Sic mihi contingat vivere, ſicque mori!

I am not in the humour to ſay gay things, nor in the affectation of avoiding them. I can't pretend to en-

tertain either Mr. Pulteney or you, as you have done both my Lord Burlington and me, by your letter to Mr. Lowndes *. I am only ſorry you have no greater quarrel to Mr. Lowndes, and wiſh you paid ſome hundreds a year to the land-tax. That gentleman is lately become an inoffenſive perſon to me too; ſo that we may join heartily in our addreſſes to him, and (like true patriots) rejoice in all that good done to the nation and government, to which we contribute nothing ourſelves.

I ſhould not forget to acknowledge your letter ſent from Aix; you told me then that writing was not good with the waters, and, I find ſince, you are of my opinion, that 'tis as bad without the waters. But, I fancy, it is not writing but thinking, that is ſo bad with the waters; and then you might write without any manner of prejudice, if you writ like our brother Poets of theſe days.

The Ducheſs, Lord Warwick, Lord Stanhope, Mrs. Beilenden, Mrs. Lepell, and I can't tell who elſe, had your letters: Dr. Arbuthnot and I expect to be treated like friends. I would ſend my ſervices to Mr. Pulteney, but that he is out of favour at court; and make ſome compliment to Mrs. Pulteney, if ſhe were not a Whig. My Lord Burlington tells me ſhe has much out-ſhined all the French ladies, as ſhe did the Engliſh before: I am ſorry for it, becauſe it will be detrimental to our holy religion, if heretical women ſhould eclipſe thoſe Nuns and orthodox Beauties, in whoſe eyes alone lie all the hopes we can have, of gaining ſuch fine gentlemen as you to our church.

Yours, etc.

I wiſh you joy of the birth of the young prince, becauſe he is the only prince we have from whom you have had no expectations and no diſappointments.

* A Poem intituled, *To my ingenious and worthy friend W. Lowndes, Eſq; Author of that celebrated treatiſe in Folio, called the* LAND-TAX BILL.

LETTER VI.

From Mr. Gay to Mr. F——.

Stanton-Harcourt, Aug. 9, 1718.

THE only news that you can expect to have from me here, is news from heaven, for I am quite out of the world, and there is ſcarce any thing can reach me except the noiſe of thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read in old authors of high towers levell'd by it to the ground, while the humble valleys have eſcap'd: the only thing that is proof againſt it is the laurel, which, however, I take to be no great ſecurity to the brains of modern authors. But to let you ſee that the contrary to this often happens, I muſt acquaint you, that the higheſt and moſt extravagant heap of towers in the univerſe, which is in this neighbourhood, ſtand ſtill undefaced, while a cock of barley in our next field has been conſumed to aſhes. Would to God that this heap of barley had been all that had periſhed! for unhappily beneath this little ſhelter ſat two much more conſtant Lovers than ever were found in Romance under the ſhade of a beech-tree. John Hewet was a well-ſet man of about five and twenty, Sarah Drew might be rather called comely than beautiful, and was about the ſame age. They had paſs'd through the various labours of the year together, with the greateſt ſatisfaction; if ſhe milk'd, 'twas his morning and evening care, to bring the cows to her hand; it was but laſt fair that he bought her a preſent of green ſilk for her ſtraw hat, and the poſie on her ſilver ring was of his chuſing. Their love was the talk of the whole neighbourhood; for ſcandal never affirmed, that they had any other views than the lawful poſſeſſion of each other in marriage. It was that very morning that he had obtain'd the conſent

of her parents, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the intervals of their work they were now talking of the wedding cloaths, and John was ſuiting ſeveral ſorts of poppies and field flowers to her complexion, to chuſe her a knot for the wedding-day. While they were thus buſied (it was on the laſt of July between two and three in the afternoon) the clouds grew black, and ſuch a ſtorm of lightning and thunder enſued, that all the labourers made the beſt of their way to what ſhelter the trees and hedges afforded. Sarah was frighted, and fell down in a ſwoon, on a heap of barley. John, who never ſeparated from her, ſat down by her ſide, having raked together two or three heaps, the better to ſecure her from the ſtorm. Immediately there was heard ſo loud a crack, as if heaven had ſplit aſunder; every one was now ſolicitous for the ſafety of his neighbour, and called to one another throughout the field: No anſwer being returned to thoſe who called to our Lovers, they ſlept to the place where they lay; they perceived the barley all in a ſmoke, and then ſpied this faithful pair: John with one arm about Sarah's neck, and the other held over her, as to ſkreen her from the lightning. They were ſtruck dead, and ſtiffen'd in this tender poſture. Sarah's left eye-brow was ſing'd, and there appeared a black ſpot on her breaſt: her lover was all over black, but not the leaſt ſigns of life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy companions, they were convey'd to the town, and the next day were interr'd in Stanton-Harcourt Church-yard. My Lord Harcourt, at Mr. Pope's and my requeſt, has cauſed a ſtone to be placed over them, upon condition that we furniſh'd the Epitaph, which is as follows;

When Eaſtern lovers feed the fun'ral fire,
On the ſame pile the faithful pair expire:

Here pitying Heav'n that virtue mutual found,
And blaſted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts ſo ſincere th' Almighty ſaw well pleas'd,
Sent his own lightning, and the victims ſeiz'd.

But my Lord is apprehenſive the country people will not underſtand this, and Mr. Pope ſays he'll make one with ſomething of Scripture in it, and with as little of poetry as Hopkins and Sternhold *.

Your, etc.

LETTER VII.

DEAR GAY, Sept. 11, 1722.

I Thank you for remembering me; I would do my beſt to forget myſelf, but that, I find, your idea is ſo cloſely connected to me, that I muſt forget both together, or

* The Epitaph was this,

Near this place lie the bodies of
JOHN HEWET and MARY DREW,
an induſtrious young Man
and Virtuous Maiden of this Pariſh;
Who being at Harveſt Work
(with ſeveral others)
were in one inſtant killed by Lightning
the laſt day of July 1718.

Think not, by rig'rous Judgment ſeiz'd,
A Pair ſo faithful could expire;
Victims ſo pure Heav'n ſaw well pleas'd,
And ſnatch'd them in celeſtial fire.

Live well, and fear no ſudden fate;
When God calls Virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis Juſtice ſoon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or ſave.

Virtue unmov'd can hear the call,
And face the flaſh that melts the ball.

neither. I am ſorry I could not have a glympſe either of you, or of the Sun (your father) before you went for Bath: But now it pleaſes me to ſee him, and hear of you. Pray put Mr. Congreve in mind that he has one on this ſide of the world who loves him; and that there are more men and women in the univerſe than Mr. Gay and my Lady Ducheſs. There are ladies in and about Richmond, that pretend to value him and yourſelf; and one of them at leaſt may be thought to do it without affectation, namely Mrs. Howard.

Pray conſult with Dr. Arbuthnot and Dr. Chene, to what exact pitch your belly may be ſuffer'd to ſwell, not to outgrow theirs, who are, yet, your betters. Tell Dr. Arbuthnot that even pigeon-pies and hogs puddings are thought dangerous by our governors; for thoſe that have been ſent to the Biſhop of Rocheſter are open'd and prophanely pry'd into at the Tower: 'Tis the firſt time dead pigeons have been ſuſpected of carrying intelligence. To be ſerious, you and Mr. Congreve and the Doctor will be ſenſible of my concern and ſurprize at his commitment, whoſe welfare is as much my concern as any friend's I have. I think myſelf a moſt unfortunate wretch: I no ſooner love, and, upon knowledge, fix my eſteem to any man; but he either dies, like Mr. Craggs, or is ſent to impriſonment, like the Biſhop. God ſend him as well as I wiſh him, manifeſt him to be as innocent as I believe him, and make all his enemies know him as well as I do, that they may think of him as well!

If you apprehend this period to be of any danger in being addreſſed to you, tell Mr. Congreve or the Doctor, it is writ to them. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER VIII.

July 13, 1722.

I Was very much pleas'd, not to ſay obliged, by your kind letter, which ſufficiently warm'd my heart to have anſwered it ſooner, had I not been deceived (a way one often is deceived) by hearkening to women; who told me that both Lady Burlington and yourſelf were immediately to return from Tunbridge, and that my Lord was gone to bring you back. The world furniſhes us with too many examples of what you complain of in yours, and, I aſſure you, none of them touch and grieve me ſo much as what relates to you. I think your ſentiments upon it are the very ſame I ſhould entertain: I wiſh thoſe we call great men had the ſame notions, but they are really the moſt little creatures in the world; and the moſt intereſted, in all but one point; which is, that they want judgment * to know their greateſt intereſt, to encourage and chuſe honeſt men for their friends.

I have not once ſeen the perſon you complain of, whom I have of late thought to be, as the Apoſtle admoniſheth, one fleſh with his wife.

Pray make my ſincere compliments to Lord Burlington, whom I have long known to have a ſtronger bent of mind to be all that is good and honourable, than almoſt any one of his rank.

I have not forgot yours to Lord Bolingbroke, tho' I hope to have ſpeedily a fuller opportunity, he returning for Flanders and France next month.

Mrs. Howard has writ you ſomething or other in a letter, which, ſhe ſays, ſhe repents. She has as much good-nature as if ſhe had never ſeen any ill-nature, and

* Inſtead of — *that they want judgment*, propriety of expreſſion requires he ſhould have ſaid —— *there where they want judgment*.

had been bred among lambs and turtle-doves, inſtead of Princes and court-ladies.

By the end of this week, Mr. Forteſcue will paſs a few days with me: we ſhall remember you in our potations, and wiſh you a fiſher with us, on my graſs-plat. In the mean time we wiſh you ſucceſs as a fiſher of women at the Wells, a rejoicer of the comfortleſs and widow, and a play-fellow of the maiden. I am

Your, etc.

LETTER IX.

Sept. 11, 1722.

I Think it obliging in you to deſire an account of my health. The truth is, I have never been in a worſe ſtate in my life, and find whatever I have try'd as a remedy ſo ineffectual, that I gave myſelf intirely over. I wiſh your health may be ſet perfectly right by the waters; and, be aſſured, I not only wiſh that, and every thing elſe for you, as common friends wiſh, but with a zeal not uſual among thoſe we call ſo. I am always glad to hear of, and from you; always glad to ſee you, whatever accidents or amuſements have interven'd to make me do either leſs than uſual. I not only frequently think of you, but conſtantly do my beſt to make others do it, by mentioning you to all your acquaintance. I deſire you to do the ſame for me to thoſe you are now with: do me what you think juſtice in regard to thoſe who are my friends, and if there are any, whom I have unwillingly deſerved ſo little of as to be my enemies, I don't deſire you to forfeit their opinion, or your own judgment in any caſe. Let time convince thoſe who

know me not, that I am an inoffenſive perſon; tho' (to ſay truth) I don't care how little I am indebted to Time, for the world is hardly worth living in, at leaſt to one that is never to have health a week together. I have been made to expect Dr. Arbuthnot in town this fortnight, or elſe I had written to him. If he, by never writing to me, ſeems to forget me, I conſider I do the ſame ſeemingly to him, and yet I don't believe he has a more ſincere friend in the world than I am: therefore I will think him mine. I am his, Mr. Congreve's, and

Your, etc.

LETTER X.

I Faithfully aſſure you in the midſt of that melancholy with which I have been ſo long encompaſſed, in an hourly expectation almoſt of my Mother's death; there was no circumſtance that render'd it more inſupportable to me, than that I could not leave her to ſee you. Your own preſent eſcape from ſo imminent danger, I pray God may prove leſs precarious than my poor Mother's can be; whoſe life at beſt can be but a ſhort Reprieve, or a longer dying. But I fear, even that is more than God will pleaſe to grant me; for, theſe two days paſt, her moſt dangerous ſymptoms are returned upon her; and, unleſs there be a ſudden change, I muſt in a few days, if not in a few hours, be deprived of her. In the afflicting proſpect before me, I know nothing that can ſo much alleviate it as the view now given me (Heaven grant it may increaſe!) of your recovery. In the ſincerity of my heart, I am exceſſively concern'd not to be able to pay you, dear Gay, any part of the debt, I very gratefully remember, I owe you on a like ſad occaſion, when you was here comforting me in

her laſt great illneſs. May your health augment as faſt as I fear hers muſt decline: I believe that would be very faſt — may the life that is added to you be paſt in good fortune and tranquillity, rather of your own giving to yourſelf, than from any expectations or truſt in others. May you and I live together, without wiſhing more felicity or acquiſitions than Friendſhip can give and receive without obligations to Greatneſs. God keep you, and three or four more of thoſe I have known as long, that I may have ſomething worth the ſurviving my Mother. Adieu, dear Gay, and believe me (while you live and while I live)

Your, etc.

As I told you in my laſt letter, I repeat it in this: Do not think of writing to me. The Doctor, Mrs. Howard, and Mrs. Blount give me daily accounts of you.

LETTER XI.

Sunday Night.

I Truly rejoiced to ſee your hand-writing, though I feared the trouble it might give you. I wiſh I had not known that you are ſtill ſo exceſſively weak. Every day for a week paſt I had hopes of being able in a day or two more to ſee you. But my Mother advances not at all, gains no ſtrength, and ſeems but upon the whole to wait for the next cold day to throw her into a Diarrhœa, that muſt, if it return, carry her off. This being daily to be feared, makes me not dare to go a day from her, leſt that ſhould prove to be her laſt. God ſend you a ſpeedy recovery, and ſuch a total one as, at your time of life, may be expected. You need not call the few words I writ to you either kind or good;

that was, and is, nothing. But whatever I have in my nature of kindneſs, I really have for you, and whatever good I could do, I would, among the very firſt, be glad to do to you. In your circumſtance the old Roman farewell is proper, *Vive memor noſtri.*

Your, etc.

I ſend you a very kind letter of Mr. Digby, between whom and me two letters have paſs'd concerning you.

LETTER XII.

NO words can tell you the great concern I feel for you; I aſſure you it was not, and is not leſſened, by the immediate apprehenſion I have now every day lain under of loſing my mother. Be aſſured no duty leſs than that ſhould have kept me one day from attending your condition: I would come and take a room by you at Hampſtead, to be with you daily, were ſhe not ſtill in danger of death. I have conſtantly had particular accounts of you from the Doctor, which have not ceaſed to alarm me yet. God preſerve your life, and reſtore your health. I really beg it for my own ſake, for I feel I love you more than I thought in health, tho' I always loved you a great deal. If I am ſo unfortunate as to bury my poor mother, and yet have the good fortune to have my prayers heard for you, I hope we may live moſt of our remaining days together. If, as I believe, the air of a better clime, as the Southern part of France, may be thought uſeful for your recovery, thither I would go with you infallibly; and it is very probable we might get the Dean with us, who is in that abandoned ſtate already in which I ſhall ſhortly be, as to other cares and duties. Dear Gay, be as chearful as

your ſufferings will permit: God is a better friend than a Court; even any honeſt man is a better. I promiſe you my entire friendſhip in all events, heartily praying for your recovery. Your, etc.

Do not write, if you are ever ſo able: the Doctor tells me all.

LETTER XIII.

I Am glad to hear of the progreſs of your recovery, and the oftner I hear it, the better, when it becomes eaſy to you to give it me. I ſo well remember the conſolation you were to me in my Mother's former illneſs, that it doubles my concern at this time not to be able to be with you, or you able to be with me. Had I loſt her, I would have been no where elſe but with you during your confinement. I have now paſt five weeks without once going from home, and without any company but for three or four of the days. Friends rarely ſtretch their kindneſs ſo far as ten miles. My Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Bethel have not forgotten to viſit me: the reſt (except Mrs. Blount once) were contented to ſend meſſages. I never paſſed ſo melancholy a time, and now Mr. Congreve's death touches me nearly. It was twenty years and more that I have known him: Every year carries away ſomething dear with it, till we outlive all tenderneſſes, and become wretched individuals again as we begun. Adieu! This is my birth-day, and this is my reflection upon it.

With added days if life give nothing new,
But, like a ſieve, let ev'ry Pleaſure thro';
Some Joy ſtill loſt, as each vain year runs o'er,
And all we gain, ſome ſad Reflection more!

Is this a Birth-day? — 'Tis, alas! too clear,
'Tis but the Fun'ral of the former Year.

Your, etc.

LETTER XIV.

To the Honourable Mrs. ——

June 20.

WE cannot omit taking this occaſion to congratulate you upon the increaſe of your family, for your Cow is this morning very happily delivered of the better ſort, I mean a female calf; ſhe is as like her mother as ſhe can ſtare. All Knights Errants Palfreys were diſtinguiſhed by lofty names: we ſee no reaſon why a Paſtoral Lady's ſheep and calves ſhould want names of the ſofter ſound; we have therefore given her the name of Cæſar's wife, Calfurnia: imagining, that as Romulus and Remus were ſuckled by a wolf, this Roman lady was ſuckled by a cow, from whence ſhe took that name. In order to celebrate this birth-day, we had a cold dinner at Marble-hill *. Mrs. Suſan offered us wine upon the occaſion, and upon ſuch an occaſion we could not refuſe it. Our entertainment conſiſted of fleſh and fiſh, and the lettuce of a Greek Iſland called Cos. We have ſome thoughts of dining there to-morrow, to celebrate the day after the birth-day, and on Friday to celebrate the day after that, where we intend to entertain Dean Swift; becauſe we think your hall the moſt delightful room in the world except that where you are. If it was not for you, we would forſwear all courts; and really it is the moſt mortifying thing in nature, that we can neither get into the court to live with you, nor you

* Mrs. Howard's houſe.

get into the country to live with us; ſo we will take up with what we can get that belongs to you, and make ourſelves as happy as we can, in your houſe.

I hope we ſhall be brought into no worſe company, when you all come to Richmond: for whatever our friend Gay may wiſh as to getting into Court, I diſclaim it, and deſire to ſee nothing of the court but yourſelf, being wholly and ſolely

Your, etc.

LETTER XV.

July, 21.

YOU have the ſame ſhare in my memory that good things generally have; I always know (whenever I reflect) that you ſhould be in my mind; only I reflect too ſeldom. However, you ought to allow me the indulgence I allow all my friends (and if I did not, they would take it) in conſideration that they have other avocations, which may prevent the proofs of their remembring me, though they preſerve for me all the friendſhip and good-will which I deſerve from them. In like manner I expect from you, that my paſt life of twenty years may be ſet againſt the omiſſion of (perhaps) one month: and if you complain of this to any other, 'tis you are in the ſpleen, and not I in the wrong. If you think this letter ſplenetic, conſider I have juſt received the news of the death of a friend, whom I eſteemed almoſt as many years as you; poor Fenton. He died at Eaſthamſtead, of indolence and inactivity; let it not be your fate, but uſe exerciſe. I hope the Ducheſs * will take care of you in this reſpect, and

* Of Queenſberry.

either make you gallop after her, or teize you enough at home to ſerve inſtead of exerciſe abroad. Mrs. Howard is ſo concerned about you, and ſo angry at me for not writing to you, and at Mrs. Blount for not doing the ſame, that I am piqu'd with jealouſy and envy at you, and hate you as much as if you had a great place at court; which you will confeſs a proper cauſe of envy and hatred, in any Poet militant or unpenſioned. But to ſet matters even, I own I love you; and own, I am, as I ever was, and juſt as I ever ſhall be,

Your, etc.

LETTER XVI.

DEAR SIR, Oct. 6, 1727.

I Have many years ago magnify'd, in my own mind, and repeated to you, a ninth Beatitude, added to the eight in the Scripture; "Bleſſed is he who expects "nothing, for he ſhall never be diſappointed." I could find in my heart to congratulate you on this happy diſmiſſion from all Court-dependance; I dare ſay I ſhall find you the better and the honeſter man for it, many years hence: very probably the healthfuller, and the chearfuller into the bargain. You are happily rid of many curſed ceremonies, as well as of many ill, and vicious habits, of which few or no men eſcape the infection, who are hackney'd and tramelled in the ways of a court. Princes indeed, and Peers (the lackies of Princes) and Ladies (the fools of Peers) will ſmile on you the leſs; but men of worth and real friends will look on you the better. There is a thing, the only thing which Kings and Queens cannot give you (for they have it not to give) Liberty, and which is worth all they have; which, as yet, I thank God, Engliſhmen need

not aſk from their hands. You will enjoy that, and your own integrity, and the ſatisfactory conſciouſneſs of having *not* merited ſuch graces from courts as are beſtowed only on the mean, ſervile, flattering, intereſted, and undeſerving. The only ſteps to the favour of the Great are ſuch complacencies, ſuch compliances, ſuch diſtant decorums, as delude them in their vanities, or engage them in their paſſions. He is their greateſt favourite, who is the falſeſt: and when a man, by ſuch vile gradations, arrives at the height of grandeur and power, he is then at beſt but in a circumſtance to be hated, and in a condition to be hanged, for ſerving their ends: ſo many a miniſter has found it!

I believe you did not want advice, in the letter you ſent by my Lord Grantham; I preſume you writ it not, without: and you could not have better, if I gueſs right at the perſon who agreed to your doing it, in reſpect to any decency you ought to obſerve: for I take that perſon to be a perfect judge of decencies and forms. I am not without fears even on that perſon's account: I think it a bad omen: but what have I to do with Court-omens? — Dear Gay, adieu. I can only add a plain uncourtly ſpeech: While you are no body's ſervant, you may be any one's friend; and as ſuch I embrace you, in all conditions of life. While I have a ſhilling, you ſhall have ſix-pence, nay eight-pence, if I can contrive to live upon a groat. I am faithfully

Your, etc.

LETTER XVII.

From Mr. GAY to Mr. POPE.

Aug. 2, 1728.

'TWAS two or three weeks ago that I writ you a letter; I might indeed have done it ſooner; I thought of you every poſt-day upon that account, and every other day upon ſome account or other. I muſt beg you to give Mrs. B. my ſincere thanks for her kind way of thinking of me, which I have heard of more than once from our friend at court, who ſeem'd in the letter ſhe writ to be in high health and ſpirits. Conſidering the multiplicity of pleaſures and delights that one is over-run with in thoſe places, I wonder how any body hath health and ſpirits enough to ſupport them: I am heartily glad ſhe has, and whenever I hear ſo, I find it contributes to mine. You ſee I am not free from dependance, tho' I have leſs attendance than I had formerly; for a great deal of my own welfare ſtill depends upon hers. Is the widow's houſe to be diſpos'd of yet? I have not given up my pretenſions to the Dean; if it was to be parted with, I wiſh one of us had it; I hope you wiſh ſo too, and that Mrs. Blount and Mrs. Howard wiſh the ſame, and for the very ſame reaſon that I wiſh it. All I could hear of you of late hath been by advertiſements in news-papers, by which one would think the race of Curls was multiplied; and, by the indignation ſuch fellows ſhow againſt you, that you have more merit than any body alive could have. Homer himſelf hath not been worſe us'd by the French. I am to tell you that the Ducheſs makes you her compliments, and is always inclin'd to like any thing you do; that Mr. Congreve admires, with me, your fortitude: and loves, not envies your performance, for we are not Dunces. Adieu.

LETTER XVIII.

April 18, 1730.

IF my friendſhip were as effectual as it is ſincere, you would be one of thoſe people who would be vaſtly advantaged and enrich'd by it. I ever honour'd thoſe Popes who were moſt famous for Nepotiſm; 'tis a ſign that the old fellows loved Somebody, which is not uſual in ſuch advanced years. And I now honour Sir Robert Walpole for his extenſive bounty and goodneſs to his private friends and relations. But it vexes me to the heart when I reflect, that my friendſhip is ſo much leſs effectual than theirs; nay ſo utterly uſeleſs that it cannot give you any thing, not even a dinner at this diſtance, nor help the General whom I greatly love, to catch one fiſh. My only conſolation is to think you happier than myſelf, and to begin to envy you, which is next to hating you (an excellent remedy for love.) How comes it that Providence has been ſo unkind to me (who am a greater object of compaſſion than any fat man alive) that I am forced to drink wine, while you riot in water, prepar'd with oranges by the hand of the Ducheſs of Queenſberry? that I am condemn'd to live by a highway ſide, like an old Patriarch, receiving all gueſts, where my portico (as Virgil has it)

Mane ſalutantum totis vomit aedibus undam,

while you are wrapt in the Idalian groves, ſprinkled with roſe-water, and live in burrage, balm, and burnet up to the chin, with the Ducheſs of Queenſberry? that I am doom'd to the drudgery of dining at court with the ladies in waiting at Windſor, while you are happily baniſh'd with the Ducheſs of Queenſberry? So partial is Fortune in her diſpenſations! for I deſerved ten times

more to be baniſh'd than you, and I know ſome Ladies who merit it better than even her Grace. After this I muſt not name any, who dare do ſo much for you as to ſend you their ſervices. But one there is, who exhorts me often to write to you, I ſuppoſe, to prevent or excuſe her not doing it herſelf; ſhe ſeems (for that is all I'll ſay for a courtier) to wiſh you mighty well. Another, who is no courtier, frequently mentions you, and does certainly wiſh you well. —— I fancy, after all, they both do ſo.

I writ to Mr. Forteſcue, and told him the pains you took to ſee him. The Dean is well; I have had many accounts of him from Iriſh evidence, but only two letters theſe four months, in both which you are mentioned kindly: he is in the north of Ireland, doing I know not what, with I know not whom. Mr. Cleland always ſpeaks of you: he is at Tunbridge, wondering at the ſuperior carnivoracity of our friend: he plays now with the old Ducheſs, nay dines with her, after ſhe has won all his money. Other news I know not, but that Counſellor Bickford has hurt himſelf, and has the ſtrongeſt walking-ſtaff I ever ſaw. He intends ſpeedily to make you a viſit with it at Ameſbury. I am my Lord Duke's, my Lady Ducheſs's, Mr. Dormer's, General Dormer's, and

Your, etc.

LETTER XIX.

Sept. 11, 1730.

I May with great truth return your ſpeech, that I think of you daily; oftner indeed than is conſiſtent with the character of a reaſonable man, who is rather to make himſelf eaſy with the things and men that are about him,

than uneaſy for thoſe which he wants. And you, whoſe abſence is in a manner perpetual to me, ought rather to be remembered as a good man gone, than breathed after as one living. You are taken from us here, to be laid up in a more bleſſed ſtate with ſpirits of a higher kind: ſuch I reckon his Grace and her Grace, ſince their baniſhment from an earthly court to a heavenly one, in each other and their friends; for, I conclude, none but true friends will conſort or aſſociate with them afterwards. I can't but look upon myſelf (ſo unworthy as a man of Twitnam ſeems, to be rank'd with ſuch rectify'd and ſublimated beings as you) as a ſeparated ſpirit too from Courts and courtly fopperies. But, I own, not altogether ſo diveſted of terrene matter, nor altogether ſo ſpiritualized, as to be worthy admiſſion to your depths of retirement and contentment. I am tugg'd back to the world and its regards too often; and no wonder, when my retreat is but ten miles from the capital. I am within ear-ſhot of reports, within the vortex of lies and cenſures. I hear ſometimes of the lampooners of beauty, the calumniators of virtue, the jokers at reaſon and religion. I preſume theſe are creatures and things as unknown to you, as we of this dirty orb are to the inhabitants of the planet Jupiter; except a few fervent prayers reach you on the wings of the poſt, from two or three of your zealous votaries at this diſtance: as one Mrs. H. who lifts up her heart now and then to you, from the midſt of the Colluvies and ſink of human greatneſs at W—r; one Mrs. B. that fancies you may remember her while you liv'd in your mortal and too tranſitory ſtate at Peterſham; one Lord B. who admir'd the Ducheſs before ſhe grew a Goddeſs; and a few others.

To deſcend now to tell you what are our wants, our complaints, and our miſeries here; I muſt ſeriouſly ſay, the loſs of any one good woman is too great to be borne

eaſily: and poor Mrs. Rollinſon, tho' a private woman, was ſuch. Her huſband is gone into Oxfordſhire very melancholy, and thence to the Bath, to live on, for ſuch is our fate, and duty. Adieu. Write to me as often as you will, and (to encourage you) I will write as ſeldom as if you did not. Believe me

Your, etc.

LETTER XX.

DEAR SIR, Octob. 1, 1730.

I Am ſomething like the ſun at this ſeaſon, with-drawing from the world, but meaning it mighty well, and reſolving to ſhine whenever I can again. But I fear the clouds of a long winter will overcome me to ſuch a degree, that any body will take a farthing candle for a better guide, and more ſerviceable companion. My friends may remember my brighter days, but will think (like the Iriſhman) that the moon is a better thing when once I am gone. I don't ſay this with any alluſion to my poetical capacity as a ſon of Apollo, but in my companionable one (if you'll ſuffer me to uſe a phraſe of the Earl of Clarendon's), for I ſhall ſee or be ſeen of few this winter. I am grown too faint to do any good, or to give any pleaſure. I not only, as Dryden finely ſays, feel my notes decay as a poet, but feel my ſpirits flag as a companion, and ſhall return again to where I firſt began, my books. I have been putting my library in order, and enlarging the chimney in it, with equal intention to warm my mind and body (if I can) to ſome life. A friend (a woman-friend, God help me!) with whom I have ſpent three or four hours a day theſe fifteen years, adviſed me to paſs more time in my ſtudies: I reflected, ſhe muſt have found ſome reaſon for this admonition,

and concluded ſhe would complete all her kindneſſes to me by returning me to the employment I am fitteſt for; converſation with the dead, the old, and the worm-eaten.

Judge therefore if I might not treat you as a beatify'd ſpirit, comparing your life with my ſtupid ſtate. For as to my living at Windſor with the ladies, etc. it is all a dream; I was there but two nights, and all the day out of that company. I ſhall certainly make as little court to others as they do to me; and that will be none at all. My Fair-weather friends of the ſummer are going away for London, and I ſhall ſee them and the butterflies together, if I live till next year; which I would not deſire to do, if it were only for their ſakes. But we that are writers, ought to love poſterity, that poſterity may love us; and I would willingly live to ſee the children of the preſent race, merely in hope they may be a little wiſer than their Parents.

I am, etc.

LETTER XXI.

IT is true that I write to you very ſeldom, and have no pretence of writing which ſatisfies me, becauſe I have nothing to ſay that can give you much pleaſure: only merely that I am in being, which in truth is of little conſequence to one from whoſe converſation I am cut off by ſuch accidents or engagements as ſeparate us. I continue, and ever ſhall, to wiſh you all good and happineſs: I wiſh that ſome lucky event might ſet you in a ſtate of eaſe and independency all at once! and that I might live to ſee you as happy, as this ſilly world and fortune can make any one. Are we never to live together more, as

once we did? I find my life ebbing apace, and my affections ſtrengthening as my age increaſes; not that I am worſe, but better, in my health than laſt winter; but my mind finds no amendment nor improvement, nor ſupport to lean upon, from thoſe about me: and ſo I feel myſelf leaving the world, as faſt as it leaves me. Companions I have enough, friends few, and thoſe too warm in the concerns of the world, for me to bear pace with; or elſe ſo divided from me, that they are but like the dead whoſe remembrance I hold in honour. Nature, temper, and habit from my youth made me have but one ſtrong deſire; all other ambitions, my perſon, education, conſtitution, religion, etc. conſpired to remove far from me. That deſire was to fix and preſerve a few laſting dependable friendſhips: and the accidents which have diſappointed me in it, have put a period to all my aims. So I am ſunk into an idleneſs, which makes me neither care nor labour to be noticed by the reſt of mankind; I purpoſe no rewards to myſelf, and why ſhould I take any ſort of pains? here I ſit and ſleep, and probably here I ſhall ſleep till I ſleep for ever, like the old man of Verona. I hear of what paſſes in the buſy world with ſo little attention, that I forget it the next day: and as to the learned world, there is nothing paſſes in it. I have no more to add, but that I am with the ſame truth as ever,

Your, etc.

LETTER XXII.

Oct. 23, 1730.

YOUR letter is a very kind one, but I can't ſay ſo pleaſing to me as many of yours have been, thro' the account you give of the dejection of your ſpirits.

I wiſh the too conſtant uſe of water does not contribute to it; I find Dr. Arbuthnot and another very knowing phyſician of that opinion. I alſo wiſh you were not ſo totally immerſed in the country; I hope your return to town will be a prevalent remedy againſt the evil of too much recollection. I wiſh it partly for my own ſake. We have lived little together of late, and we want to be phyſicians for one another. It is a remedy that agreed very well with us both, for many years, and I fancy our conſtitutions would mend upon the old medicine of *Studiorum ſimilitudo*, etc. I believe we both of us want whetting; there are ſeveral here who will do you that good office, merely for the love of wit, which ſeems to be bidding the town a long and laſt adieu. I can tell you of not one thing worth reading, or ſeeing; the whole age ſeems reſolved to juſtify the Dunciad, and it may ſtand for a public Epitaph or monumental Inſcription like that at Thermopylae, on a *whole people periſh'd!* There may indeed be a Wooden image or two of Poetry ſet up, to preſerve the memory that there once were bards in Britain; and (like the Giants at Guildhall) ſhow the bulk and bad taſte of our anceſtors: At preſent the poor Laureate * and Stephen Duck ſerve for this purpoſe; a drunken ſot of a *Parſon* holds forth the emblem of *Inſpiration*, and an honeſt induſtrious *Threſher* not unaptly repreſents *Pains* and *Labour*. I hope this Phænomenon of Wiltſhire has appeared at Ameſbury, or the Ducheſs will be thought inſenſible to all bright qualities and exalted geniuſes, in court and country alike. But he is a harmleſs man, and therefore I am glad.

This is all the news talk'd of at court, but it will pleaſe you better to hear that Mrs. Howard talks of you, though not in the ſame breath with the Threſher, as they

* Euſden.

do of me. By the way, have you ſeen or convers'd with Mr. Chubb, who is a wonderful Phænomenon of Wiltſhire? I have read thro' his whole volume * with admiration of the writer; tho' not always with approbation of the doctrine. I have paſt juſt three days in London in four months, two at Windſor, half an one at Richmond, and have not taken one excurſion into any other country. Judge now whether I can live in my library. Adieu. Live mindful of one of your firſt friends, who will be ſo till the laſt. Mrs. Blount deſerves your remembrance, for ſhe never forgets you, and wants nothing of being a friend †.

I beg the Duke's and her Grace's acceptance of my ſervices: the contentment you expreſs in their company pleaſes me, tho' it be the bar to my own, in dividing you from us. I am ever very truly

Your, etc.

LETTER XXIII.

Oct. 2, 1732.

SIR Clem. Cotterel tells me you will ſhortly come to town. We begin to want comfort in a few friends about us, while the winds whiſtle, and the waters roar.

* This was his quarto Volume, written before he had given any ſigns of thoſe extravagancies, which have ſince rendered him ſo famous. As the Court ſet up Mr. *Duck* for the rival of Mr. Pope, the City at the ſame time conſidered *Chubb*, as one who would eclipſe Locke. The modeſty of the court Poet kept him ſober in a very intoxicating ſituation, while the vanity of this new-faſhion'd Philoſopher aſſiſted his ſage admirers in turning his head.

† Alluding to thoſe lines in the Epiſt. *on the characters of Women*.

" With ev'ry pleaſing, ev'ry prudent part,
" Say what can *Chloe* want? — She wants a heart."

The ſun gives us a parting look, but 'tis a cold one; we are ready to change thoſe diſtant favours of a lofty beauty, for a groſs material fire that warms and comforts more. I wiſh you could be here till your family come to town: you'll live more innocently, and kill fewer harmleſs creatures, nay none, except by your proper deputy, the butcher. It is fit for conſcience ſake, that you ſhould come to town, and that the Ducheſs ſhould ſtay in the country, where no innocents of another ſpecies may ſuffer by her. I hope ſhe never goes to church: the Duke ſhould lock you both up, and leſs harm would be done. I adviſe you to make man your game, hunt and beat about here for coxcombs, and truſs up Rogues in Satire: I fancy they'll turn to a good account, if you can produce them freſh, or make them keep: and their relations will come, and buy their bodies of you.

The death of Wilks leaves Cibber without a collegue, abſolute and perpetual dictator of the ſtage, tho' indeed while he lived he was but as Bibulus to Cæſar. However, ambition finds ſomething to be gratify'd with in a mere name; or elſe, God have mercy upon poor ambition! Here is a dead vacation at preſent, no politics at court, no trade in town, nothing ſtirring but poetry. Every man, and every boy, is writing verſes on the Royal Hermitage: I hear the Queen is at a loſs which to prefer; but for my own part, I like none ſo well as Mr. Poyntz's in Latin. You would oblige my Lady Suffolk if you tried your Muſe on this occaſion. I am ſure I would do as much for the Ducheſs of Queenſberry, if ſhe deſired it. Several of your friends aſſure me it is expected from you: one ſhould not bear in mind, all one's life, any little indignity one receives from a Court; and therefore I am in hopes, neither her Grace will hinder you, nor you decline it.

The volume of Miſcellanies is juſt publiſh'd, which concludes all our fooleries of that kind. All your friends remember you, and, I aſſure you, no one more than

Your, etc.

LETTER XXIV.

From Mr. GAY to Mr. POPE.

Oct. 7, 1732.

I Am at laſt returned from my Somerſetſhire expedition, but ſince my return I cannot ſo much boaſt of my health as before I went, for I am frequently out of order with my colical complaints, ſo as to make me uneaſy and diſpirited, tho' not to any violent degree. The reception we met with, and the little excurſions we made, were every way agreeable. I think the country abounds with beautiful proſpects. Sir William Wyndham is at preſent amuſing himſelf with ſome real improvements, and a great many viſionary caſtles. We were often entertained with ſea-views and ſea-fiſh, and were at ſome places in the neighbourhood, among which, I was mightily pleaſed with Dunſtar-Caſtle near Minehead. It ſtands upon a great eminence, and hath a proſpect of that town, with an extenſive view of the Briſtol Channel, in which are ſeen two ſmall iſlands call'd the Steep Holmes and Flat Holmes, and on t'other ſide we could plainly diſtinguiſh the diviſions of fields on the Welch coaſt. All this journey I perform'd on horſeback, and am very much diſappointed that at preſent I feel myſelf ſo little the better for it. I have indeed followed riding and exerciſe for three months ſucceſſively, and really think I was as well without it; ſo that I begin to fear the illneſs I have ſo long and ſo

often complain'd of, is inherent in my conſtitution, and that I have nothing for it but patience *.

As to your advice about writing Panegyric, 'tis what I have not frequently done. I have indeed done it ſometimes againſt my judgment and inclinations, and I heartily repent of it. And at preſent, as I have no deſire of reward, and ſee no juſt reaſon of praiſe, I think I had better let it alone. There are flatterers good enough to be found, and I would not interfere in any Gentleman's profeſſion. I have ſeen no verſes on theſe ſublime occaſions; ſo that I have no emulation: Let the patrons enjoy the authors, and the authors their patrons, for I know myſelf unworthy.

I am, etc.

LETTER XXV.

Mr. CLELAND to Mr. GAY †.

Decemb. 16, 1731.

I Am aſtoniſh'd at the complaints occaſioned by a late Epiſtle to the Earl of Burlington; and ſhould be afflicted were there the leaſt juſt ground for them. Had the writer attacked Vice, at a time when it is not only tolerated but triumphant, and ſo far from being conceal'd as a Defect, that it is proclaimed with oſtentation as a Merit; I ſhould have been apprehenſive of the conſequence: Had he ſatirized Gameſters of a hundred thouſand pounds fortune, acquir'd by ſuch methods as are in daily practice, and almoſt univerſally encouraged; had he over-warmly defended the Religion of his coun-

* Mr. Gay died the November following at the Duke of Queenſberry's houſe in London, aged 46 years.

† This was written by the ſame hand that wrote the *Letter to the Publiſher*, prefixed to the Dunciad.

try, againſt ſuch books as come from every preſs, are publicly vended in every ſhop, and greedily bought by almoſt every rank of men; or had he called our excellent weekly writers by the ſame names which they openly beſtow on the greateſt men in the Miniſtry, and out of the Miniſtry, for which they are all unpuniſhed, and moſt rewarded: In any of theſe caſes, indeed, I might have judged him too preſumptuous, and perhaps have trembled for his raſhneſs.

I could not but hope better for this ſmall and modeſt Epiſtle, which attacks no one Vice whatſoever; which deals only in Folly, and not Folly in general, but a ſingle ſpecies of it; that only branch, for the oppoſite excellency to which, the Noble Lord to whom it is written muſt neceſſarily be celebrated. I fancied it might eſcape cenſure, eſpecially ſeeing how tenderly theſe follies are treated, and really leſs accuſed than apologized for.

Yet hence the Poor are cloath'd, the Hungry fed,
Health to himſelf, and to his Infants Bread
The Lab'rer bears.

Is this ſuch a crime, that to impute it to a man muſt be a grievous offence? 'Tis an innocent Folly, and much more beneficent than the want of it; for ill Taſte employs more hands, and diffuſes expence more than a good one. Is it a moral defect? No, it is but a natural one; a want of taſte. It is what the beſt good man living may be liable to. The worthieſt Peer may live exemplarily in an ill-favour'd houſe, and the beſt reputed citizen be pleaſed with a vile garden. I thought (I ſay) the author had the common liberty to obſerve a defect, and to compliment a friend for a quality that diſtinguiſhes him: which I know not how any quality ſhould do, if we were not to remark that it was wanting in others.

But, they ſay, the ſatire is perſonal. I thought it could not be ſo, becauſe all its reflections are on things. His reflections are not on the man, but his houſe, garden, etc. Nay, he reſpects (as one may ſay) the Perſons of the Gladiator, the Nile, and the Triton: he is only ſorry to ſee them (as he might be to ſee any of his friends) ridiculous by being in the wrong place, and in bad company. Some fancy, that to ſay, a thing is Perſonal, is the ſame as to ſay, it is Injuſt, not conſidering, that nothing can be juſt that is not perſonal. I am afraid that "all writings and diſcourſes as touch no "man, will mend no man." The good-natured, indeed, are apt to be alarmed at any thing like ſatire; and the guilty readily concur with the weak for a plain reaſon, becauſe the vicious look upon folly as their frontier:

Jam proximus ardet
Ucalegon.

No wonder thoſe who know ridicule belongs to them, find an inward conſolation in removing it from themſelves as far as they can; and it is never ſo far, as when they can get it fixed on the beſt characters. No wonder thoſe who are Food for Satiriſts ſhould rail at them as creatures of prey; every beaſt born for our uſe would be ready to call a man ſo.

I know no remedy, unleſs people in our age would as little frequent the theatres, as they begin to do the churches; unleſs comedy were forſaken, ſatire ſilent, and every man left to do what ſeems good in his own eyes, as if there were no King, no Prieſt, no Poet, in Iſrael.

But I find myſelf obliged to touch a point, on which I muſt be more ſerious; it well deſerves I ſhould: I mean the malicious application of the character of Timon, which, I will boldly ſay, they would impute to the perſon the

moſt different in the world from a Man-hater, to the perſon whoſe taſte and encouragement of wit have often been ſhewn in the righteſt place. The author of that epiſtle muſt certainly think ſo, if he has the ſame opinion of his own merit as authors generally have; for he has been diſtinguiſhed by this very perſon.

Why, in God's name, muſt a Portrait, apparently collected from twenty different men, be applied to one only? Has it his eye? no, it is very unlike. Has it his noſe or mouth? no, they are totally differing. What then, I beſeech you? Why, it has the mole on his chin. Very well; but muſt the picture therefore be his, and has no other man that blemiſh?

Could there be a more melancholy inſtance how much the taſte of the public is vitiated, and turns the moſt ſalutary and ſeaſonable phyſic into poiſon, than if amidſt the blaze of a thouſand bright qualities in a great man, they ſhould only remark there is a ſhadow about him; as what eminence is without? I am confident the author was incapable of imputing any ſuch to one, whoſe whole life (to uſe his own expreſſion in print of him) is a *continued ſeries* of *good* and *generous actions*.

I know no man who would be more concerned, if he gave the leaſt pain or offence to any innocent perſon; and none who would be leſs concerned, if the ſatire were challenged by any one at whom he would really aim at. If ever that happens, I dare engage, he will own it, with all the freedom of one whoſe cenſures are juſt, and who ſets his name to them.

LETTER XXVI.

To the Earl of BURLINGTON.

MY LORD, March 7, 1731.

THE clamour rais'd about my Epiſtle to you, could not give me ſo much pain, as I receiv'd pleaſure in ſeeing the general zeal of the world in the cauſe of a Great man who is beneficent, and the particular warmth of your Lordſhip in that of a private man who is innocent.

It was not the Poem that deſerv'd this from you; for as I had the honour to be your Friend, I could not treat you quite like a Poet: but ſure the writer deſerved more candor, even from thoſe who knew him not, than to promote a report, which in regard to that noble perſon, was impertinent; in regard to me, villainous. Yet I had no great cauſe to wonder, that a character belonging to twenty ſhould be applied to one; ſince, by that means, nineteen would eſcape the ridicule.

I was too well content with my knowledge of that noble perſon's opinion in this affair, to trouble the public about it. But ſince Malice and Miſtake are ſo long a dying, I have taken the opportunity of a third edition to declare his belief, not only of my innocence, but of their malignity; of the former of which my own heart is as conſcious, as, I fear, ſome of theirs muſt be of the latter. His humanity feels a concern for the injury done to me, while his greatneſs of mind can bear with indifference the inſult offer'd to himſelf *.

However, my Lord, I own that critics of this ſort can intimidate me, nay half incline me to write no more:

* Alludes to the letter the Duke of Ch* wrote to Mr. Pope on this occaſion.

That would be making the Town a compliment which, I think, it deſerves; and which ſome, I am ſure, would take very kindly. This way of Satire is dangerous, as long as ſlander rais'd by fools of the loweſt rank, can find any countenance from thoſe of a higher. Even from the conduct ſhewn on this occaſion, I have learnt there are ſome who would rather be wicked than ridiculous; and therefore it may be ſafer to attack Vices than Follies. I will therefore leave my betters in the quiet poſſeſſion of their Idols, their Groves and their High places; and change my ſubject from their pride to their meanneſs, from their vanities to their miſeries; and, as the only certain way to avoid miſconſtructions, to leſſen offence, and not to multiply ill-natured applications, I may probably, in my next, make uſe of real names inſtead of fictitious ones. I am,

My Lord,

Your moſt affectionate, etc.

LETTER XXVII*.

Cirenceſter.

IT is a true ſaying, that misfortunes alone prove one's friendſhips; they ſhow us not only that of other people for us, but our own for them. We hardly know ourſelves any otherwiſe. I feel my being forced to this Bath-journey as a misfortune; and to follow my own welfare preferably to thoſe I love, is indeed a new thing to me: my health has not uſually got the better of my tenderneſſes and affections. I ſet out with a heavy heart, wiſhing I had done this thing the laſt ſeaſon; for every day I defer it, the more I am in danger of that accident which I dread the moſt, my Mother's death (eſpecially ſhould it

* To Mrs. B.

happen while I am away.) And another Reflection pains me, that I have never, ſince I knew you, been ſo long ſeparated from you, as I now muſt be. Methinks we live to be more and more ſtrangers, and every year teaches you to live without me: This abſence may, I fear, make my return leſs welcome and leſs wanted to you, than once it ſeem'd, even after but a fortnight. Time ought not in reaſon to diminiſh friendſhip, when it confirms the truth of it by experience.

The journey has a good deal diſorder'd me, notwithſtanding my reſting-place at Lord Bathurſt's. My Lord is too much for me, he walks, and is in ſpirits all day long: I rejoice to ſee him ſo. It is a right diſtinction, that I am happier in ſeeng my friends ſo many degrees above me, be it in fortune, health, or pleaſures, than I can be in ſharing either with them: for in theſe ſort of enjoyments I cannot keep pace with them, any more than I can walk with a ſtronger man. I wonder to find I am a companion for none but old men, and forget that I am not a young fellow myſelf. The worſt is, that reading and writing, which I have ſtill the greateſt reliſh for, are growing painful to my eyes. But if I can preſerve the good opinion of one or two friends, to ſuch a degree as to have their indulgence to my weakneſſes, I will not complain of life: And if I could live to ſee you conſult your eaſe and quiet, by becoming independent on thoſe who will never help you to either, I doubt not of finding the latter part of my life pleaſanter than the former, or preſent. My uneaſineſſes of body I can bear; my chief uneaſineſs of mind is in your regard. You have a temper that would make you *eaſy* and *beloved* (which is all the happineſs one needs to wiſh in this world) and content with moderate things. All your point is not to loſe that temper by ſacrificing yourſelf to others, out of a miſtaken tenderneſs, which hurts you, and profits not

them. And this you muſt do ſoon, or it will be too late: Habit will make it as hard for you to live independent, as for L—— to live out of a Court.

You muſt excuſe me for obſerving what I think any defect in you: You grow too indolent, and give things up too eaſily: which would be otherwiſe, when you found and felt yourſelf your own: Spirits would come in, as ill-uſage went out. While you live under a kind of perpetual dejection and oppreſſion, nothing at all belongs to you, not your own *Humour*, nor your own *Senſe*.

You can't conceive how much you would find reſolution riſe, and chearfulneſs grow upon you, if you'd once try to live independent for two or three months. I never think tenderly of you but this comes acroſs me, and therefore excuſe my repeating it, for whenever I do not, I diſſemble half that I think of you: Adieu, pray write, and be particular about your health.

LETTER XXVIII *.

YOUR letter, dated at nine o'clock on Tueſday (night, as I ſuppoſe) has ſunk me quite. Yeſterday I hoped; and yeſterday I ſent you a line or two for our poor Friend Gay, inclos'd in a few words to you; about twelve or one o'clock you ſhould have had it. I am troubled about that, tho' the preſent cauſe of our trouble be ſo much greater †. Indeed I want a friend, to help me to bear it better. We want each other. I bear a hearty ſhare with Mrs. Howard, who has loſt a man of

* To the ſame.

† Mr. Gay's death, which happen'd in Nov. 1732, at the Duke of Queenſberry's houſe in London, aged 46.

a moſt honeſt heart; ſo honeſt an one, that I wiſh her Maſter had none leſs honeſt about him. The world after all is a little pitiful thing; not performing any one promiſe it makes us, for the future, and every day taking away and annulling the joys of the paſt. Let us comfort one another, and, if poſſible, ſtudy to add as much more friendſhip to each other, as death has deprived us of in him. I promiſe you more and more of mine, which will be the way to deſerve more and more of yours.

I purpoſely avoid ſaying more. The ſubject is beyond writing upon, beyond cure or eaſe by reaſon or reflection, beyond all but one thought, that it is the will of God.

So will the death of my Mother be! which now I tremble at, now reſign to, now bring cloſe to me, now ſet farther off: Every day alters, turns me about, and confuſes my whole frame of mind. Her dangerous diſtemper is again return'd, her fever coming onward again, tho' leſs in pain; for which laſt however I thank God.

I am unfeignedly tired of the world, and receive nothing to be called a Pleaſure in it, equivalent to countervail either the death of one I have ſo long lived with, or of one I have ſo long lived for. I have nothing left but to turn my thoughts to one comfort; the laſt we uſually think of, tho' the only one we ſhould in wiſdom depend upon, in ſuch a diſappointing place as this. I ſit in her room, and ſhe is always preſent before me, but when I ſleep. I wonder I am ſo well: I have ſhed many tears, but now I weep at nothing. I would above all things ſee you, and think it would comfort you to ſee me ſo equal-temper'd and ſo quiet. But pray dine here; you may, and ſhe know nothing of it, for ſhe dozes much, and we tell her of no earthly thing, leſt

it run in her mind, which often trifles have done. If Mr. Bethel had time, I wiſh he were your companion hither. Be as much as you can with each other: Be aſſur'd I love you both, and be farther aſſur'd, that friendſhip will increaſe as I live on.

LETTER XXIX.

To Hugh Bethel, Eſq;

July 12, 1723.

I Aſſure you unfeignedly any memorial of your good-nature and friendlineſs is moſt welcome to me, who know thoſe tenders of affection from you are not like the common traffic of compliments and profeſſions, which moſt people only give that they may receive; and is at beſt a commerce of Vanity, if not of Falſehood. I am happy in not immediately wanting the ſort of good offices you offer: but if I did want them, I ſhould not think myſelf unhappy in receiving them at your hands: this really is ſome compliment, for I would rather moſt men did me a ſmall injury, than a kindneſs. I know your humanity, and, allow me to ſay, I love and value you for it: 'Tis a much better ground of love and value, than all the qualities I ſee the world ſo fond of: They generally admire in the wrong place, and generally moſt admire the things they don't comprehend, or the things they can never be the better for. Very few can receive pleaſure or advantage from wit which they ſeldom taſte, or learning which they ſeldom underſtand: much leſs from the quality, high birth, or ſhining circumſtances of thoſe to whom they profeſs eſteem, and who will always remember how much they are their Inferiors. But humanity and ſociable virtues are what every creature wants every day,

and ſtill wants more the longer he lives, and moſt the very moment he dies. It is ill travelling either in a ditch or on a terras; we ſhould walk in the common way, where others are continually paſſing on the ſame level, to make the journey of life ſupportable by bearing one another company in the ſame circumſtances. — Let me know how I may convey over the Odyſſeys for your amuſement in your journey, that you may compare your own travels with thoſe of Ulyſſes; I am ſure yours are undertaken upon a more diſintereſted, and therefore a more heroic motive. Far be the omen from you, of returning as he did, alone, without ſaving a friend.

There is lately printed a book * wherein all human virtue is reduced to one teſt, that of Truth, and branch'd out in every inſtance of our duty to God and man. If you have not ſeen it, you muſt, and I will ſend it together with the Odyſſey. The very women read it, and pretend to be charmed with that beauty which they generally think the leaſt of. They make as much ado about *truth*, ſince this book appear'd, as they did about *health* when Dr. Cheyne's came out; and will doubtleſs be as conſtant in the purſuit of one, as of the other. Adieu.

LETTER XXX.

To the ſame.

Aug. 9, 1726.

I Never am unmindful of thoſe I think ſo well of as yourſelf; their number is not ſo great as to confound one's memory. Nor ought you to decline writing to

* Mr. Wollaſton's book of *the Religion of Nature delineated*. The Queen was fond of it, and that made the reading, and the talking of it, faſhionable.

me, upon an imagination, that I am much employed by other people. For though my houſe is like the houſe of a Patriarch of old, ſtanding by the highway-ſide and receiving all travellers, nevertheleſs I ſeldom go to bed without the reflection, that one's chief buſineſs is to be really at home: and I agree with you in your opinion of company, amuſements, and all the ſilly things which mankind would fain make pleaſures of, when in truth they are labour and ſorrow.

I condole with you on the death of your Relation, the E. of C. as on the fate of a mortal man: Eſteem I never had for him, but concern and humanity I had; the latter was due to the infirmity of his laſt period, tho' the former was not due to the triumphant and vain part of his courſe. He certainly knew himſelf beſt at laſt, and knew beſt the little value of others, whoſe neglect of him, whom they ſo groſsly follow'd and flatter'd in the former ſcene of his life, ſhew'd them as worthleſs as they could imagine him to be, were he all that his worſt enemies believ'd of him: For my own part, I am ſorry for his death, and wiſh he had lived long enough to ſee ſo much of the faithleſſneſs of the world, as to have been above the mad ambition of governing ſuch wretches as he muſt have found it to be compos'd of.

Tho' you could have no great value for this Great man, yet acquaintance itſelf, the cuſtom of ſeeing the face, or entering under the roof, of one that walks along with us in the common way of the world, is enough to create a wiſh at leaſt for his being above ground, and a degree of uneaſineſs at his removal. 'Tis the loſs of an object familiar to us: I ſhould hardly care to have an old poſt pull'd up, that I remember'd ever ſince I was a child. And add to this the reflection (in the caſe of ſuch as were not the beſt of their Species) what their condition in another life may be, it is yet a more

important motive for our concern and compaſſion. To ſay the truth, either in the caſe of death or life, almoſt every body and every thing is a cauſe or object for humanity, even proſperity itſelf, and health itſelf; ſo many weak pitiful incidentals attend on them.

I am ſorry any relation of yours is ill, whoever it be, for you don't name the perſon. But I conclude it is one of thoſe to whoſe houſes, you tell me, you are going, for I know no invitation with you is ſo ſtrong as when any one is in diſtreſs, or in want of your aſſiſtance: The ſtrongeſt proof in the world of this, was your attendance on the late Earl.

I have been very melancholy for the loſs of Mr. Blount. Whoever has any portion of good-nature will ſuffer on theſe occaſions; but a good mind rewards its own ſufferings. I hope to trouble you as little as poſſible, if it be my fate to go before you. I am of old Ennius's mind, *Nemo me decoret lachrymis* — I am but a *Lodger* here: this is not an abiding city, I am only to ſtay out my leaſe: for what has Perpetuity and mortal man to do with each other? But I could be glad you would take up with an Inn at Twitenham, as long as I am Hoſt of it: if not, I would take up freely with any Inn of yours. — Adieu, dear Sir: Let us while away this life: and (if we can) meet in another.

LETTER XXXI.

To the ſame.

June 24, 1727.

YOU are too humane and conſiderate (things few people can be charged with.) Do not ſay you will not expect letters from me; upon my word I can no more forbear writing ſometimes to you, than thinking

of you. I know the world too well, not to value you who are an example of acting, living, and thinking, above it, and contrary to it.

I thank God for my Mother's unexpected recovery, tho' my hope can riſe no higher than from reprieve to reprieve, the ſmall addition of a few days to the many ſhe has already ſeen. Yet ſo ſhort and tranſitory as this light is, it is all I have to warm or ſhine upon me; and when it is out, there is nothing elſe that will live for me, or conſume itſelf in my ſervice. But I would have you think this is not the chief motive of my concern about her: Gratitude is a cheap virtue, one may pay it very punctually, for it coſts us nothing, but our memory of the good done. And I owe her more good, than ever I can pay, or ſhe at this age receive, if I could. I do not think the tranquillity of the mind ought to be diſturbed for many things in this world: but thoſe offices that are neceſſary duties either to our friends or ourſelves, will hardly prove any breach of it; and as much as they take away from our indolence and eaſe of body, will contribute to our peace and quiet of mind by the content they give. They often afford the higheſt pleaſure; and thoſe who do not feel that, will hardly ever find another to match it, let them love themſelves ever ſo dearly. At the ſame time it muſt be own'd, one meets with cruel diſappointments in ſeeng ſo often the beſt endeavours ineffectual to make others happy, and very often (what is moſt cruel of all) thro' their own means *. But ſtill I affirm, thoſe very diſappointments of a virtuous man are greater pleaſures, than the utmoſt gratifications and ſucceſſes of a mere ſelf-lover.

The great and ſudden event which has juſt now happened †, puts the whole world (I mean this whole world)

* See Letter xxvii. from Cirenceſter.

† The death of K. George the Firſt, which happened the 11th of June, 1727.

into a new ſtate: The only uſe I have, ſhall, or wiſh to make of it, is to obſerve the diſparity of men from themſelves in a week's time; the deſultory leaping and catching of new motions, new modes, new meaſures: and that ſtrange ſpirit and life, with which men broken and diſappointed reſume their hopes, their ſolicitations, their ambitions! It would be worth your while as a Philoſopher, to be buſy in theſe obſervations, and to come hither to ſee the fury and buſtle of the Bees this hot ſeaſon, without coming ſo near as to be ſtung by them.

Your, etc.

LETTER XXXII.

To the ſame.

June 17, 1728.

AFter the publiſhing of my Boyiſh Letters to Mr. Cromwell, you will not wonder if I ſhould forſwear writing a letter again while I live; ſince I do not correſpond with a friend upon the terms of any other free ſubject of this kingdom. But to you I can never be ſilent, or reſerved; and, I am ſure, my opinion of your heart is ſuch, that I could open mine to you in no manner which I could fear the whole world ſhould know. I could publiſh my own heart too, I will venture to ſay, for any miſchief or malice there is in it: but a little too much folly or weakneſs might (I fear) appear, to make ſuch a ſpectacle either inſtructive or agreeable to others.

I am reduced to beg of all my acquaintance to ſecure me from the like uſage for the future, by returning me any letters of mine which they may have preſerved; that I may not be hurt, after my death, by that which

was the happineſs of my life, their partiality and affection to me.

I have nothing of myſelf to tell you, only that I have had but indifferent health. I have not made a viſit to London: Curioſity and the love of Diſſipation die apace in me. I am not glad nor ſorry for it, but I am very ſorry for thoſe who have nothing elſe to live on.

I have read much, but writ no more. I have ſmall hopes of doing good, no vanity in writing, and little ambition to pleaſe a world not very candid or deſerving. If I can preſerve the good opinion of a few friends, it is all I can expect, conſidering how little good I can do even to them to merit it. Few people have your candour, or are ſo willing to think well of another from whom they receive no benefit, and gratify no vanity. But of all the ſoft ſenſations, the greateſt pleaſure is to give and receive mutual Truſt. It is by Belief and firm Hope, that men are made happy in this life, as well as in the other. My confidence in your good opinion, and dependance upon that of one or two more, is the chief cordial drop I taſte, amidſt the Inſipid, the Diſagreeable, the Cloying, or the Dead-ſweet, which are the common draughts of life. Some pleaſures are too pert, as well as others too flat, to be reliſh'd long: and vivacity in ſome caſes is worſe than dulneſs. Therefore indeed for many years I have not choſen my companions for any of the qualities in faſhion, but almoſt entirely for that which is moſt out-of-faſhion, ſincerity. Before I am aware of it, I am making your panegyric, and perhaps my own too, for next to poſſeſſing the beſt of qualities is the eſteeming and diſtinguiſhing thoſe who poſſeſs it. I truly love and value you, and ſo I ſtop ſhort.

LETTER XXXIII.

To the Earl of PETERBOROW.

MY LORD, Aug. 24, 1728.

I Preſume you may before this time be returned, from the contemplation of many Beauties, animal and vegetable, in Gardens; and poſſibly ſome rational, in Ladies; to the better enjoyment of your own at Bevis-Mount. I hope, and believe, all you have ſeen will only contribute to it. I am not ſo fond of making compliments to Ladies as I was twenty years ago, or I would ſay there are ſome very reaſonable, and one in particular there. I think you happy, my Lord, in being at leaſt half the year almoſt as much your own maſter as I am mine the whole year: and with all the diſadvantageous incumbrances of quality, parts, and honour, as mere a gardener, loiterer, and labourer, as he who never had Titles, or from whom they are taken. I have an eye in the laſt of theſe glorious appellations to the ſtyle of a Lord degraded or attainted: methinks they give him a better title than they deprive him of, in calling him Labourer: *Agricultura*, ſays Tully, *proxima Sapientiae*, which is more than can be ſaid, by moſt modern Nobility, of Grace or Right Honourable, which are often *proxima Stultitiae*. The Great Turk, you know, is often a Gardener, or of a meaner trade: and are there not (my Lord) ſome circumſtances in which you would reſemble the Great Turk? The two Paradiſes are not ill connected, of Gardens and Gallantry; and ſome there are (not to name my Lord B.) who pretend they are both to be had, even in this life, without turning Muſſelmen.

We have as little politics here within a few miles of the Court (nay perhaps at the Court) as you at South-

ampton; and our Miniſters, I dare ſay, have leſs to do. Our weekly hiſtories are only full of the feaſts given to the Queen and Royal Family by their ſervants, and the long and laborious walks her Majeſty takes every morning. Yet if the graver Hiſtorians hereafter ſhall be ſilent of this year's events, the amorous and anecdotical may make poſterity ſome amends, by being furniſhed with the gallantries of the Great at home; and 'tis ſome comfort, that if the Men of the next age do not read of us, the Women may.

From the time you have been abſent, I've not been to wait on a certain great man, thro' modeſty, thro' idleneſs, and thro' reſpect. But for my comfort I fancy, that any great man will as ſoon forget one that does him no harm, as he can one that has done him any good. Believe me, my Lord, yours.

LETTER XXXIV.

From the Earl of PETERBOROW.

I Muſt confeſs that in going to Lord Cobham's, I was not led by curioſity. I went thither to ſee what I had ſeen, and what I was ſure to like.

I had the idea of thoſe gardens ſo fix'd in my imagination by many deſcriptions, that nothing ſurpriſed me; Immenſity and Van Brugh appear in the whole, and in every part. Your joining in your letter animal and vegetable beauty, makes me uſe this expreſſion: I confeſs the ſtately Sachariſſa at Stow, but am content with my little Amoret.

I thought you indeed more knowing upon the ſubject, and wonder at your miſtake; why will you imagine women inſenſible to Praiſe, much leſs to yours? I have

ſeen them more than once turn from their Lover to their Flatterer. I am ſure the Farmereſs at Bevis in her higheſt mortifications, in the middle of her Lent*, would feel emotions of vanity, if ſhe knew you gave her the character of a reaſonable woman.

You have been guilty again of another miſtake, which hinder'd me ſhewing your letter to a friend; when you join two ladies in the ſame compliment, tho' you gave to both the beauty of Venus and the wit of Minerva, you would pleaſe neither.

If you had put me into the Dunciad, I could not have been more diſpoſed to criticiſe your letter. What, Sir, do you bring it in as a reproach, or as a thing uncommon to a Court, to be without politics? With politics indeed the Richlieu's and ſuch folks have brought about great things in former days; but what are they, Sir, who, without policy, in our times, can make ten Treaties in a year, and ſecure everlaſting Peace?

I can no longer diſagree with you, tho' in jeſt. Oh how heartily I join with you in your contempt for Excellency and Grace, and in your eſteem of that moſt noble title, Loiterer. If I were a man of many plums, and a good heathen, I would dedicate a Temple to Lazineſs: No man ſure could blame my choice of ſuch a Deity, who conſiders, that, when I have been fool enough to take pains, I always met with ſome wiſe man able to undo my labours.

Your, etc.

* The Counteſs of Peterborow, a Roman-catholic.

LETTER XXXV.

YOU were in a very polemic humour when you did me the honour to anſwer my laſt. I always underſtood, like a true controvertiſt, that to anſwer is only to cavil and quarrel: however, I forgive you; you did it (as all Polemics do) to ſhew your parts. Elſe was it not very vexatious, to deny me to commend two women at a time? It is true, my Lord, you know women as well as men: but ſince you certainly love them better, why are you ſo uncharitable in your opinion of them? Surely one Lady may allow another to have the thing ſhe herſelf leaſt values, Reaſon, when Beauty is uncontеſted. Venus herſelf could allow Minerva to be Goddeſs of Wit, when Paris gave her the apple (as the fool herſelf thought) on a better account. I do ſay, that Lady P* is a reaſonable woman; and, I think, ſhe will not take it amiſs, if I ſhould inſiſt upon eſteeming her, inſtead of Toaſting her, like a ſilly thing I could name, who is the Venus of theſe days. I ſee you had forgot my letter, or would not let her know how much I thought of her in this reaſonable way: but I have been kinder to you, and have ſhewn your letter to one who will take it candidly.

But, for God's ſake, what have you ſaid about Politicians? you made me a great compliment in the truſt you repoſed in my prudence, or what miſchief might not I have done you with ſome that affect that denomination? Your Lordſhip might as ſafely have ſpoken of Heroes. What a bluſter would the God of the winds have made, had one that we know puff'd againſt Æolus, or (like Xerxes) whipp'd the ſeas? They had dialogued it in the language of the Rehearſal,

I'll give him flaſh for flaſh —
I'll give him daſh for daſh. —

But all now is ſafe; the Poets are preparing ſongs of joy, and Halcyon-days are the word.

I hope, my Lord, it will not be long before your dutiful affection brings you to town. I fear it will a little raiſe your envy to find all the Muſes employed in celebrating a Royal work *, which your own partiality will think inferior to Bevis-Mount. But if you have any inclination to be even with them, you need but put three or four Wits into any hole in your Garden, and they will out-rhyme all Eaton and Weſtminſter. I think, Swift, Gay, and I could undertake it, if you don't think our Heads too expenſive: but the ſame hand that did the others, will do them as cheap. If all elſe ſhould fail, you are ſure at leaſt of the head, hand, and heart of your ſervant.

Why ſhould you fear any diſagreeable news to reach us at Mount-Bevis? Do as I do even within ten miles of London, let no news whatever come near you. As to public affairs we never knew a deader ſeaſon: 'tis all ſilent, deep tranquillity. Indeed, they ſay, 'tis ſometimes ſo juſt before an Earthquake. But whatever happens, cannot we obſerve the wiſe neutrality of the Dutch, and let all about us fall by the ears? Or if you, my Lord, ſhould be prick'd on by any old-faſhion'd notions of Honour and Romance, and think it neceſſary for the General of the Marines to be in action, when our Fleets are in motion; meet them at Spithead, and take me along with you. I decline no danger where the glory of Great-Britain is concern'd; and will contribute to empty the largeſt bowl of punch that ſhall be

* The Hermitage.

rigg'd out on ſuch an occaſion. Adieu, my Lord, and may as many Years attend you, as may be happy and honourable!

LETTER XXXVI.

From the Earl of PETERBOROW.

YOU muſt receive my letters with a juſt impartiality, and give grains of allowance for a gloomy or rainy day; I ſink grievouſly with the weather-glaſs, and am quite ſpiritleſs when oppreſs'd with the thoughts of a Birth-day or a Return.

Dutiful affection was bringing me to town, but undutiful lazineſs, and being much out of order, keep me in the country; however, if alive, I muſt make my appearance at the Birth-day. Where you ſhowed one letter you may ſhew the other; ſhe that never was wanting in any good office in her power, will make a proper excuſe, where a ſin of Omiſſion, I fear, is not reckoned as a venial ſin.

I conſent you ſhall call me polemic, or aſſociate me to any ſect or Corporation, provided you do not join me to the Charitable Rogues, or to the Pacific Politicians of the preſent age. I have read over * Barkley in vain, and find, after a ſtroke given on the left, I cannot offer the right cheek for another blow: all I can bring myſelf to, is to bear mortification from the fair ſex with patience.

You ſeem to think it vexatious that I ſhall allow you but one woman at a time, either to praiſe, or love. If I diſpute with you upon this point, I doubt every jury will give a verdict againſt me. So, Sir, with a

* Barkley's Apology for the Quakers.

Mahometan indulgence, I allow you pluralities, the favourite privilege of our church.

I find you do not mend upon correction; again I tell you, you muſt not think of women in a reaſonable way: you know we always make Goddeſſes of thoſe we adore upon earth; and do not all the good men tell us, we muſt lay aſide Reaſon in what relates to the Deity?

'Tis well the Poets are preparing ſongs of joy: 'tis well to lay in antidotes of ſoft rhyme, againſt the rough proſe they may chance to meet with at Weſtminſter. I ſhould have been glad of any thing of Swift's: pray, when you write to him next, tell him I expect him with impatience, in a place as odd and as much out of the way, as himſelf.

Yours.

LETTER XXXVII.

From the ſame.

WHenever you apply as a good Papiſt to your female Mediatrix, you are ſure of ſucceſs; but there is not a full aſſurance of your entire ſubmiſſion to Mother-church, and that abates a little of your authority. However, if you will accept of country letters, ſhe will correſpond from the hay-cock, and I will write to you upon the ſide of my wheelbarrow: ſurely ſuch letters might eſcape examination.

Your idea of the Golden Age is, that every ſhepherd might pipe where he pleaſed. As I have lived longer, I am more moderate in my wiſhes, and would be content with the liberty of not piping where I am not pleaſed.

Oh how I wiſh, to myſelf and my friends, a freedom which Fate ſeldom allows, and which we often refuſe ourſelves! why is our Shepherdeſs * in voluntary ſlavery? why muſt our Dean ſubmit to the Colour of his coat, and live abſent from us? and why are you confined to what you cannot relieve?

I ſeldom venture to give accounts of my journeys before-hand, becauſe I take reſolutions of going to London, and keep them no better than quarrelling lovers do theirs. But the devil will drive me thither about the middle of next month, and I will call upon you, to be ſprinkled with holy water, before I enter the place of Corruption.

Your, etc.

LETTER XXXVIII.

From the ſame.

I Am under the greateſt impatience to ſee Dr. Swift at Bevis-Mount, and muſt ſignify my mind to him by another hand, it not being permitted me to hold correſpondence with the ſaid Dean, for no letter of mine can come to his hands.

And whereas it is apparent, in this Proteſtant land, moſt eſpecially under the care of divine providence, that nothing can ſucceed or come to a happy iſſue but by Bribery; therefore let me know what he expects to comply with my deſires, and it ſhall be remitted unto him.

For tho' I would not corrupt any man for the whole world, yet a benevolence may be given without any offence to conſcience; every one muſt confeſs, that gra-

* Mrs. H.

tifica ion and corruption are two diſtinct terms; nay at worſt many good men hold, that for a good end, ſome very naughty meaſures may be made uſe of.

But, Sir, I muſt give you ſome good news in relation to myſelf, becauſe, I know, you wiſh me well; I am cur'd of ſome diſeaſes in my old age, which tormented me very much in my youth.

I was poſſeſſed with violent and uneaſy paſſions, ſuch as a peeviſh concern for Truth, and a ſaucy love for my Country.

When a Chriſtian Prieſt preached againſt the Spirit of the Goſpel, when an Engliſh Judge determined againſt Magna Charta, when the Miniſter acted againſt Common Senſe, I uſed to fret.

Now, Sir, let what will happen, I keep myſelf in temper: As I have no flattering hopes, ſo I baniſh all uſeleſs fears; but as to the things of this world, I find myſelf in a condition beyond expectation; it being evident from a late Parliamentary inquiry, that I have as much ready money, as much in the funds, and as great a perſonal eſtate, as Sir Robert S-tt-n.

If the Tranſlator of Homer find fault with this unheroic diſpoſition, or (what I more fear) if the Draper of Ireland accuſe the Engliſhman of want of ſpirit: I ſilence you both with one line out of your own Horace. *Quid te exempta juvat ſpinis e pluribus una?* For I take the whole to be ſo corrupted, that a cure in any part would be of little avail.

Your, etc.

LETTER XXXIX.

Dr. SWIFT to the Earl of PETERBOROW.

MY LORD,

I Never knew or heard of any perſon ſo volatile, and ſo fix'd as your Lordſhip: You, while your imagination is carrying you through every corner of the world, where you have or have not been, can at the ſame time remember to do offices of favour and kindneſs to the meaneſt of your friends; and in all the ſcenes you have paſſed, have not been able to attain that one quality peculiar to a great man, of forgetting every thing but injuries. Of this I am a living witneſs againſt you; for being the moſt inſignificant of all your old humble ſervants, you were ſo cruel as never to give me time to aſk a favour, but prevented me in doing whatever you thought I deſired, or could be for my credit or advantage.

I have often admired at the capriciouſneſs of Fortune in regard to your Lordſhip. She hath forced Courts to act againſt their oldeſt, and moſt conſtant maxims; to make you a General becauſe you had courage and conduct; an Ambaſſador, becauſe you had wiſdom and knowledge in the intereſts of Europe; and an Admiral on account of your ſkill in maritime affairs: whereas, according to the uſual method of Court-proceedings, I ſhould have been at the head of the Army, and you of the Church, or rather a Curate under the Dean of St. Patrick's.

The Archbiſhop of Dublin laments that he did not ſee your Lordſhip till he was juſt upon the point of leaving the Bath: I pray God you may have found ſucceſs in that journey, elſe I ſhall continue to think there is a fatality in all your Lordſhip's undertakings,

which only terminate in your own honour, and the good of the public, without the leaſt advantage to your health or fortune.

I remember Lord Oxford's Miniſtry us'd to tell me, that not knowing where to write to you, they were forced to write at you. It is ſo with me, for you are in one thing an Evangelical man, that you know not where to lay your head, and, I think, you have no houſe. Pray, my Lord, write to me, that I may have the pleaſure in this ſcoundrel country, of going about, and ſhewing my depending Parſons a letter from the Earl of Peterborow.

I am, etc.

LETTER XL.

To * * * * †.

Sept. 13.

I Believe you are by this time immers'd in your vaſt Wood; and one may addreſs to you as to a very abſtracted perſon, like Alexander Selkirk, or the * Self-taught Philoſopher. I ſhould be very curious to know what ſort of contemplations employ you. I remember the latter of thoſe I mentioned, gave himſelf up to a devout exerciſe of making his head giddy with various circumrotations, to imitate the motions of the celeſtial bodies. I don't think it at all impoſſible that Mr. L* may be far advanced in that exerciſe, by frequent turns towards the ſeveral aſpects of the heavens, to which you may have been pleaſed to direct him in ſearch of proſpects and new avenues. He will be tractable in time,

† Lord Bathurſt.

* The title of an Arabic Treatiſe of the Life of Hai Ebn Yocktan,

as birds are tamed by being whirl'd about; and doubtleſs come not to deſpiſe the meaneſt ſhrubs or coppice-wood, though naturally he ſeems more inclined to admire God, in his greater works, the tall timber: for, as Virgil has it, *Non omnes arbuſta juvant, humileſque myricae.* I wiſh myſelf with you both, whether you are in peace or at war, in violent argumentation or ſmooth conſent, over Gazettes in the morning, or over Plans in the evening. In that laſt article, I am of opinion your Lordſhip has a loſs of me; for generally after the debate of a whole day, we acquieſced at night in the beſt concluſion of which human Reaſon ſeems capable in all great matters, to fall faſt aſleep! And ſo we ended, unleſs immediate Revelation (which ever muſt overcome human reaſon) ſuggeſted ſome new lights to us, by a Viſion in bed. But laying aſide Theory, I am told, you are going directly to Practice. Alas, what a Fall will that be? A new Building is like a new Church; when once it is ſet up, you muſt maintain it in all the forms, and with all the inconveniencies; then ceaſe the pleaſant luminous days of inſpiration, and there is an end of miracles at once!

That this Letter may be all of a piece, I'll fill the reſt with an account of a conſultation lately held in my neighbourhood about deſigning a princely garden. Several Critics were of ſeveral opinions: One declared he would not have too much Art in it; for my notion (ſaid he) of gardening is, that it is only ſweeping nature *: Another told them that Gravel walks were not of a good taſte, for all the fineſt abroad were of looſe ſand: A third advis'd peremptorily there ſhould not be one Lyme-tree in the whole plantation: A fourth made the ſame excluſive clauſe extend to Horſe-cheſnuts, which

* An Expreſſion of Sir T. H.

he affirmed not to be Trees, but Weeds: Dutch Elms were condemn'd by a fifth; and thus about half the trees were proſcribed, contrary to the Paradiſe of God's own planting, which is expreſsly ſaid to be planted with *all trees*. There were ſome who could not bear Ever-greens, and call'd them Never-greens; ſome, who were angry at them only when cut into ſhapes, and gave the modern Gardeners the name of Ever-green Taylors; ſome, who had no diſlike to Cones and Cubes, but would have them cut in Foreſt-trees; and ſome who were in a paſſion againſt any thing in ſhape, even againſt clipt hedges, which they call'd green walls. Theſe (my Lord) are our Men of Taſte, who pretend to prove it by taſting little or nothing. Sure ſuch a taſte is like ſuch a ſtomach, not a good one, but a weak one. We have the ſame ſort of Critics in poetry; one is fond of nothing but Heroics, another cannot reliſh Tragedies, another hates Paſtorals, all little Wits delight in Epigrams. Will you give me leave to add, there are the ſame in Divinity; where many leading Critics are for rooting up more than they plant, and would leave the Lord's Vineyard either very thinly furniſhed, or very oddly trimm'd.

I have lately been with my Lord **, who is a zealous, yet a charitable Planter, and has ſo bad a Taſte, as to like all that is good. He has a diſpoſition to wait on you in his way to the Bath, and, if he can go and return to London in eight or ten days, I am not without a hope of ſeeing your Lordſhip with the delight I always ſee you. Every where I think of you, and every where I wiſh for you.

I am, etc.

LETTER XLI.

To Mr. C——.

Sept. 2, 1732.

I Aſſure you I am glad of your letter, and have long wanted nothing but the permiſſion you now give me, to be plain and unreſerved upon this head. I wrote to you concerning it long ſince; but a friend of yours and mine was of opinion, it was taking too much upon me, and more than I could be entitled to by the mere merit of long acquaintance, and good will. I have not a thing in my heart relating to any friend, which I would not, in my own nature, declare to all mankind. The truth is what you gueſs; I could not eſteem your conduct, to an object of miſery ſo near you as Mrs. ——, and I have often hinted it to yourſelf: The truth is, I cannot yet eſteem it for any reaſon I am able to ſee. But this I promiſe, I acquit you as far as your own mind acquits you. I have now no further cauſe of complaint, for the unhappy Lady gives me now no further pain: ſhe is no longer an object either of yours or my compaſſion; the hardſhips done her, are lodg'd in the hands of God, nor has any man more to do in them, except the perſons concern'd in occaſioning them.

As for the interruption of our Correſpondence, I am ſorry you ſeem to put the Teſt of my friendſhip upon that, becauſe it is what I am diſqualified from toward my other acquaintance, with whom I cannot hold any frequent commerce. I'll name you the obſtacles which I can't ſurmount: want of health, want of time, want of good eyes; and one yet ſtronger than them all, I write not upon the terms of other men. For however glad I might be, of expreſſing my reſpect, opening my mind, or venting my concerns, to my private friends;

I hardly dare while there are Curls in the world. If you pleaſe to reflect either on the impertinence of weak admirers, the malice of low enemies, the avarice of mercenary Bookſellers, or the ſilly curioſity of people in general; you'll confeſs I have ſmall reaſon to indulge correſpondencies: in which too I want materials, as I live altogether out of town, and have abſtracted my mind (I hope) to better things than common news. I wiſh my friends would ſend me back thoſe forfeitures of my diſcretion, commit to my juſtice what I truſted only to their indulgence, and return me at the year's end thoſe trifling letters, which can be to them but a day's amuſement, but to me may prove a diſcredit as laſting and extenſive, as the aforeſaid weak admirers, mean enemies, mercenary ſcriblers, or curious ſimpletons, can make it.

I come now to a particular you complain of, my not anſwering your queſtion about ſome Party-papers, and their authors. This indeed I could not tell you, becauſe I never was, or will be privy to ſuch papers: And if by accident, thro' my acquaintance with any of the writers, I had known a thing they conceal'd; I ſhould certainly never be the reporter of it.

For my waiting on you at your country-houſe, I have often wiſh'd it; it was my compliance to a ſuperior duty that hinder'd me, and one which you are too good a Chriſtian to wiſh I ſhould have broken, having never ventur'd to leave my mother (at her great age) for more than a week, which is too little for ſuch a journey.

Upon the whole, I muſt acquit myſelf of any act or thought, in prejudice to the regard I owe you, as ſo long and obliging an acquaintance and correſpondent. I am ſure I have all the good wiſhes for yourſelf and your family, that become a friend: There is no

accident that can happen to your advantage, and no action that can redound to your credit, which I ſhould not be ready to extol, or to rejoice in. And therefore I beg you to be aſſured, I am in diſpoſition and will, tho' not ſo much as I would be in teſtimonies or writing,

Yours, etc.

LETTER XLII.

To Mr. RICHARDSON.

Jan. 13, 1732.

I Have at laſt got my Mother ſo well, as to allow myſelf to be abſent from her for three days. As Sunday is one of them, I do not know whether I may propoſe to you to employ it in the manner you mentioned to me once. Sir Godfrey call'd imploying the pencil, the prayer of a painter, and affirmed it to be his proper way of ſerving God, by the talent he gave him. I am ſure, in this inſtance, it is ſerving your friend; and, you know, we are allowed to do that (nay even to help a neighbour's ox or aſs) on the Sabbath: which tho' it may ſeem a general precept, yet in one ſenſe particularly applies to you, who have help'd many a human ox, and many a human aſs, to the likeneſs of man, not to ſay of God.

Believe me, dear Sir, with all good wiſhes for yourſelf and your family (the happineſs of which tyes I know by experience, and have learn'd to value from the late danger of loſing the beſt of mine)

Your, etc.

LETTER XLIII.

To the ſame.

Twickenham, June 10, 1733.

AS I know, you and I mutually deſire to ſee one another, I hoped that this day our wiſhes would have met, and brought you hither. And this for the very reaſon which poſſibly might hinder your coming, that my poor Mother is dead *. I thank God, her death was as eaſy, as her life was innocent; and as it coſt her not a groan, or even a ſigh, there is yet upon her countenance ſuch an expreſſion of Tranquillity, nay, almoſt of Pleaſure, that it is even amiable to behold it. It would afford the fineſt Image of a Saint expir'd, that ever Painting drew; and it would be the greateſt obligation which even that obliging Art could ever beſtow on a friend, if you could come and ſketch it for me. I am ſure, if there be no very prevalent obſtacle, you will leave any common buſineſs to do this: and I hope to ſee you this evening as late as you will, or to-morrow morning as early, before this winter-flower is faded. I will defer her interment till to-morrow night. I know you love me, or I could not have written this — I could not (at this time) have written at all—Adieu! May you die as happily!

Your, etc.

LETTER XLIV.

To the ſame.

IT is hardly poſſible to tell you the joy your pencil gave me, in giving me another friend, ſo much the ſame! and which (alas for mortality!) will out-laſt the other.

* Mrs. Pope died the ſeventh of June, 1733, aged 93.

Poſterity will, thro' your means, ſee the man whom it will for ages honour *, vindicate, and applaud, when envy is no more, and when (as I have already ſaid in the Eſſay to which you are ſo partial)

The ſons ſhall bluſh their fathers were his foes.

That Eſſay has many faults, but the poem you ſent me has but one, and that I can eaſily forgive. Yet I would not have it printed for the world, and yet I would not have it kept unprinted neither—but all in good time. I'm glad you publiſh your Milton. B—ly will be angry at you, and at me too ſhortly for what I could not help, a Satyrical Poem on Verbal Criticiſm by Mr. Mallet, which he has inſcribed to me, but the Poem itſelf is good (another cauſe of anger to any Critic.) As for myſelf, I reſolve to go on in my quiet, calm, moral courſe, taking no ſort of notice of man's anger, or woman's ſcandal, with Virtue in my eyes, and Truth upon my tongue. Adieu.

LETTER XLV.

To Mr. BETHEL.

Aug. 9, 1733.

YOU might well think me negligent or forgetful of you, if true friendſhip and ſincere eſteem were to be meaſured by common forms and compliments. The truth is, I could not write then, without ſaying ſomething of my own condition, and of my loſs of ſo old and ſo deſerving a parent, which really would have troubled you; or I muſt have kept a ſilence upon that head, which would not have ſuited that freedom and

* Lord Bolingbroke.

ſincere opening of the heart which is due to you from me. I am now pretty well; but my home is uneaſy to me ſtill, and I am therefore wandering about all this ſummer. I was but four days at Twickenham ſince the occaſion that made it ſo melancholy. I have been a fortnight in Eſſex, and am now at Dawley (whoſe maſter is your ſervant) and going to Cirenceſter to Lord Bathurſt. I ſhall alſo ſee Southampton with Lord Peterborow. The Court and Twit'nam I ſhall forſake together. I wiſh I did not leave our friend*, who deſerves more quiet, and more health and happineſs, than can be found in ſuch a family. The reſt of my acquaintance are tolerably happy in their various ways of life, whether court, country, or town; and Mr. Cleland is as well in the Park, as if he were in Paradiſe. I heartily hope, Yorkſhire is the ſame to you; and that no evil, moral or phyſical, may come near you.

I have now but too much melancholy leiſure, and no other care but to finiſh my Eſſay on Man: there will be in it one line that may offend you (I fear) and yet I will not alter or omit it, unleſs you come to town and prevent me before I print it, which will be in a fortnight in all probability. In plain truth, I will not deny myſelf the greateſt pleaſure I am capable of receiving, becauſe another may have the modeſty not to ſhare it. It is all a poor poet can do, to bear teſtimony to the virtue he cannot reach: beſides, that, in this age, I ſee too few good Examples not to lay hold on any I can find. You ſee what an intereſted man I am. Adieu.

* Mrs. B.

LETTER XLVI.

To ——— †.

Sept. 7, 1733.

YOU cannot think how melancholy this place makes me; every part of this wood puts into my mind poor Mr. Gay, with whom I paſt once a great deal of pleaſant time in it, and another friend who is near dead, and quite loſt to us, Dr. Swift. I really can find no enjoyment in the place; the ſame ſort of uneaſineſs as I find at Twit'nam, whenever I paſs near my Mother's room.

I've not yet writ to Mrs. *. I think I ſhould, but have nothing to ſay that will anſwer the character they conſider me in, as a Wit; beſides, my eyes grow very bad (whatever is the cauſe of it) I'll put them out for nobody but a friend; and, I proteſt, it brings tears into them almoſt to write to you, when I think of your ſtate and mine. I long to write to Swift, but cannot. The greateſt pain I know, is to ſay things ſo very ſhort of one's meaning, when the heart is full.

I feel the going out of life faſt enough, to have little appetite left to make compliments, at beſt uſeleſs, and for the moſt part unfelt, ſpeeches. 'Tis but in a very narrow circle that Friendſhip walks in this world, and I care not to trade out of it more than I needs muſt; knowing well, it is but to two or three (if quite ſo many) that any man's welfare or memory can be of conſequence: The reſt, I believe, I may forget, and be pretty certain they are already even, if not before-hand with me.

Life, after the firſt warm heats are over, is all down-hill: and one almoſt wiſhes the journey's end, provided we were ſure but to lie down eaſy, whenever the Night ſhall overtake us.

† Mrs. B.

I dream'd all laſt night of —. She has dwelt (a little more than perhaps is right) upon my ſpirits: I ſaw a very deſerving gentleman in my travels, who has formerly, I have heard, had much the ſame misfortune: and (with all his good breeding and ſenſe) ſtill bears a cloud and melancholy caſt, that never can quite clear up, in all his behaviour and converſation. I know another, who, I believe, could promiſe, and eaſily keep his word, never to laugh in his life. But one muſt do one's beſt, not to be uſed by the world as that poor lady was by her ſiſter; and not ſeem too good, for fear of being thought affected, or whimſical.

It is a real truth, that to the laſt of my moments, the thought of you, and the beſt of my wiſhes for you, will attend you, told or untold: I could wiſh you had once the conſtancy and reſolution to act for yourſelf, whether before, or after I leave you (the only way I ever ſhall leave you) you muſt determine; but reflect, that the firſt would make me, as well as yourſelf, happier; the latter could make you only ſo. Adieu.

LETTER XLVII.

From Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

Hampſtead, July 17, 1734.

I Little doubt of your kind concern for me, nor of that of the Lady you mention. I have nothing to repay my friends with at preſent, but prayers and good wiſhes. I have the ſatisfaction to find that I am as officiouſly ſerv'd by my friends, as he that has thouſands to leave in legacies; beſides the aſſurance of their ſincerity. God Almighty has made my bodily diſtreſs as eaſy as a thing of that nature can be. I have found ſome relief,

at leaſt ſome times, from the air of this place. My nights are bad, but many poor creatures have worſe.

As for you, my good friend, I think, ſince our firſt acquaintance, there have not been any of thoſe little ſuſpicions or jealouſies that often affect the ſincereſt friendſhips; I am ſure, not on my ſide. I muſt be ſo ſincere as to own, that though I could not help valuing you for thoſe Talents which the world prizes, yet they were not the foundation of my friendſhips; they were quite of another ſort; nor ſhall I at preſent offend you by enumerating them: And I make it my Laſt Requeſt, that you will continue that Noble Diſdain and Abhorrence of Vice, which you ſeem naturally endued with; but ſtill with a due regard to your own ſafety; and ſtudy more to reform than chaſtiſe, tho' the one cannot be effected without the other.

Lord Bathurſt I have always honour'd, for every good quality that a perſon of his rank ought to have: Pray, give my reſpects and kindeſt wiſhes to the family. My veniſon ſtomach is gone, but I have thoſe about me, and often with me, who will be very glad of his preſent. If it is left at my houſe, it will be tranſmitted ſafe to me.

A recovery in my caſe, and at my age, is impoſſible; the kindeſt wiſh of my friends is Euthanaſia. Living or dying, I ſhall always be

Yours, etc.

LETTER XLVIII.

To Dr. ARBUTHNOT.

July 26, 1734.

I Thank you for your letter, which has all thoſe genuine marks of a good mind by which I have ever diſtinguiſh'd yours, and for which I have ſo long loved

you. Our friendſhip has been conſtant; becauſe it was grounded on good principles, and therefore not only uninterrupted by any Diſtruſt, but by any Vanity, much leſs any Intereſt.

What you recommend to me with the ſolemnity of a Laſt Requeſt, ſhall have its due weight with me. That diſdain and indignation againſt Vice, is (I thank God) the only diſdain and indignation I have: It is ſincere, and it will be a laſting one. But ſure it is as impoſſible to have a juſt abhorrence of Vice, without hating the Vicious, as to bear a true love for Virtue, without loving the Good. To reform and not to chaſtiſe, I am afraid, is impoſſible; and that the beſt Precepts, as well as the beſt Laws, would prove of ſmall uſe, if there were no Examples to enforce them. To attack Vices in the abſtract, without touching Perſons, may be ſafe fighting indeed, but it is fighting with Shadows. General propoſitions are obſcure, miſty, and uncertain, compar'd with plain, full, and home examples: Precepts only apply to our Reaſon, which in moſt men is but weak: Examples are pictures, and ſtrike the Senſes, nay raiſe the Paſſions, and call in thoſe (the ſtrongeſt and moſt general of all motives) to the aid of reformation. Every vicious man makes the caſe his own; and that is the only way by which ſuch men can be affected, much leſs deter'd. So that to chaſtiſe is to reform. The only ſign by which I found my writings ever did any good, or had any weight, has been that they rais'd the anger of bad men. And my greateſt comfort, and encouragement to proceed, has been to ſee, that thoſe who have no ſhame, and no fear of any thing elſe, have appear'd touch'd by my Satires.

As to your kind concern for my Safety, I can gueſs what occaſions it at this time. Some Characters * I have

* The Character of Sporus in the Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot.

drawn are ſuch, that if there be any who deſerve them, 'tis evidently a ſervice to mankind to point thoſe men out; yet ſuch as, if all the world gave them, none, I think, will own they take to themſelves. But if they ſhould, thoſe of whom all the world think in ſuch a manner, muſt be men I cannot fear. Such in particular as have the meanneſs to do miſchiefs in the dark, have ſeldom the courage to juſtify them in the face of day; the talents that make a Cheat or a Whiſperer, are not the ſame that qualify a man for an Inſulter; and as to private villany, it is not ſo ſafe to join in an Aſſaſſination, as in a Libel *. I will conſult my ſafety ſo far as I think becomes a prudent man: but not ſo far as to omit any thing which I think becomes an honeſt one. As to perſonal attacks beyond the law, every man is liable to them: as for danger within the law, I am not guilty enough to fear any. For the good opinion of all the world, I know, it is not to be had: for that of worthy men, I hope, I ſhall not forfeit it: for that of the Great, or thoſe in power, I may wiſh I had it; but if thro' miſrepreſentations (too common about perſons in that ſtation) I have it not, I ſhall be ſorry, but not miſerable in the want of it.

It is certain, much freer Satiriſts than I, have enjoy'd the encouragement and protection of the Princes under whom they lived. Auguſtus and Mæcenas made Horace their companion, though he had been in arms on the ſide of Brutus; and, allow me to remark, it was out of the ſuffering Party too, that they favour'd and diſtinguiſh'd Virgil. You will not ſuſpect me of comparing myſelf with Virgil and Horace, nor even with another Court-favourite, Boileau †. I have always been too

* See the following Letter to a noble Lord.

† See Letter CIII. to Mr. Warburton.

modeſt to imagine my Panegyrics were Incenſe worthy of a Court; and that, I hope, will be thought the true reaſon why I have never offer'd any. I would only have obſerv'd, that it was under the greateſt Princes and beſt Miniſters, that moral Satiriſts were moſt encouraged; and that then Poets exerciſed the ſame juriſdiction over the Follies, as Hiſtorians did over the Vices of men. It may alſo be worth conſidering, whether Auguſtus himſelf makes the greater figure in the writings of the former, or of the latter? and whether Nero and Domitian do not appear as ridiculous for their falſe Taſte and Affectation, in Perſius and Juvenal, as odious for their bad Government in Tacitus and Suetonius? In the firſt of theſe reigns it was, that Horace was protected and careſs'd; and in the latter that Lucan was put to death, and Juvenal baniſh'd.

I would not have ſaid ſo much, but to ſhew you my whole heart on this ſubject; and to convince you, I am deliberately bent to perform that Requeſt which you make your laſt to me, and to perform it with Temper, Juſtice, and Reſolution. As your Approbation (being the Teſtimony of a ſound head and an honeſt heart) does greatly confirm me herein, I wiſh you may live to ſee the effect it may hereafter have upon me, in ſomething more deſerving of that approbation. But if it be the Will of God, (which, I know, will alſo be yours) that we muſt ſeparate, I hope it will be better for You than it can be for me. You are fitter to live, or to die, than any man I know. Adieu, my dear friend! and may God preſerve your life eaſy, or make your death happy *.

* This excellent perſon died Feb. 27, 1734-5.

[We find by Letter xix. to Dr. Atterbury, that the Ducheſs of Buckinghamſhire would have had Mr. Pope to draw her huſband's Character. But though he refuſed this office, yet in his Epiſtle *on the Characters of Women*, theſe lines,

To heirs unknown deſcends th' unguarded ſtore,
Or wanders, heav'n-directed, to the poor.

are ſuppoſed to mark her out in ſuch a manner as not to be miſtaken for another; and having ſaid of himſelf, that *he held a lie in proſe and verſe to be the ſame:* All this together gave a handle to his enemies, ſince his death, to publiſh the following Paper (intitled *The Character of Katharine*, etc.) as written by him. To which (in vindication of the deceaſed Poet) we have ſubjoined a Letter to a friend, that will let the Reader fully into the hiſtory of the *writing* and *publication* of this extraordinary CHARACTER.]

The CHARACTER of
KATHARINE,
LATE
Ducheſs of *Buckinghamſhire* and *Normanby*.

By the late Mr. POPE.

SHE was the daughter of James the ſecond, and of the Counteſs of Dorcheſter, who inherited the Integrity and Virtue of her father with happier fortune. She was married firſt to James Earl of Angleſey; and ſecondly, to John Sheffield duke of Buckinghamſhire and Normanby; with the former ſhe exerciſed the virtues of *Patience* and *Suffering*, as long as there was any hopes of doing good by either; with the latter all other *Conjugal virtues*. The man of fineſt ſenſe and ſharpeſt diſcernment, ſhe had the happineſs to pleaſe; and in that, found her only pleaſure. When he died, it ſeemed as if his ſpirit was only breathed into her, to fulfil what he had

begun, to perform what he had concerted, and to preſerve and watch over what he had left, *his only ſon*; in the care of whoſe health, the forming of whoſe mind, and the improvement of whoſe fortune, ſhe acted with the conduct and ſenſe of the Father, ſoften'd, but not overcome, with the tenderneſs of the Mother. Her Underſtanding was ſuch as muſt have made a figure, had it been in a man; but the modeſty of her ſex threw a veil over its luſtre, which nevertheleſs ſuppreſs'd only the expreſſion, not the exertion of it; for her ſenſe was not ſuperior to her Reſolution, which, when once ſhe was in the right, preſerv'd her from making it only a tranſition to the wrong, the frequent weakneſs even of the beſt women. She often followed wiſe counſel, but ſometimes went before it, always with ſucceſs. She was poſſeſſed of a ſpirit, which aſſiſted her to get the better of thoſe accidents which admitted of any redreſs, and enabled her to ſupport outwardly, with decency and dignity, thoſe which admitted of none; yet melted inwardly, through almoſt her whole life, at a ſucceſſion of melancholy and affecting objects, the loſs of all her Children, the misfortunes of *Relations and Friends, public and private*, and the death of thoſe who were deareſt to her. Her heart was as compaſſionate as it was great: her Affections warm even to ſolicitude: her Friendſhip not violent or jealous, but rational and perſevering: her Gratitude equal and conſtant to the living; to the dead boundleſs and heroical. What perſon ſoever ſhe found worthy of her eſteem, ſhe would not give up for any power on earth; and the greateſt on earth whom ſhe could not eſteem, obtain'd from her no farther tribute than Decency. Her Good-will was wholly directed by merit, not by accident; not meaſured by the regard they profeſs'd for her own deſert, but by her idea of theirs: And as there was no merit which ſhe was not

able to imitate, there was none which ſhe could envy: therefore her Converſation was as free from detraction, as her Opinions from prejudice or prepoſſeſſion. As her Thoughts were her own, ſo were her Words; and ſhe was as ſincere in uttering her judgment, as impartial in forming it. She was a ſafe Companion, many were ſerv'd, none ever ſuffer'd by her acquaintance: inoffenſive, when unprovoked; when provoked, not ſtupid: But the moment her enemy ceaſed to be hurtful, ſhe could ceaſe to act as an enemy. She was therefore not a bitter but conſiſtent enemy: (tho' indeed, when forced to be ſo, the more a finiſh'd one for having been long a making.) And her proceeding with ill people was more in a calm and ſteady courſe, like Juſtice, than in quick and paſſionate onſets, like Revenge. As for thoſe of whom ſhe only thought ill, ſhe conſidered them not ſo much as once to wiſh them ill; of ſuch, her Contempt was great enough to put a ſtop to all other paſſions that could hurt them. Her Love and Averſion, her Gratitude and Reſentment, her Eſteem and Neglect, were equally open and ſtrong, and alterable only from the alteration of the perſons who created them. Her Mind was too noble to be inſincere, and her Heart too honeſt to ſtand in need of it; ſo that ſhe never found cauſe to repent her conduct either to a friend or an enemy. There remains only to ſpeak of her Perſon, which was moſt amiably majeſtic; the niceſt eye could find no fault in the outward lineaments of her Face or proportion of her Body; it was ſuch, as pleas'd wherever ſhe had a deſire it ſhould; yet ſhe never envied that of any other, which might better pleaſe in general: In the ſame manner, as being content that her merits were eſteemed where ſhe deſired they ſhould, ſhe never depreciated thoſe of any other that were eſteemed or preferred elſewhere. For ſhe aimed not at a general love or a general

eſteem where ſhe was not known; it was enough to be poſſeſs'd of both wherever ſhe was. Having lived to the age of Sixty-two years; not courting Regard, but receiving it from all who knew her; not loving Buſineſs, but diſcharging it fully whereſoever duty or friendſhip engaged her in it; not following Greatneſs, but not declining to pay reſpect, as far as was due from independency and diſintereſt; having honourably abſolv'd all the parts of life, ſhe forſook this World, where ſhe had left no act of duty or virtue undone, for that where alone ſuch acts are rewarded, on the 13th Day of March 1742-3 *.

Mr. Pope to James Moyser of Beverly, Eſq.

Dear Sir, Bath, July 11, 1743.

I Am always glad to hear of you, and where I can, I always enquire of you. But why have you omitted to tell me one word of your own health? The account of our Friend's † is truly melancholy, added to the circumſtance of his being detained (I fear, without much hope) in a foreign country, from the comfort of ſeeing (what a good man moſt deſires and beſt deſerves to ſee to the laſt hour) his Friends about him. The public news ‡ indeed gives every Engliſhman a reaſonable joy, and I truly feel it with you, as a national joy, not a party one; nay as a general joy, to all nations where bloodſhed and miſery muſt have been introduced, had the ambition and perfidy of —— prevail'd.

* "The above Character was written by Mr. Pope ſome years "before her Grace's Death." So the printed Edition.

† Mr. Bethel.

‡ The Victory at Dettingen.

I come now to anſwer your friend's queſtion. The whole of what he has heard of my writing the Character of the old * Duke of Buckingham is untrue. I do not remember ever to have ſeen it in MS. nor have I ever ſeen the pedigree he mentions, otherwiſe than after the Ducheſs had printed it with the Will, and ſent one to me, as, I ſuppoſe, ſhe did to all her acquaintance. I do not wonder it ſhould be reported I writ that Character, after a ſtory which I will tell you in your ear, and to yourſelf only. There was another *Character written of her Grace* by herſelf (with what help, I know not) but ſhe ſhewed it me in her blots, and preſſed me, by all the adjurations of Friendſhip, to give her my ſincere opinion of it. I acted honeſtly and did ſo. She ſeemed to take it patiently, and upon many exceptions which I made, engaged me to take the whole, and to ſelect out of it juſt as much as I judged might ſtand, and return her the Copy. I did ſo. Immediately ſhe picked a quarrel with me, and we never ſaw each other in five or ſix years. In the mean time, ſhe ſhewed this Character (as much as was extracted of it in my hand-writing) as a compoſition of my own in her praiſe. And very probably it is *now in the hands of Lord Harvey*. Dear Sir, I ſincerely wiſh you, and your whole family (whoſe welfare is ſo cloſely connected) the beſt health and trueſt happineſs; and am (as is alſo the Maſter of this place)

Your, etc.

* He ſays *the old Duke*, becauſe he wrote a very fine Epitaph for the Son.

A LETTER TO A NOBLE LORD.

On occaſion of ſome Libels written and propagated at Court, in the Year 1732-3.

My Lord, Nov. 30, 1733.

YOUR Lordſhip's * Epiſtle has been publiſh'd ſome days, but I had not the pleaſure and pain of ſeeing it till yeſterday: Pain, to think your Lordſhip ſhould attack me at all; Pleaſure, to find that you can attack me ſo weakly. As I want not the humility, to think myſelf in every way but *one* your inferiour, it ſeems but reaſonable that I ſhould take the only method either of ſelf-defence or retaliation, that is left me, againſt a perſon of your quality and power. And as by your choice of this weapon, your pen, you generouſly (and modeſtly too, no doubt) meant to put yourſelf upon a level with me; I will as ſoon believe that your Lordſhip would give a wound to a man unarm'd, as that you would deny me the uſe of it in my own defence.

I preſume you will allow me to take the ſame liberty, in my anſwer to ſo *candid*, *polite*, and *ingenious* a Nobleman, which your Lordſhip took in yours, to ſo *grave*, *religious*, and *reſpectable* a Clergyman †: As you anſwered his *Latin* in *Engliſh*, permit me to anſwer your *Verſe* in *Proſe*. And tho' your Lordſhip's reaſon for not writing in *Latin*, might be ſtronger than mine for not writing in *Verſe*, yet I may plead *Two good* ones, for this conduct: the one that I want the Talent of ſpinning *a*

* Entitled, *An Epiſtle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton-Court, Aug.* 28, 1733, and printed the November following for J. Roberts, Fol.

† Dr. S.

thouſand lines in a Day * (which, I think, is as much *Time* as this ſubject deſerves) and the other, that I take your Lordſhip's *Verſe* to be as much *Proſe* as this letter. But no doubt it was your choice, in writing to a friend, to renounce all the Pomp of Poetry, and give us this excellent model of the familiar.

When I conſider the *great difference* betwixt the rank your *Lordſhip* holds in the *World*, and the rank which your *writings* are like to hold in the *learned world*, I preſume that diſtinction of ſtyle is but neceſſary, which you will ſee obſerv'd thro' this letter. When I ſpeak of *you*, my Lord, it will be with all the deference due to the inequality which Fortune has made between you and myſelf: but when I ſpeak of your *writings*, my Lord, I muſt, I can do nothing but trifle.

I ſhould be oblig'd indeed to leſſen this *Reſpect*, if all the Nobility (and eſpecially the elder brothers) are but ſo many hereditary fools †, if the privilege of Lords be to want brains ‡, if noblemen can hardly write or read ‖, if all their buſineſs is but to dreſs and vote ⸸, and all their employment in court to tell lies, flatter in public, ſlander in private, be falſe to each other, and follow nothing but ſelf-intereſt **. Bleſs me, my Lord, what an

* *And Pope with juſtice of ſuch lines may ſay,*
His Lordſhip ſpins a thouſand in a day. Epiſt. p. 6.

† *That to good blood by old preſcriptive rules*
Gives right hereditary to be Fools.

‡ *Nor wonder that my Brain no more affords,*
But recollect the privilege of Lords.

‖ *And when you ſee me fairly write my name;*
For England's ſake wiſh all could do the ſame.

⸸ *Whilſt all our buſ'neſs is to dreſs and vote.* ibid.

** *Courts are only larger families,*
The growth of each, few truths, and many lies:
in private ſatyrize, in public flatter.
Few to each other, all to one point true;
Which one I ſhan't, nor need explain. *Adieu.* p. ult.

account is this you give of them? and what would have been ſaid of me, had I immolated, in this manner, the whole body of the Nobility, at the ſtall of a well-fed Prebendary?

Were it the mere *Exceſs* of your Lordſhip's *Wit*, that carried you thus triumphantly over all the bounds of decency, I might conſider your Lordſhip on your *Pegaſus*, as a ſprightly hunter on a mettled horſe; and while you were trampling down all our works, patiently ſuffer the injury, in pure admiration of the *Noble Sport*. But ſhould the caſe be quite otherwiſe, ſhould your Lordſhip be only like a *Boy* that is *run away with*; and run away with by a *Very Foal*; really common charity, as well as reſpect for a noble family, would oblige me to ſtop your career, and to *help you down* from *this Pegaſus*.

Surely the little praiſe of a *Writer* ſhould be a thing below your ambition: You, who were no ſooner born, but in the lap of the Graces; no ſooner at ſchool, but in the arms of the Muſes; no ſooner in the World, but you practis'd all the ſkill of it; no ſooner in the Court, but you poſſeſs'd all the art of it! Unrivall'd as you are, in making a figure, and in making a ſpeech, methinks, my Lord, you may well give up the poor talent of turning a Diſtich. And why this fondneſs for Poetry? Proſe admits of the two excellencies you moſt admire, Diction and Fiction: It admits of the talents you chiefly poſſeſs, a moſt fertile invention, and moſt florid expreſſion; it is with proſe, nay the plaineſt proſe, that you beſt could teach our nobility to vote, which, you juſtly obſerve, is half at leaſt of their buſineſs *: And, give me leave to propheſy, it is to your talent in proſe, and not in verſe, to your ſpeaking, not your writing, to your art at court,

* *All their buſ'neſs is to dreſs and vote.*

not your art of poetry, that your Lordſhip muſt owe your future figure in the world.

My Lord, whatever you imagine, this is the advice of a Friend, and one who remembers he formerly had the honour of ſome profeſſion of Friendſhip from you: Whatever was his *real ſhare* in it, whether ſmall or great, yet as your Lordſhip could never have had the leaſt *Loſs* by continuing it, or the leaſt *Intereſt* by withdrawing it; the misfortune of loſing it, I fear, muſt have been owing to his own *deficiency* or *neglect*. But as to any *actual fault* which deſerved to forfeit it in ſuch a degree, he proteſts he is to this day guiltleſs and ignorant. It could at moſt be but a fault of *omiſſion*; but indeed by omiſſions, men of your Lordſhip's uncommon merit may ſometimes think themſelves ſo injur'd, as to be capable of an inclination to injure another; who, tho' very much below their quality, may be above the injury.

I never heard of the leaſt diſpleaſure you had conceived againſt me, till I was told that an imitation I had made of * *Horace* had offended ſome perſons, and among them your Lordſhip. I could not have apprehended that a few *general ſtrokes* about a *Lord ſcribling careleſly*, a *Pimp*, or a *Spy* at Court, a *Sharper* in a gilded chariot, etc. that theſe, I ſay, ſhould be ever applied as they have been, by *any malice* but that which is the greateſt in the world, *the Malice of ill-people to themſelves*.

Your Lordſhip ſo well knows (and the whole Court and town thro' your means ſo well know) how far the reſentment was carried upon that imagination, not only in the *Nature* of the *Libel* † you propagated againſt me, but in the extraordinary *manner*, *place*, and *preſence* in

* The firſt Satire of the ſecond Book, printed in 1732.

† *Verſes to the Imitator of Horace*, afterwards printed by J. Roberts, 1732. Fol.

which it was propagated*; that I ſhall only ſay, it ſeem'd to me to exceed the bounds of juſtice, common ſenſe, and decency.

I wonder yet more, how a *Lady*, of great wit, beauty, and fame for her poetry, (between whom and your Lordſhip there is a *natural*, a *juſt*, and a *well grounded-eſteem*) could be prevail'd upon to take a part in that proceeding. Your reſentments againſt me indeed might be equal, as my offence to you both was the ſame; for neither had I the leaſt miſunderſtanding with that Lady, till after I was the *Author* of my own misfortune in diſcontinuing her acquaintance. I may venture to own a truth, which cannot be unpleaſing to either of you; I aſſure you my reaſon for ſo doing, was merely that you had both *too much wit* for me †; and that I could not do, with *mine*, many things which you could with *yours*. The injury done you in withdrawing myſelf could be but ſmall, if the value you had for me was no greater than you have been pleas'd ſince to profeſs. But ſurely, my Lord, one may ſay, neither the Revenge, nor the Language you held, bore any *proportion* to the pretended offence: The appellations of ‡ *Foe* to *human kind*, an *Enemy* like the *Devil* to all that have *Being*; *ungrateful*, *unjuſt*, deſerving to be *whipt*, *blanketed*, *kicked*, nay *killed*; a *Monſter*, an *Aſſaſſin*, whoſe converſation every man ought to *ſhun*, and againſt whom *all doors* ſhould be ſhut; I beſeech you, my Lord, had you the leaſt right to give, or to encourage or juſtify any other in giving ſuch language as this to me? Could I be treated in terms more ſtrong or more atrocious, if, during my acquaintance with you, I

* It was for this reaſon that this Letter, as ſoon as it was printed, was communicated to the Q.

† Once, and but once, his heedleſs youth was bit,
And lik'd that dang'rous thing a female Wit.
See the Letter to Dr. Arbuthnot amongſt the Variations.

‡ See the aforeſaid *Verſes to the Imitator of Horace.*

had been a *Betrayer*, a *Backbiter*, a *Whiſperer*, an *Eves-dropper*, or an *Informer?* Did I in all that time ever throw a *falſe Dye*, or palm a *foul Card* upon you? Did I ever *borrow*, *ſteal*, or accept, either *Money*, *Wit*, or *Advice* from you? Had I ever the honour to join with either of you in one *Ballad*, *Satire*, *Pamphlet*, or *Epigram*, on any perſon *living* or *dead?* Did I ever do you ſo great an injury as to put off *my own Verſes* for *yours*, eſpecially on *thoſe Perſons* whom they might *moſt offend?* I am confident you cannot anſwer in the affirmative; and I can truly affirm, that, ever ſince I loſt the happineſs of your converſation, I have not publiſhed or written, one ſyllable of, or to either of you; never hitch'd your *names* in a *Verſe*, or trifled with your *good names* in *company*. Can I be honeſtly charged with any other crime but an *Omiſſion* (for the word *Neglect*, which I us'd before, ſlip'd my pen unguardedly) to continue my admiration of you all my life, and ſtill to contemplate, face to face, your many excellencies and perfections? I am perſuaded you can reproach me truly with no great *Faults*, except my *natural ones*, which I am as ready to own, as to do all juſtice to the contrary *Beauties* in you. It is true, my Lord, I am ſhort, not well ſhap'd, generally ill-dreſs'd, if not ſometimes dirty: Your Lordſhip and Ladyſhip are ſtill in bloom; your Figures ſuch, as rival the *Apollo* of *Belvedere*, and the *Venus* of *Medicis*; and your faces ſo finiſh'd, that neither ſickneſs or paſſion can deprive them of *Colour*; I will allow your own in particular to be the fineſt that ever *Man* was bleſt with: preſerve it, my Lord, and reflect, that to be a Critic, would coſt it too many *frowns*, and to be Stateſman, too many *wrinkles!* I further confeſs, I am now ſomewhat old; but ſo your Lordſhip and this excellent Lady, with all your beauty, will (I hope) one day be. I know your Genius and hers ſo perfectly *tally*, that you cannot but join in admiring

each other, and by conſequence in the contempt of all ſuch as myſelf. You have both, in my regard, been like—(your Lordſhip, I know, loves a *Simile*, and it will be one ſuitable to your *Quality*) you have been like *Two Princes*, and I like a *poor Animal* ſacrificed between them to cement a laſting League: I hope I have not bled in vain; but that ſuch an amity may endure for ever! For tho' it be what common *underſtandings* would hardly concieve, Two *Wits* however may be perſuaded, that it is in Friendſhip as in Enmity, The more *danger*, the more *honour*.

Give me the liberty, my Lord, to tell you, why I never replied to thoſe *Verſes* on the *Imitator* of *Horace*? They regarded nothing but my *Figure*, which I ſet no value upon; and my *Morals*, which, I knew, needed no defence: Any honeſt man has the pleaſure to be conſcious, that it is out of the power of the *Wittieſt*, nay the *Greateſt Perſon* in the Kingdom, to leſſen him *that way*, but at the expence of his own *Truth*, *Honour*, or *Juſtice*.

But tho' I declined to explain myſelf juſt at the time when I was ſillily threaten'd, I ſhall now give your Lordſhip a frank account of the offence you imagined to be meant to you. *Fanny* (my Lord) is the plain Engliſh of *Fannius*, a real perſon, who was a fooliſh Critic, and an enemy of *Horace*: perhaps a Noble one, for ſo (if your Latin be gone in earneſt *) I muſt acquaint you, the word *Beatus* may be conſtrued.

Beatus Fannius! ultro
Delatis cauſis et imagine.

* *all I learn'd from Dr.* Freind *at ſchool,*
Has quite deſerted this poor John Trot-head,
And left plain native Engliſh in its ſtead. Epiſt. p. 2.

This *Fannius* was, it ſeems, extremely fond both of his *Poetry* and his *Perſon*, which appears by the pictures and *Statues* he cauſed to be made of himſelf, and by his great diligence to propagate *bad Verſes* at *Court*, and get them admitted into the library of *Auguſtus*. He was moreover of a delicate or *effeminate complexion*, and conſtant at the Aſſemblies and Operas of thoſe days, where he took it into his head to *ſlander poor Horace*.

Ineptus
Fannius, *Hermogenis* laedat *conviva Tigelli*.

till it provoked him at laſt juſt to *name* him, give him a *laſh*, and ſend him whimpering to the *Ladies*.

Diſcipularum *inter jubeo plorare cathedras*.

So much for *Fanny*, my Lord. The word *ſpins* (as Dr. *Freind*, or even Dr. *Sherwin* could aſſure you) was the literal tranſlation of *deduci*; a metaphor taken from a *Silk-worm*, my Lord, to ſignify any *ſlight*, *ſilken*, or (as your Lordſhip and the Ladies call it) * *ſlimzy* piece of work. I preſume your Lordſhip has enough of this, to convince you there was nothing *perſonal* but to *that Fannius*, who (with all his fine accompliſhments) had never been heard of, but for *that Horace* he injur'd.

In regard to the right honourable Lady, your Lordſhip's friend, I was far from deſigning a perſon of her condition by a name ſo derogatory to her, as that of *Sappho*; a name proſtituted to every infamous Creature that ever wrote Verſe or Novels. I proteſt I never *apply'd* that name to her in any verſe of mine, *public* or private; and (I firmly believe) not in any *Letter* or *Converſation*. Whoever could invent a Falſehood to ſupport an accuſation, I pity; and whoever can believe ſuch a Character

* *Weak texture of his* ſlimzy *brain*, p. 6.

to be theirs, I pity ſtill more. God forbid the Court or Town ſhould have the complaiſance to *join* in that opinion! Certainly I meant it only of ſuch modern *Sapphos*, as imitate much more the *Lewdneſs* than the *Genius* of the ancient one; and upon whom their wretched brethren frequently beſtow both the *Name* and the *Qualification* there mentioned*.

There was another reaſon why I was ſilent as to that paper — I took it for a *Lady's* (on the printer's word in the title-page) and thought it too preſuming, as well as indecent, to contend with one of that *Sex* in *altercation*: For I never was ſo mean a creature as to commit my Anger againſt a *Lady* to *paper*, tho' but in a *private Letter*. But ſoon after, her denial of it was brought to me by a Noble perſon of *real Honour* and *Truth*. Your Lordſhip indeed ſaid you had it from a Lady, and the Lady ſaid it was your Lordſhip's; ſome thought the beautiful by-blow had *Two Fathers*, or (if one of them will hardly be allow'd a man) *Two Mothers*; indeed I think *both Sexes* had a ſhare in it, but which was *uppermoſt*, I know not: I pretend not to determine the exact method of this *Witty Fornication*: and, if I call it *Yours*, my Lord, 'tis only becauſe, whoever *got* it, you *brought it forth*.

Here, my Lord, allow me to obſerve the different proceeding of the *Ignoble Poet*, and his *Noble Enemies*. What he has written of *Fanny*, *Adonis*, *Sappho*, or who you will, he own'd, he publiſh'd, he ſet his name to: What they have *publiſh'd* of him, they have deny'd to have *written*; and what they have *written* of him, they have denied to have *publiſh'd*. One of theſe was the caſe in the paſt Libel, and the other in the preſent. For tho' the parent has owned it to a few choice friends, it

* From furious Sappho ſcarce a milder fate,
Pox'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.
1 Sat. B. ii. Hor.

is ſuch as he has been obliged to deny in the moſt particular terms, to the great Perſon whoſe opinion *concern'd him moſt*.

Yet, my Lord, this Epiſtle was a piece not written in *haſte*, or in a *paſſion*, but many months after all pretended provocation; when you was at *full leiſure* at Hampton-Court, and I the object *ſingled*, like a *Deer out of Seaſon*, for ſo ill-timed, and ill-placed a diverſion. It was a *deliberate* work, directed to a *Reverend Perſon* *, of the moſt *ſerious* and *ſacred* character, with whom you are known to cultivate a *ſtrict correſpondence*, and to whom it will not be doubted, but you open your *ſecret Sentiments*, and deliver your *real judgment* of men and things. This, I ſay, my Lord, with ſubmiſſion, could not but awaken all my *Reflection* and *Attention*. Your Lordſhip's opinion of me as a *Poet*, I cannot help; it is yours, my Lord, and that were enough to mortify a poor man; but it is not yours *alone*, you muſt be content to ſhare it with the *Gentlemen* of the *Dunciad*, and (it may be) with many *more innocent* and *ingenious men*. If your Lordſhip deſtroys my *poetical* character, *they* will claim their part in the glory; but, give me leave to ſay, if my *moral* character be ruin'd, it muſt be *wholly* the work of *your Lordſhip*; and will be hard even for you to do, unleſs I *myſelf co-operate*.

How can you talk (my moſt worthy Lord) of all *Pope's* Works as ſo many *Libels*, affirm, that *he has no invention* but in *Defamation* †, and charge him with *ſelling another man's labours printed with his own name* ‡? Fye, my Lord, you forget yourſelf. He printed not his name before a line of the perſon's you mention; that perſon

* Dr. S.

† *to his eternal ſhame,*
Prov'd he can ne'er invent but to defame.

‡ *And ſold* Broom's *labours printed with* Pope's *Name.* p. 7.

himſelf has told you and all the world in the book itſelf, what part he had in it, as may be ſeen at the concluſion of his notes to the Odyſſey. I can only ſuppoſe your Lordſhip (not having at that time *forgot your Greek*) deſpis'd to look upon the *Tranſlation*; and ever ſince entertain'd too mean an Opinion of the Tranſlator to caſt an eye upon it. Beſides, my Lord, when you ſaid he *ſold* another man's works, you ought in juſtice to have added that he *bought* them, which very much *alters the Caſe*. What he gave him was five hundred pounds: his receipt can be produced to your Lordſhip. I dare not affirm he was as *well paid* as *ſome Writers* (much his inferiors) have been ſince; but your Lordſhip will reflect that I am no man of Quality, either to *buy* or *ſell* ſcribling ſo high: and that I have neither *Place*, *Penſion*, nor Power to reward for *ſecret Services*. It cannot be, that one of your rank can have the leaſt *Envy* to ſuch an author as I; but were that *poſſible*, it were much better gratify'd by employing *not your own*, but ſome of *thoſe low and ignoble pens* to do you this *mean office*. I dare engage you'll have them for leſs than I gave Mr. Broom, if your friends have not rais'd the market: Let them drive the bargain for you, my Lord; and you may depend on ſeeing, every day in the week, as many (and now and then as pretty) Verſes, as theſe of your Lordſhip.

And would it not be full as well, that my poor perſon ſhould be abus'd by them, as by one of your rank and quality? Cannot *Curl* do the ſame? nay has he not done it before your Lordſhip, in the ſame *kind of Language*, and almoſt the *ſame words?* I cannot but think, the worthy and *diſcreet Clergyman* himſelf will agree, it is *improper*, nay *unchriſtian*, to expoſe the *perſonal* defects of our brother: that both ſuch perfect forms as yours, and ſuch unfortunate ones as mine, proceed from

the hand of the ſame *Maker*; who *faſhioneth his Veſſels* as he pleaſeth, and that it is not from their *ſhape* we can tell whether they were made for *honour* or *diſhonour*. In a word, he would teach you Charity to your greateſt enemies; of which number, my Lord, I cannot be reckon'd, ſince, tho' a Poet, I was never your flatterer.

Next, my Lord, as to the *Obſcurity* * *of my Birth*, (a reflection copy'd alſo from Mr. *Curl* and his brethren) I am ſorry to be obliged to ſuch a preſumption as to name my *Family* in the ſame leaf with your Lordſhip's: but my Father had the honour in one inſtance to reſemble you, for he was a *younger Brother*. He did not indeed think it a Happineſs to bury his *elder Brother*, tho' he had one, who wanted ſome of thoſe good qualities which *yours* poſſeſt. How ſincerely glad could I be, to pay to that young Nobleman's memory the debt I owed to his friendſhip, whoſe early death depriv'd your family of as much *Wit* and *Honour* as he left behind him in any branch of it. But as to my Father, I could aſſure you, my Lord, that he was no Mechanic (neither a hatter, nor, which might pleaſe your Lordſhip yet better, a Cobler) but in truth, of a very tolerable family: And my Mother of an ancient one, as well born and educated as that *Lady*, whom your Lordſhip made choice of to be the *Mother of your own Children*; whoſe merit, beauty, and vivacity (if tranſmitted to your poſterity) will be a *better preſent* than even the noble blood they derive *only* from *you*. A Mother, on whom I was never oblig'd ſo far to reflect, as to ſay, ſhe *ſpoiled me* †. And a Father, who never found himſelf obliged to ſay of me, that he *diſapprov'd my Conduct*. In a word, my Lord,

* *Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth obſcure.*

† *A noble Father's heir ſpoil'd by his Mother.*

His Lordſhip's account of himſelf, p. 7.

I think it enough, that my Parents, ſuch as they were, never coſt me a *Bluſh*; and that their Son, ſuch as he is, never coſt them a *Tear*.

I have purpoſely omitted to conſider your Lordſhip's Criticiſms on my *Poetry*. As they are exactly the ſame with thoſe of the *forementioned Authors*, I apprehend they would juſtly charge me with partiality, if I gave to *you* what belongs to *them*; or paid more diſtinction to the *ſame things* when they are in your mouth, than when they were in theirs. It will be ſhewing both them and you (my Lord) a *more particular reſpect*, to obſerve how much they are honour'd by *your Imitation of them*, which indeed is carried thro' your whole Epiſtle. I have read ſomewhere at *School* (tho' I make it no *Vanity* to have forgot where) that *Tully* naturalized a few phraſes at the inſtance of ſome of his friends. Your Lordſhip has done more in honour of theſe Gentlemen; you have authoriz'd not only their *Aſſertions*, but their *Style*. For example, *A* Flow *that* wants ſkill *to reſtrain its* ardour, — *a* Dictionary *that gives us nothing at* its own expence. — *As luxuriant branches* bear *but little fruit, ſo Wit unprun'd* is *but raw fruit* — *While you* rehearſe ignorance, *you ſtill* know enough *to do it in Verſe* — *Wits* are *but glittering* ignorance. — The *account of* how *we paſs our time* — and, *The weight on Sir R. W*——'s brain. *You can* ever *receive from* no *head more than ſuch a head* (as no head) *has to give:* Your Lordſhip would have ſaid *never* receive inſtead of *ever*, and *any head* inſtead of *no head:* but all this is perfectly new, and has greatly enrich'd our language.

You are merry, my Lord, when you ſay, *Latin* and *Greek*

Have quite deſerted your poor John Trot-head,
And left plain native Engliſh in their ſtead.

for (to do you juſtice) this is nothing leſs than *plain Engliſh*. And as for your *John Trot-head*, I can't conceive why you ſhould give it that name; for by ſome * papers I have ſeen ſign'd with that name, it is certainly a head *very different* from that of your Lordſhip's.

Your Lordſhip ſeems determined to fall out with every thing you have learn'd at ſchool: you complain next of a *dull Dictionary*,

That gives us nothing at his own expence,
But a few modern words for antient Senſe.

Your Lordſhip is the firſt man that ever carried the love of Wit ſo far, as to expect a *witty Dictionary*. A Dictionary that gives us *any thing but words*, muſt not only be an *expenſive*, but a very *extravagant Dictionary*. But what does your Lordſhip mean by its giving us but *a few modern words* for *ancient Senſe?* If by *Senſe* (as I ſuſpect) you mean *words (a miſtake not unuſual)* I muſt do the Dictionary the juſtice to ſay, that it gives us *juſt as many modern words as ancient ones*. Indeed, my Lord, you have more need to complain of a bad Grammar, than of a dull Dictionary.

Doctor *Freind*, I dare anſwer for him, never taught you to talk

of Sapphic, Lyric, and Iambic Odes.

Your Lordſhip might as well bid your preſent Tutor, your Taylor, make you a *Coat*, *Suit of Cloaths*, and *Breeches*; for you muſt have forgot your Logic, as well as Grammar, not to know, that Sapphic and Iambic are both included in Lyric: that being the *Genus*, and thoſe the *Species*.

* See ſome Treatiſes printed in the Appendix to the Craftſman, about that time.

For all cannot invent *who can* tranſlate,
No more than thoſe who cloathe *us, can* create.

Here your Lordſhip ſeems in labour for a meaning. Is it that you would have Tranſlations, *Originals?* for 'tis the common opinion, that the *buſineſs* of a Tranſlator is to *tranſlate*, and not to *invent*, and of a Taylor to *cloathe*, and not to *create*. But why ſhould you, my Lord, of all mankind, abuſe a Taylor? not to ſay *blaſpheme* him; if he can (as ſome think) at leaſt go halves with God Almighty in the formation of a *Beau*. Might not Doctor *Sherwin* rebuke you for this, and bid you *Remember your* Creator *in the days of your Youth?*

From a *Taylor*, your Lordſhip proceeds (by a beautiful gradation) to a *Silkman*.

Thus P—pe *we find*
The gaudy Hinchcliff *of a beauteous mind.*

Here too is ſome ambiguity. Does your Lordſhip uſe *Hinchcliff* as a *proper name?* or, as the Ladies ſay, a *Hinchcliff* or a *Colmar*, for a *Silk* or a *Fan?* I will venture to affirm, no Critic can have a perfect taſte of your Lordſhip's works, who does not underſtand both your *Male Phraſe* and your *Female Phraſe*.

Your Lordſhip, to finiſh your Climax, advances up to a *Hatter*; a Mechanic, whoſe Employment, you inform us, is not (as was generally imagined) to *cover people's heads*, but to *dreſs their brains* *. A moſt uſeful Mechanic indeed! I can't help wiſhing to have been one for ſome people's ſake. — But this too may be only another *Lady-Phraſe:* Your Lordſhip and the Ladies may take a *Head-dreſs* for a *Head*, and underſtand, that

* *For this Mechanic's, like the Hatter's pains,*
Are but for dreſſing other people's brains.

to *adorn the Head* is the ſame thing as to *dreſs the Brains*.

Upon the whole, I may thank your Lordſhip for this high Panegyric: For if I have but *dreſs'd* up *Homer*, as your *Taylor*, *Silkman*, and *Hatter* have *equipp'd your Lordſhip*, I muſt be own'd to have dreſs'd him *marvellouſly indeed*, and no wonder if he is *admir'd by the Ladies* *.

After all, my Lord, I really wiſh you would learn your *Grammar*. What if you put yourſelf awhile under the Tuition of your Friend *W—m*? May not I with all reſpect ſay to you, what was ſaid to *another Noble Poet* by Mr. Cowley, *Pray, Mr.* Howard †, *if you did read your* Grammar, *what harm would it do you?* You yourſelf wiſh all Lords would *learn to write* ‡; tho' I don't ſee of what uſe it could be, if their whole buſineſs is to *give their Votes* ‖: It could only be ſerviceable in *ſigning their Proteſts*. Yet ſurely this ſmall portion of learning might be indulged to your Lordſhip, without any Breach of that *Privilege* ⸸ you ſo generouſly aſſert to all thoſe of your rank, or too great an Infringement of that *Right* ** which you claim as *Hereditary*, and for which, no doubt, your noble Father will thank you. Surely, my Lord, no man was ever ſo bent upon depreciating himſelf!

All your readers have obſerved the following Lines:

How oft we hear ſome Witling pert and dull,
By faſhion Coxcomb, and by nature Fool,
With hackney Maxims, in dogmatic ſtrain,
Scoffing Religion and the Marriage chain?

* *by Girls admir'd.* p. 6.

† The Honourable Mr. Edward Howard, celebrated for his poetry.

‡ *And when you ſee me fairly write my name,*
For England's ſake wiſh all Lords did the ſame.

‖ *All our buſ'neſs is to dreſs and vote.* p. 4.

⸸ *The want of brains.* ibid.

** *To be fools.* ibid.

Then from his Common-place-book he repeats,
The Lawyers all are rogues, and Parſons cheats,
That Vice and Virtue's nothing but a jeſt,
And all Morality Deceit well-dreſt;
That Life itſelf is like a wrangling game, etc.

The whole Town and Court (my good Lord) have heard *this Witling*; who is ſo much every body's acquaintance but his own, that I'll engage *they all name* the *ſame Perſon*. But to hear *you* ſay, that this is only—*of whipt Cream a frothy Store*, is a ſufficient proof, that never mortal was endued with ſo humble an opinion both of himſelf and his own Wit, as your Lordſhip: For, I do aſſure you, theſe are by much the beſt Verſes in your whole Poem.

How unhappy is it for me, that a Perſon of your Lordſhip's *Modeſty* and *Virtue*, who manifeſts ſo tender a regard to *Religion*, *Matrimony*, and *Morality*; who, tho' an Ornament to the Court, cultivate an exemplary Correſpondence with the *Clergy*; nay, who diſdain not charitably to converſe with, and even aſſiſt, ſome of the very worſt of Writers (ſo far as to caſt a few *Conceits*, or drop a few *Antitheſes* even among the *Dear Joys* of the *Courant*) that you, I ſay, ſhould look upon Me alone as reprobate and unamendable! Reflect what *I was*, and what *I am*. I am even *annihilated* by your Anger: For in theſe Verſes you have robbed me of *all power to think* *, and, in your others, of the very *name* of a *Man!* Nay, to ſhew that this is wholly your own doing, you have told us that before I wrote my *laſt Epiſtles* (that is, before I unluckily mention'd *Fanny* and *Adonis*, whom, I proteſt, I knew not to be your Lordſhip's Relations) *I might have lived and died in glory* †.

* P—e, *who ne'er cou'd think.* p. 7.
† *In glory then he might have liv'd and dy'd.* ibid.

What would I not do to be well with your Lordſhip? Tho', you obſerve, I am a mere *Imitator* of *Homer*, *Horace*, *Boileau*, *Garth*, &c. (which I have the leſs cauſe to be aſham'd of, ſince they were *Imitators of one another*) yet what if I ſhould ſolemnly engage never to imitate *your* Lordſhip? May it not be one ſtep towards an accommodation, that while you remark my *Ignorance in Greek*, you are ſo good as to ſay, you have *forgot your own?* What if I ſhould confeſs I tranſlated from *D'Acier?* That ſurely could not but oblige your Lordſhip, who are known to prefer *French* to all the learned Languages. But allowing that in the ſpace of *twelve years* acquaintance with *Homer*, I might unhappily contract as much *Greek*, as your Lordſhip did in *Two* at the Univerſity, why may I not forget it again, as happily?

Till ſuch a reconciliation take effect, I have but one thing to intreat of your Lordſhip. It is that you will not decide of my *Principles* on the ſame grounds as you have done of my *Learning:* Nor give the ſame account of my *Want of Grace*, after you have loſt all acquaintance with my *Perſon*, as you do of my *Want of Greek*, after you have confeſſedly loſt all acquaintance with the *Language*. You are too generous, my Lord, to follow the *Gentlemen* of the *Dunciad* quite ſo far, as to ſeek my *utter Perdition:* as *Nero* once did *Lucan*'s, merely for preſuming to be a *Poet*, while one of ſo much greater quality was a *Writer*. I therefore make this humble requeſt to your Lordſhip, that the next time you pleaſe *to write of me, ſpeak of me*, or even *whiſper of me* *, you will recollect it is full *eight Years* ſince I had the

* The *whiſper*, that, to greatneſs ſtill too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his Sovereign's ear.

Epiſt. to Dr. Arbuthnot.

honour of *any converſation* or *correſpondence* with your Lordſhip, except *juſt half an hour* in a Lady's Lodgings at Court, and then I had the happineſs of her being preſent all the time. It would therefore be difficult even for your Lordſhip's penetration to tell, to what, or from what *Principles*, *Parties*, or *Sentiments*, Moral, Political, or Theological, I may have been converted, or perverted, in all that time. I beſeech your Lordſhip to conſider, the Injury a Man of your *high Rank* and *Credit* may do to a *private Perſon*, under *Penal Laws* and many other diſadvantages, not for want of *honeſty* or *conſcience*, but merely perhaps for having too *weak a head*, or too *tender a heart* *. It is by *theſe alone* I have hitherto liv'd excluded from all *poſts* of *Profit* or *Truſt*: As I can interfere with the *Views* of *no man*, do not deny me, my Lord, *all that is left*, a little *Praiſe*, or the common Encouragement due, if not to my *Genius*, at leaſt to my *Induſtry*.

Above all, your Lordſhip will be careful not to wrong my *Moral Character*, with THOSE † under whoſe *Protection* I live, and thro' whoſe *Lenity* alone I can live with Comfort. Your Lordſhip, I am confident, upon conſideration will think, you inadvertently went a little *too far* when you recommended to THEIR peruſal, and ſtrengthened by the weight of your Approbation, a *Libel*, mean in its reflections upon my poor *figure*, and ſcandalous in thoſe on my *Honour* and *Integrity*: wherein I was repreſented as "*an Enemy* to Human Race, a "*Murderer* of Reputations, and a *Monſter* marked by "God like *Cain*, deſerving to wander accurs'd thro' "the World."

A ſtrange Picture of a Man, who had the good fortune to enjoy many friends, who will be always remem-

* See Letters to Biſhop Atterbury, Lett. iv.

† The K. and Q.

ber'd as the firſt Ornaments of their Age and Country; and no Enemies that ever contriv'd to be heard of, except Mr. *John Dennis*, and your Lordſhip: A Man, who never wrote a Line in which the *Religion* or *Government* of his Country, the *Royal Family*, or their *Miniſtry*, were diſreſpectfully mentioned; the Animoſity of any one Party gratify'd at the expence of another; or any Cenſure paſt, but upon *known Vice*, *acknowledg'd Folly*, or *aggreſſing Impertinence*. It is with infinite pleaſure he finds, that *ſome Men* who ſeem *aſham'd* and *afraid* of *nothing elſe*, are ſo very ſenſible of *his Ridicule*: And 'tis for that very reaſon he reſolves (by the grace of God, and your Lordſhip's good leave)

That, while he breathes, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the world in credit to his grave.

This, he thinks, is rendering the beſt Service he can to the Public, and even to the good Government of his Country; and for this, at leaſt, he may deſerve ſome Countenance, even from the GREATEST PERSONS in it. Your Lordſhip knows OF WHOM I ſpeak. Their NAMES I ſhould be as ſorry, and as much aſham'd, to place near *yours*, on ſuch an occaſion, as I ſhould be to ſee *You*, my Lord, placed ſo near *their* PERSONS, if you could ever make ſo ill an Uſe of their Ear * as to aſperſe or miſrepreſent any one innocent Man.

This is all I ſhall ever aſk of your Lordſhip, except your pardon for this tedious Letter. I have the honour to be, with equal *Reſpect* and *Concern*,

My Lord,

Your truly devoted Servant,

A. POPE.

* "Cloſe at the ear of Eve." — Ep. to Dr. Arbuthnot.

LETTERS

TO AND FROM

Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT, etc.

From the Year 1714 to 1737.

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LETTER I.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

June 18, 1714.

WHATEVER Apologies it might become me to make at any other time for writing to you, I ſhall uſe none now, to a man who has own'd himſelf as ſplenetic as a Cat in the Country. In that circumſtance, I know by experience a letter is a very uſeful, as well as amuſing thing: If you are too buſied in State affairs to read it, yet you may find entertainment in folding it into divers figures, either doubling it into a pyramidical, or twiſting it into a ſerpentine form: or, if your diſpoſition ſhould not be ſo mathematical, in taking it with you to that place where men of ſtudious minds are apt to ſit longer than ordinary; where, after an abrupt diviſion of the paper, it may not be unpleaſant to try to fit and rejoin the broken lines together. All theſe amuſements I am no ſtranger to in the Country, and doubt not but (by this time) you begin to reliſh them, in your preſent contemplative ſituation.

I remember a man, who was thought to have ſome knowledge in the world, uſed to affirm, that no people in town ever complained they were forgotten by their Friends in the country; but my increaſing experience convinces me he was miſtaken, for I find a great many here grievouſly complaining of you, upon this ſcore. I am told further, that you treat the few you correſpond with in a very arrogant ſtyle, and tell them you admire at their inſolence in diſturbing your meditations, or even enquiring of your * retreat: but this I will not poſitively aſſert, becauſe I never received any ſuch inſulting Epiſtle from you. My Lord Oxford ſays you have not written to him once ſince you went: but this perhaps may be only policy, in him or you; and I, who am half a Whig, muſt not intirely credit any thing he affirms. At Button's it is reported you are gone to Hanover, and that Gay goes only on an Embaſſy to you. Others apprehend ſome dangerous State treatiſe from your retirement; and a Wit, who affects to imitate Balſac, ſays, that the Miniſtry now are like thoſe Heathens of old, who received their Oracles from the Woods. The Gentlemen of the Roman Catholic perſuaſion are not unwilling to credit me, when I whiſper, that you are gone to meet ſome Jeſuits commiſſioned from the Court of Rome, in order to ſettle the moſt convenient methods to be taken for the coming of the Pretender. Dr. Arbuthnot is ſingular in his opinion, and imagines your only deſign is to attend at full leiſure to the life and adventures of Scriblerus. This indeed muſt be granted of greater importance than all the reſt; and I wiſh I could

* Some time before the Death of Queen *Anne*, when her miniſters were quarrelling, and the Dean could not reconcile them, he retired to a Friend's Houſe in Berkſhire, and never ſaw them after.

promiſe ſo well of you. The top of my own ambition is to contribute to that great work, and I ſhall tranſlate Homer by the by. Mr. Gay has acquainted you what progreſs I have made in it. I can't name Mr. Gay, without all the acknowledgments which I ſhall ever owe you, on his account. If I writ this in verſe, I would tell you, you are like the ſun, and while men imagine you to be retir'd or abſent, are hourly exerting your indulgence, and bringing things to maturity for their advantage. Of all the world, you are the man (without flattery) who ſerve your friends with the leaſt oſtentation; it is almoſt ingratitude to thank you, conſidering your temper; and this is the period of all my letter which I fear you will think the moſt impertinent. I am, with the trueſt affection,

Yours, etc.

LETTER II.

From Dr. SWIFT to Mr. POPE.

Dublin, June 28, 1715.

MY * Lord Biſhop of Clogher gave me your kind letter full of reproaches for my not writing. I am naturally no very exact correſpondent, and when I leave a country without probability of returning, I think as ſeldom as I can of what I loved or eſteemed in it, to avoid the *Deſiderium* which of all things makes life moſt uneaſy. But you muſt give me leave to add one thing, that you talk at your eaſe, being wholly unconcerned in public events: For, if your friends the Whigs continue,

* Dr. *St. George Aſh*, formerly a fellow of *Trinity-College, Dublin*, (to whom the Dean was a Pupil) afterwards Biſhop of Clogher, and tranſlated to the See of Derry in 1716-17.

you my hope for ſome favour; if the Tories return, you are at leaſt ſure of quiet. You know how well I loved both Lord Oxford and Bolingbroke, and how dear the Duke of Ormond is to me: Do you imagine I can be eaſy while their enemies are endeavouring to take off their heads? *I nunc, et verſus tecum meditare canoros*— Do you imagine I can be eaſy, when I think of the probable conſequences of theſe proceedings, perhaps upon the very peace of the nation, but certainly of the minds of ſo many hundred thouſand good ſubjects? Upon the whole, you may truly attribute my ſilence to the Eclipſe, but it was that Eclipſe which happened on the firſt of Auguſt.

I borrowed your Homer from the Biſhop (mine is not yet landed) and read it out in two evenings. If it pleaſeth others as well as me, you have got your end in profit and reputation: Yet I am angry at ſome bad Rhymes and Triplets, and pray in your next do not let me have ſo many unjuſtifiable Rhymes to *war* and *gods*. I tell you all the faults I know, only in one or two places you are a little obſcure; but I expected you to be ſo in one or two and twenty. I have heard no ſoul talk of it here, for indeed it is not come over; nor do we very much abound in Judges, at leaſt I have not the honour to be acquainted with them. Your notes are perfectly good, and ſo are your Preface and Eſſay. You were pretty bold in mentioning Lord Bolingbroke in that Preface. I ſaw the Key to the Lock but yeſterday: I think you have changed it a good deal, to adapt it to the preſent times *.

* Put theſe two laſt obſervations together, and it will appear that Mr. Pope was neither wanting to his friends for fear of party, nor would inſult a miniſtry to humour his friends. He ſaid of himſelf, and I believe he ſaid truly, that *he never wrote a line to gratify the animoſity of any one party at the expence of another*. See the *letter to a noble lord*.

God be thanked I have yet no Parliamentary buſineſs, and if they have none with me, I ſhall never ſeek their acquaintance. I have not been very fond of them for ſome years paſt, not when I thought them tolerably good, and therefore if I can get leave to be abſent, I ſhall be much inclined to be on that ſide, when there is a parliament on this; but truly I muſt be a little eaſy in my mind before I can think of Scriblerus.

You are to underſtand that I live in the corner of a vaſt unfurniſhed houſe; my family conſiſts of a ſteward, a groom, a helper in the ſtable, a footman, and an old maid, who are all at board-wages, and when I do not dine abroad, or make an entertainment (which laſt is very rare) I eat a mutton-pye, and drink half a pint of wine; My amuſements are defending my ſmall dominions againſt the Archbiſhop, and endeavouring to reduce my rebellious Choir. *Perditur haec inter miſero lux.* I deſire you will preſent my humble ſervice to Mr. Addiſon, Mr. Congreve, and Mr. Rowe, and Gay. I am, and will be always, extremely yours, etc.

LETTER III.

Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift.

June 20, 1716.

I Cannot ſuffer a friend to croſs the Iriſh ſeas without bearing a teſtimony from me of the conſtant eſteem and affection I am both obliged and inclined to have for you. It is better he ſhould tell you than I, how often you are in our thoughts and in our cups, and how I learn to ſleep leſs and drink more, whenever you are named among us. I look upon a friend in Ireland as upon a

friend in the other world, whom (popiſhly ſpeaking) I believe conſtantly well-diſpoſed towards me, and ready to do me all the good he can, in that ſtate of ſeparation, though I hear nothing from him, and make addreſſes to him but very rarely. A Proteſtant divine cannot take it amiſs that I treat him in the ſame manner with my patron Saint.

I can tell you no news, but what you will not ſufficiently wonder at, that I ſuffer many things as an author militant: whereof, in your days of probation, you have been a ſharer, or you had not arrived to that triumphant ſtate you now deſervedly enjoy in the Church. As for me, I have not the leaſt hopes of the Cardinalate, tho' I ſuffer for my Religion in almoſt every weekly paper. I have begun to take a pique at the Pſalms of David (if the wicked may be credited, who have printed a ſcandalous one * in my name.) This report I dare not diſcourage too much, in a proſpect I have at preſent of a poſt under the Marquis de Langallerie †, wherein if I can but do ſome ſignal ſervice againſt the Pope, I may be conſiderably advanced by the Turks, the only religious people I dare confide in. If it ſhould happen hereafter that I ſhould write for the holy law of Mahomet, I hope it may make no breach between you and me; every one muſt live, and I beg you will not be the man to manage the controverſy againſt me. The Church of Rome I judge (from many modern ſymptoms, as well as ancient prophecies) to be in a declining condition: that of England will in a ſhort time be ſcarce able to maintain her own family: ſo Churches ſink as generally as Banks in Europe, and for the ſame reaſon; that Religion and Trade, which at

* In Curl's Collection.

† One who made a noiſe then, as Count Bonnival has done ſince.

firſt were open and free, have been reduced into the Management of Companies, and the Roguery of Directors.

I don't know why I tell you all this, but that I always loved to talk to you; but this is not a time for any man to talk to the purpoſe. Truth is a kind of contraband commodity, which I would not venture to export, and therefore the only thing tending that dangerous way which I ſhall ſay, is, that I am, and always will be, with the utmoſt ſincerity,

Yours, etc.

LETTER IV.

From Dr. Swift to Mr. Pope.

Aug. 30, 1716.

I Had the favour of yours by Mr. F. of whom before any other queſtion relating to your health or fortune, or ſucceſs as a Poet, I enquired your principles in the common form, "Is he a Whig or a Tory?" I am ſorry to find they are not ſo well tallied to the preſent juncture as I could wiſh. I always thought the terms of *Facto* and *Jure* had been introduced by the Poets, and that Poſſeſſion of any ſort in Kings was held an unexceptionable title in the courts of Parnaſſus. If you do not grow a perfect good ſubject in all its preſent latitudes, I ſhall conclude you are become rich, and able to live without dedications to men in power, whereby one great inconvenience will follow, that you and the world and poſterity will be utterly ignorant of their Virtues. For, either your brethren have miſerably deceived us theſe hundred years paſt, or Power confers Virtue, as naturally as five of your Popiſh ſacraments do Grace.—You ſleep leſs and

drink more.—But your maſter Horace was *Vini ſomnique benignus*: and, as I take it, both are proper for your trade. As to mine, there are a thouſand poetical texts to confirm the one; and as to the other, I know it was anciently the cuſtom to ſleep in temples for thoſe who would conſult the Oracles, "Who dictates to me ſlumbering," * etc.

You are an ill Catholic, or a worſe Geographer, for I can aſſure you, Ireland is not Paradiſe, and I appeal even to any Spaniſh divine, whether Addreſſes were ever made to a friend in Hell, or Purgatory? And who are all theſe enemies you hint at? I can only think of Curl, Gildon, Squire Burnet, Blackmore, and a few others whoſe fame I have forgot; Tools, in my opinion, as neceſſary for a good writer, as pen, ink, and paper. And beſides, I would fain know whether every Draper doth not ſhew you three or four damn'd pieces of ſtuff to ſet off his good one? However, I will grant, that one thorough Bookſelling-Rogue is better qualified to vex an author, than all his cotemporary ſcriblers in Critic or Satire, not only by ſtolen Copies of what was incorrect or unfit for the public, but by downright laying other mens dulneſs at your door. I had a long deſign upon the Ears of that Curl, when I was in credit, but the Rogue would never allow me a fair ſtroke at them, although my penknife was ready drawn and ſharp. I can hardly believe the relation of his being poiſoned, although the Hiſtorian pretends to have been an eye-witneſs: But I beg pardon, Sack might do it, although Rats-bane would not. I never ſaw the thing you mention as falſely imputed to you; but I think the frolicks of merry hours, even when we are guilty, ſhould not be left to the mercy of our beſt friends, until Curl and his reſemblers are hang'd.

With ſubmiſſion to the better judgment of you and your friends, I take your project of an employment under

* Milton.

the Turks to be idle and unneceſſary. Have a little patience, and you will find more merit and encouragement at home by the ſame methods. You are ungrateful to your country; quit but your own Religion, and ridicule ours, and that will allow you a free choice for any other, or for none at all, and pay you well into the bargain. Therefore pray do not run and diſgrace us among the Turks, by telling them you were forced to leave your native home, becauſe we would oblige you to be a Chriſtian; whereas we will make it appear to all the world, that we only compelled you to be a Whig.

There is a young ingenious Quaker in this town who writes verſes to his miſtreſs, not very correct, but in a ſtrain purely what a poetical Quaker ſhould do, commending her look and habit, etc. It gave me a hint that a ſet of Quaker paſtorals might ſucceed, if our friend Gay * could fancy it, and I think it a fruitful ſubject; pray hear what he ſays. I believe further, the paſtoral ridicule is not yet exhauſted; and that a porter, footman †, or chairman's paſtoral might do well. Or what think you of a Newgate paſtoral, among the whores and thieves there?

Laſtly, to conclude, I love you never the worſe for ſeldom writing to you. I am in an obſcure ſcene, where you know neither thing nor perſon. I can only anſwer yours, which I promiſe to do after a ſort whenever you think fit to employ me. But I can aſſure you, the ſcene and the times have depreſſed me wonderfully, for I will impute no defect to thoſe two paltry years which have ſlipt by ſince I had the happineſs to ſee you. I am, with the trueſt eſteem,

Yours, etc.

* Gay did write a paſtoral of this kind, which is publiſhed in his works.

† Swift himſelf wrote one of this kind, intitled *Dermot and Sheelah*.

*LETTER V.

From Dr. SWIFT to Mr. POPE.

Dublin, Jan. 10, 1721.

A Thouſand things have vexed me of late years, upon which I am determined to lay open my mind to you. I rather chuſe to appeal to you than to my Lord Chief Juſtice Whitſhed, under the ſituation I am in. For, I take this cauſe properly to lie before you: You are a much fitter Judge of what concerns the credit of a Writer, the injuries that are done him, and the reparations he ought to receive. Beſides, I doubt whether the Arguments I could ſuggeſt to prove my own innocence would be of much weight from the gentlemen of the Long-robe to thoſe in Furs, upon whoſe deciſion about the difference of Style or Sentiments, I ſhould be very unwilling to leave the merits of my Cauſe.

Give me leave then to put you in mind (although you cannot eaſily forget it) that about ten weeks before the Queen's death, I left the town, upon occaſion of that incurable breach among the great men at Court, and went down to Berkſhire, where you may remember that you gave me the favour of a viſit. While I was in that retirement, I writ a Diſcourſe which I thought might be uſeful in ſuch a juncture of affairs, and ſent it up to London; but, upon ſome difference in opinion between me and a certain great miniſter now abroad, the publiſhing of it was deferred ſo long that the Queen died, and I recalled my copy, which hath been ever ſince in ſafe hands. In a few weeks after the loſs of that excellent Princeſs, I came to my ſtation here; where I have continued ever ſince in the greateſt privacy, and utter igno-

* This Letter Mr. Pope never received, nor did he believe it was ever ſent.

rance of thoſe events, which are moſt commonly talked of in the world. I neither know the names nor number of the Royal Family which now reigns, further than the Prayer-book informs me. I cannot tell who is Chancellor, who are Secretaries, nor with what nations we are in peace or war. And this manner of life was not taken up out of any ſort of Affectation, but merely to avoid giving offence, and for fear of provoking Party-zeal.

I had indeed written ſome Memorials of the four laſt years of the Queen's reign, with ſome other informations, which I received, as neceſſary materials to qualify me for doing ſomething in an employment then deſign'd me *: But, as it was at the diſpoſal of a perſon, who had not the ſmalleſt ſhare of ſteadineſs or ſincerity, I diſdain'd to accept it.

Theſe papers, at my few hours of health and leiſure, I have been digeſting † into order by one ſheet at a time, for I dare not venture any further, leſt the humour of ſearching and ſeizing papers ſhould revive; not that I am in pain of any danger to myſelf (for they contain nothing of preſent Times or Perſons, upon which I ſhall never loſe a thought while there is a Cat or a Spaniel in

* Hiſtoriographer.

† Theſe papers ſome years after were brought finiſhed by the Dean into England, with an intention to publiſh them. But a friend on whoſe judgment he relied (the ſame I ſuppoſe whom he mentions above, as being abroad at the time of writing this letter) diſſuaded him from that deſign. He told the Dean there were ſeveral facts he knew to be falſe, and that the whole was ſo much in the ſpirit of party-writing, that, though it might have made a ſeaſonable pamphlet in the time of their adminiſtration, it was a diſhonour to juſt hiſtory. The Dean would do nothing againſt his Friend's judgment, yet it extremely chagrined him. And he told a common friend, that ſince * * did not approve his hiſtory, he would caſt it into the fire, though it was the beſt work he had ever written. However it did not undergo this fate, and is ſaid to be yet in being.

the houſe) but to preſerve them from being loſt among Meſſengers and Clerks.

I have written in this kingdom, a * diſcourſe to perſuade the wretched people to wear their own Manufactures inſtead of thoſe from England. This Treatiſe ſoon ſpread very faſt, being agreeable to the ſentiments of the whole nation, except of thoſe gentlemen who had employments, or were Expectants. Upon which a perſon in great office here immediately took the alarm: he ſent in haſte for the Chief Juſtice, and informed him of a ſeditious, factious, and virulent Pamphlet, lately publiſhed with a deſign of ſetting the two kingdoms at variance; directing at the ſame time that the Printer ſhould be proſecuted with the utmoſt rigour of law. The Chief Juſtice had ſo quick an underſtanding, that he reſolved, if poſſible, to out-do his orders. The Grand-Juries of the county and city were practiſed effectually with to repreſent the ſaid Pamphlet with all aggravating Epithets, for which they had thanks ſent them from England, and their Preſentments publiſhed for ſeveral weeks in all the news-papers. The Printer was ſeized, and forced to give great bail: after his trial the Jury brought him in Not Guilty, although they had been culled with the utmoſt induſtry: The Chief Juſtice ſent them back nine times, and kept them eleven hours, until being perfectly tired out, they were forced to leave the matter to the mercy of the Judge, by what they call a ſpecial Verdict. During the trial, the Chief Juſtice, among other ſingularities, laid his hand on his breaſt, and proteſted ſolemnly that the Author's deſign was to bring in the Pretender; although there was not a ſingle ſyllable of party in the whole Treatiſe, and although it was known that the moſt eminent of thoſe who profeſ-

* A Propoſal for the univerſal Uſe of Iriſh Manufactures.

ſed his own principles, publickly diſallowed his proceedings. But the cauſe being ſo very odious and impopular, the trial of the Verdict was deferred from one Term to another, until upon the Duke of G—ft-n the Lord Lieutenant's arrival, his Grace, after mature advice, and permiſſion from England, was pleaſed to grant a *noli proſequi*.

This is the more remarkable, becauſe it is ſaid that the man is no ill decider in common caſes of property, where party is out of the queſtion; but when that intervenes, with ambition at heels to puſh it forward, it muſt needs confound any man of little ſpirit, and low birth, who hath no other endowment than that ſort of Knowledge, which, however poſſeſſed in the higheſt degree, can poſſibly give no one good quality to the mind.

It is true, I have been much concerned, for ſeveral years paſt, upon account of the public as well as for myſelf, to ſee how ill a taſte for wit and ſenſe prevails in the world, which Politics, and South-ſea, and Party, and Operas, and Maſquerades have introduced. For, beſides many inſipid papers which the malice of ſome have entitled me to, there are many perſons appearing to wiſh me well, and pretending to be judges of my ſtyle and manner, who have yet aſcribed ſome writings to me, of which any man of common ſenſe and literature would be heartily aſhamed. I cannot forbear inſtancing a Treatiſe called a *Dedication upon Dedications*, which many would have to be mine, although it be as empty, dry, and ſervile a compoſition, as I remember at any time to have read. But, above all, there is one Circumſtance which makes it impoſſible for me to have been author of a Treatiſe, wherein there are ſeveral pages containing a Panegyric on King George, of whoſe character and perſon I am utterly ignorant, nor ever had once the curioſity to enquire into either, living at ſo

great a diſtance as I do, and having long done with whatever can relate to public matters.

Indeed I have formerly delivered my thoughts very freely, whether I were aſked or no; but never affected to be a Counſellor, to which I had no manner of call. I was humbled enough to ſee myſelf ſo far out-done by the Earl of Oxford in my own trade as a Scholar, and too good a Courtier not to diſcover his contempt of thoſe who would be men of importance out of their ſphere. Beſides, to ſay the truth, although I have known many great Miniſters ready enough to hear Opinions, yet I have hardly ſeen one that would ever deſcend to take Advice; and this pedantry ariſeth from a Maxim themſelves do not believe at the ſame time they practiſe by it, that there is ſomething profound in Politics, which men of plain honeſt ſenſe cannot arrive to.

I only wiſh my endeavours had ſucceeded better in the great point I had at heart, which was that of reconciling the Miniſters to each other. This might have been done, if others, who had more concern and more influence, would have acted their parts; and, if this had ſucceeded, the public intereſt both of Church and State would not have been the worſe, nor the Proteſtant Succeſſion endangered.

But, whatever opportunities a conſtant attendance of four years might have given me for endeavouring to do good offices to particular perſons, I deſerve at leaſt to find tolerable quarter from thoſe of the other Party; for many of which I was a conſtant advocate with the Earl of Oxford, and for this I appeal to his Lordſhip: He knows how often I preſſed him in favour of Mr. Addiſon, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Rowe, and Mr. Steel; although I freely confeſs that his Lordſhip's kindneſs to them was altogether owing to his generous notions, and the eſteem he had for their wit and parts, of which I could only

pretend to be a remembrancer. For I can never forget the anſwer he gave to the late Lord Hallifax, who upon the firſt change of the Miniſtry interceded with him to ſpare Mr. Congreve: It was by repeating theſe two lines of Virgil,

Non obtuſa adeo geſtamus pectora Poeni,
Nec tam averſus equos Tyria Sol jungit ab urbe.

Purſuant to which, he always treated Mr. Congreve with the greateſt perſonal civilities, aſſuring him of his conſtant favour and protection, and adding that he would ſtudy to do ſomething better for him.

I remember it was in thoſe times a uſual ſubject of raillery towards me among the Miniſters, that I never came to them without a Whig in my ſleeve; which I do not ſay with any view towards making my Court: For, the new Principles * fixed to thoſe of that denomination, I did then, and do now from my heart abhor, deteſt, and abjure, as wholly degenerate from their predeceſſors. I have converſed in ſome freedom with more miniſters of State of all parties than uſually happens to men of my level, and, I confeſs, in their capacity as Miniſters, I look upon them as a race of people whoſe acquaintance no man would court, otherwiſe than upon the ſcore of Vanity or Ambition. The firſt quickly wears off (and is the Vice of low minds, for a man of ſpirit is too proud to be vain) and the other was not my caſe. Beſides, having never received more than one ſmall favour, I was under no neceſſity of being a ſlave to men in power, but choſe my friends by their perſonal merit, without examining how far their notions agreed with the politics then in vogue. I frequently converſed with Mr. Addiſon, and the others I named (except Mr.

* He means particularly the principle at that time charged upon them, by their Enemies, of an intention *to proſcribe the Tories.*

Steel) during all my Lord Oxford's Miniſtry, and Mr. Addiſon's friendſhip to me continued inviolable, with as much kindneſs as when we uſed to meet at my Lord Sommers * or Hallifax, who were leaders of the oppoſite Party.

I would infer from all this, that it is with great injuſtice I have theſe many years been pelted by your Pamphleteers, merely upon account of ſome regard which the Queen's laſt Miniſters were pleaſed to have for me: and yet in my conſcience I think I am a partaker in every ill deſign they had againſt the Proteſtant Succeſſion, or the Liberties and Religion of their Country; and can ſay with Cicero, "that I ſhould be proud "to be included with them in all their actions *tanquam* "*in equo Trojano*." But if I have never diſcovered by my words, writings, or actions, any Party virulence, or dangerous deſigns againſt the preſent powers; if my friendſhip and converſation were equally ſhewn among thoſe who liked or diſapproved the proceedings then at Court, and that I was known to be a common Friend of all deſerving perſons of the latter ſort, when they were in diſtreſs; I cannot but think it hard, that I am not ſuffered to run quietly among the common herd of people, whoſe opinions unfortunately differ from thoſe which lead to favour and preferment.

I ought to let you know, that the Thing we called a Whig in England is a creature altogether different from thoſe of the ſame denomination here; at leaſt it was ſo during the reign of her late Majeſty. Whether thoſe on your ſide have changed or no, it hath not been my buſineſs to enquire. I remember my excellent friend Mr. Addiſon, when he firſt came over hither Secretary

* Lord Sommers had very warmly recommended Dr. Swift to the favour of Lord Wharton, when he went the Queen's Lieutenant into Ireland in the year 1709.

to the Earl of Wharton then Lord Lieutenant, was extremely offended at the conduct and diſcourſe of the Chief Managers here: He told me they were a ſort of people who ſeemed to think, that the principles of a Whig conſiſted in nothing elſe but damning the Church, reviling the Clergy, abetting the Diſſenters, and ſpeaking contemptibly of revealed Religion.

I was diſcourſing ſome years ago with a certain Miniſter about that whiggiſh or fanatical Genius, ſo prevalent among the Engliſh of this kingdom; his Lordſhip accounted for it by that number of Cromwell's Soldiers, adventurers eſtabliſhed here, who were all of the ſoureſt leven, and the meaneſt birth, and whoſe poſterity are now in poſſeſſion of their lands and their principles. However, it muſt be confeſſed, that of late ſome people in this country are grown weary of quarreling, becauſe intereſt, the great motive of quarreling, is at an end; for, it is hardly worth contending who ſhall be an Exciſeman, a Country-Vicar, a Cryer in the Courts, or an Under-Clerk.

You will perhaps be inclined to think, that a perſon ſo ill treated as I have been, muſt at ſome time or other have diſcovered very dangerous opinions in government; in anſwer to which, I will tell you what my political principles were in the time of her late glorious Majeſty, which I never contradicted by any action, writing, or diſcourſe.

Firſt, I always declared myſelf againſt a Popiſh Succeſſor to the crown, whatever title he might have by the proximity of blood: Neither did I ever regard the right line, except upon two accounts: firſt, as it was eſtabliſhed by law; and ſecondly, as it hath much weight in the opinions of the people. For neceſſity may aboliſh any law, but cannot alter the ſentiments of the vulgar; right of inheritance being perhaps the moſt popular

of all topics: and therefore in great changes when that is broke, there will remain much heart-burning and diſcontent among the meaner people; which (under a weak Prince and corrupt adminiſtration) may have the worſt conſequences upon the peace of any ſtate.

As to what is called a Revolution principle, my opinion was this; That whenever thoſe evils, which uſually attend and follow a violent change of Government, were not in probability ſo pernicious as the grievance we ſuffer under a preſent power, then the public good will juſtify ſuch a Revolution. And this I took to have been the caſe in the Prince of Orange's expedition, although in the conſequences it produced ſome very bad effects, which are likely to ſtick long enough by us.

I had likewiſe in thoſe days a mortal antipathy againſt Standing Armies in times of Peace: Becauſe I always took Standing Armies to be only ſervants hired by the Maſter of the family for keeping his own children in ſlavery; and becauſe I conceived, that a Prince who could not think himſelf ſecure without Mercenary Troops, muſt needs have a ſeparate intereſt from that of his Subjects. Athough I am not ignorant of thoſe artificial Neceſſities which a corrupted Miniſtry can create, for keeping up Forces to ſupport a Faction againſt the publick Intereſt.

As to Parliaments, I adored the wiſdom of that Gothic inſtitution, which made them annual: and I was confident our Liberty could never be placed upon a firm foundation until that ancient law were reſtored among us. For, who ſees not, that, while ſuch Aſſemblies are permitted to have a longer duration, there grows up a commerce of corruption between the Miniſtry and the Deputies, wherein they both find their accounts, to the manifeſt danger of Liberty? which Traffic would neither

anſwer the deſign nor expence, if Parliaments met once a year.

I ever abominated that ſcheme of Politics (now about thirty years old), of ſetting up a monied Intereſt in oppoſition to the landed. For I conceived, there could not be a truer maxim in our Government than this, That the Poſſeſſors of the ſoil are the beſt judges of what is for the advantage of the kingdom. If others had thought the ſame way, Funds of Credit and South-ſea Projects would neither have been felt nor heard of.

I could never diſcover the neceſſity of ſuſpending any Law upon which the Liberty of the moſt innocent Perſons depended; neither do I think this Practice hath made the taſte of Arbitrary Power ſo agreeable, as that we ſhould deſire to ſee it repeated. Every Rebellion ſubdued and Plot diſcovered, contribute to the firmer eſtabliſhment of the Prince: In the latter caſe, the knot of Conſpirators is entirely broke, and they are to begin their work anew under a thouſand diſadvantages; ſo that thoſe diligent enquiries into remote and problematical guilt, with a new power of enforcing them by chains and dungeons to every perſon whoſe face a Miniſter thinks fit to diſlike, are not only oppoſite to that Maxim, which declareth it better that ten guilty men ſhould eſcape, than one innocent ſuffer; but likewiſe leave a gate wide open to the whole Tribe of Informers, the moſt accurſed, and proſtitute, and abandoned race, that God ever permitted to plague mankind.

It is true the Romans had a cuſtom of chuſing a Dictator, during whoſe adminiſtration the Power of other Magiſtrates was ſuſpended; but this was done upon the greateſt emergencies; a War near their doors, or ſome civil Diſſention: For Armies muſt be governed by arbitrary power. But when the Virtue of that Commonwealth gave place to luxury and ambition, this very

office of Dictator became perpetual in the perſons of the Cæſars and their Succeſſors, the moſt infamous Tyrants that have any where appeared in ſtory.

Theſe are ſome of the ſentiments I had, relating to public affairs, while I was in the world: what they are at preſent, is of little importance either to that or myſelf; neither can I truly ſay I have any at all, or, if I had, I dare not venture to publiſh them: For however orthodox they may be while I am now writing, they may become criminal enough to bring me into trouble before Midſummer. And indeed I have often wiſhed for ſome time paſt, that a political Catechiſm might be publiſhed by authority four times a year, in order to inſtruct us how we are to ſpeak, write, and act during the current quarter. I have by experience felt the want of ſuch an inſtructor: For, intending to make my court to ſome people on the prevailing ſide, by advancing certain old whiggiſh principles, which, it ſeems, had been exploded about a month before, I have paſſed for a diſſaffected perſon. I am not ignorant how idle a thing it is, for a man in obſcurity to attempt defending his reputation as a Writer, while the ſpirit of Faction hath ſo univerſally poſſeſſed the minds of men, that they are not at leiſure to attend to any thing elſe. They will juſt give themſelves time to libel and accuſe me, but cannot ſpare a minute to hear my defence. So in a plot-diſcovering age, I have often known an innocent man ſeized and impriſoned, and forced to lie ſeveral months in chains, while the Miniſters were not at leiſure to hear his petition, until they had proſecuted and hanged the number they propoſed.

All I can reaſonably hope for by this letter, is to convince my friends, and others who are pleaſed to wiſh me well, that I have neither been ſo ill a Subject nor ſo ſtupid an Author, as I have been repreſented by the vi-

rulence of Libellers, whoſe malice hath taken the ſame train in both, by fathering dangerous Principles in government upon me, which I never maintained, and inſipid Productions which I am not capable of writing. For, however I may have been ſoured by perſonal ill-treatment, or by melancholy proſpects for the public, I am too much a politician to expoſe my own ſafety by offenſive words. And, if my genius and ſpirit be ſunk by encreaſing years, I have at leaſt enough diſcretion left, not to miſtake the meaſure of my own abilities, by attempting ſubjects where thoſe Talents are neceſſary, which perhaps I may have loſt with my youth.

LETTER VI.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. GAY.

Dublin, Jan. 8, 1722-3.

COming home after a ſhort Chriſtmas ramble, I found a letter upon my table, and little expected when I opened it to read your name at the bottom. The beſt and greateſt part of my life, until theſe laſt eight years, I ſpent in England; there I made my friendſhips, and there I left my deſires. I am condemned for ever to another country; what is in prudence to be done? I think to be *oblituſque meorum, obliviſcendus et illis*. What can be the deſign of your letter but malice, to wake me out of a ſcurvy ſleep, which however is better than none? I am towards nine years older ſince I left you, yet that is the leaſt of my alterations; my buſineſs, my diverſions, my converſations, are all entirely changed for the worſe, and ſo are my ſtudies and my amuſements in writing; yet, after all, this humdrum way of life might be paſſable enough, if you would let me alone. I ſhall

not be able to reliſh my wine, my parſons, my horſes, nor my garden for three months, until the ſpirit you have raiſed ſhall be diſpoſſeſſed. I have ſometimes wondered that I have not viſited you, but I have been ſtopt by too many reaſons, beſides years and lazineſs, and yet theſe are very good ones. Upon my return after half a year amongſt you, there would be to me *Deſiderio nec pudor nec modus.* I was three years reconciling myſelf to the ſcene, and the buſineſs, to which fortune hath condemned me, and ſtupidity was what I had recourſe to. Beſides, what a figure ſhould I make in London, while my friends are in poverty, exile, diſtreſs, or impriſonment, and my enemies with rods of iron? Yet I often threaten myſelf with the journey, and am every ſummer practiſing to get health to bear it: The only inconvenience is, that I grow old in the experiment. Although I care not to talk to you as a Divine, yet I hope you have not been author of your colic: do you drink bad wine, or keep bad company? Are you not as many years older as I? it will not be always *Et tibi quos mihi dempſerit Apponet annos.* I am heartily ſorry you have any dealings with that ugly diſtemper, and I believe our friend Arbuthnot will recommend you to temperance and exerciſe. I wiſh they could have as good an effect upon the giddineſs I am ſubject to, and which this moment I am not free from. I ſhould have been glad if you had lengthened your letter by telling me the preſent condition of many of my old acquaintance, Congreve, Arbuthnot, Lewis, etc. but you mention only Mr. Pope, who I believe is lazy, or elſe he might have added three lines of his own. I am extremely glad he is not in your caſe of needing great mens favour, and could heartily wiſh that you were in his. I have been conſidering why Poets have ſuch ill ſucceſs in making their Court, ſince they are allowed to be the

greateſt and beſt of all flatterers: The defect is, that they flatter only in print or in writing, but not by word of mouth: They will give things under their hand which they make a conſcience of ſpeaking. Beſides, they are too libertine to haunt anti chambers, too poor to bribe porters and footmen, and too proud to cringe to ſecond-hand favourites in a great family. Tell me, are you not under Original ſin by the dedication of your Eclogues to Lord Bolingbroke? I am an ill judge at this diſtance; and beſides am, for my eaſe, utterly ignorant of the commoneſt things that paſs in the world; but if all Courts have a fameneſs in them (as the Parſons phraſe it) things may be as they were in my time, when all employments went to Parliament-mens Friends, who had been uſeful in Elections, and there was always a huge Liſt of names in arrears at the Treaſury, which would at leaſt take up your ſeven years expedient to diſcharge even one half. I am of opinion, if you will not be offended, that the ſureſt courſe would be to get your Friend who lodgeth in your houſe to recommend you to the next chief Governor who comes over here for a good civil employment, or to be one of his Secretaries, which your Parliament-men are fond enough of, when there is no room at home. The wine is good and reaſonable; you may dine twice a week at the Deanry-houſe; there is a ſet of company in this town ſufficient for one man; folks will admire you, becauſe they have read you, and read of you; and a good employment will make you live tolerably in London, or ſumptuouſly here; or if you divide between both places, it will be for your health.

I wiſh I could do more than ſay I love you. I left you in a good way both for the late Court, and the ſucceſſors; and by the force of too much honeſty, or too little ſublunary wiſdom, you fell between two ſtools.

Take care of your health and money; be leſs modeſt and more active; or elſe turn Parſon and get a Biſhopric here: Would to God they would ſend us as good ones from your ſide!

I am ever, etc.

LETTER VII.

Mr. POPE to Dr. SWIFT.

Jan. 12, 1723.

I Find a rebuke in a late letter of yours, that both ſtings and pleaſeth me extremely. Your ſaying that I ought to have writ a Poſtſcript to my friend Gay's, makes me not content to write leſs than a whole Letter; and your ſeeming to take his kindly, gives me hopes you will look upon this as a ſincere effect of Friendſhip. Indeed as I cannot but own the Lazineſs with which you tax me, and with which I may equally charge you, for both of us have had (and one of us hath both had and given *) a Surfeit of writing; ſo I really thought you would know yourſelf to be ſo certainly intitled to my Friendſhip, that it was a poſſeſſion you could not imagine ſtood in need of any further Deeds or Writings to aſſure you of it.

Whatever you ſeem to think of your withdrawn and ſeparate ſtate at this diſtance, and in this Abſence, Dean Swift lives ſtill in England, in every place and company where he would chuſe to live, and I find him in all the Converſations I keep, and in all the Hearts in which I deſire any ſhare.

We have never met theſe many years without mention of you. Beſides my old Acquaintance, I have found

* Alluding to his large work on Homer.

that all my friends of a later date are ſuch as were yours before: Lord Oxford, Lord Harcourt, and Lord Harley may look upon me as one entailed upon them by you: Lord Bolingbroke is now returned (as I hope) to take me with all his other Hereditary Rights: and, indeed, he ſeems grown ſo much a Philoſopher, as to ſet his heart upon ſome of them as little, as upon the Poet you gave him. It is ſure my ill fate, that all thoſe I moſt loved, and with whom I moſt lived, muſt be baniſhed: After both of you left England, my conſtant Hoſt was the Biſhop of * Rocheſter. Sure this is a nation that is curſedly afraid of being over-run with too much Politeneſs, and cannot regain one great Genius, but at the expence of another. I tremble for my Lord Peterborow (whom I now lodge with) he has too much Wit, as well as Courage, to make a ſolid General: and if he eſcapes being baniſhed by others, I fear he will baniſh himſelf. This leads me to give you ſome account of the manner of my life and Converſation, which has been infinitely more various and diſſipated, than when you knew me and cared for me; and among all Sexes, Parties, and Profeſſions. A Glut of Study and Retirement in the firſt part of my life caſt me into this; and this, I begin to ſee, will throw me again into Study and Retirement.

The civilities I have met with from oppoſite Setts of people, have hinder'd me from being violent or ſour to any Party; but at the ſame time the Obſervations and Experiences I cannot but have collected, have made me leſs fond of, and leſs ſurprized at, any: I am therefore the more afflicted and the more angry at the Violences and Hardſhips I ſee practiſed by either. The merry Vein you knew me in, is ſunk into a Turn of Reflection,

* Dr. Atterbury.

that has made the world pretty indifferent to me; and yet I have acquired a Quietneſs of mind which by fits improves into a certain degree of Chearfulneſs, enough to make me juſt ſo good humoured as to wiſh that world well. My Friendſhips are increaſed by new ones, yet no part of the warmth I felt for the old is diminiſhed. Averſions I have none, but to Knaves (for Fools I have learned to bear with) and ſuch I cannot be commonly civil to; for I think thoſe men are next to Knaves who converſe with them. The greateſt Man in power of this ſort ſhall hardly make me bow to him, unleſs I had a perſonal obligation, and that I will take care not to have. The top pleaſure of my life is one I learned from you both how to gain and how to uſe; the Freedom of Friendſhip with men, much my Superiors. To have pleaſed great men, according to Horace, is a praiſe; but not to have flattered them and yet not have diſpleaſed them, is a greater. I have carefully avoided all Intercourſe with Poets and Scriblers, unleſs where by great chance I have found a modeſt one. By theſe means I have had no quarrels with any perſonally; none have been Enemies, but who were alſo Strangers to me; and as there is no great need of an Eclairciſſement with ſuch, whatever they writ or ſaid I never retaliated, not only never ſeeming to know, but often really never knowing, any thing of the matter. There are very few things that give me the Anxiety of a Wiſh; the ſtrongeſt I have would be to paſs my days with you, and a few ſuch as you: But Fate has diſperſed them all about the world; and I find to wiſh it is as vain, as to wiſh to ſee the Millennium and the Kingdom of the Juſt upon earth.

If I have ſinned in my long ſilence, conſider there is one to whom you yourſelf have been as great a ſinner. As ſoon as you ſee his hand, you will learn to do me

juſtice, and feel in your heart how long a man may be ſilent to thoſe he truly loves and reſpects.

LETTER VIII.

Lord Bolingbroke to Dr. Swift.

I Am not ſo lazy as Pope, and therefore you muſt not expect from me the ſame indulgence to Lazineſs; in defending his own cauſe he pleads yours, and becomes your Advocate while he appeals to you as his Judge: You will do the ſame on your part; and I, and the reſt of your common Friends, ſhall have great Juſtice to expect from two ſuch righteous Tribunals: You reſemble perfectly the two Alehouſe-keepers in Holland, who were at the ſame time Burgomaſters of the Town, and taxed one another's Bills alternately. I declare before hand I will not ſtand to the award; my Title to your Friendſhip is good, and wants neither Deeds nor Writings to confirm it: but annual Acknowledgments at leaſt are neceſſary to preſerve it: and I begin to ſuſpect by your defrauding me of them, that you hope in time to diſpute it, and to urge Preſcription againſt me. I would not ſay one word to you about myſelf (ſince it is a ſubject on which you appear to have no curioſity) was it not to try how far the contraſt between Pope's fortune and manner of life, and mine, may be carried.

I have been, then, infinitely more uniform and leſs diſſipated than when you knew me and cared for me. That Love which I uſed to ſcatter with ſome profuſion among the female kind, has been theſe many years devoted to one object. A great many misfortunes (for ſo they are called, though ſometimes very improperly) and a retirement from the world, have made that juſt

and nice diſcrimination between my Acquaintance and my Friends, which we have ſeldom ſagacity enough to make for ourſelves; thoſe inſects of various hues, which uſed to hum and buz about me, while I ſtood in the ſun-ſhine, have diſappeared ſince I lived in the ſhade. No man comes to a Hermitage but for the ſake of the Hermit; a few philoſophical Friends come often to mine, and they are ſuch as you would be glad to live with, if a dull climate and duller company have not altered you extremely from what you was nine years ago.

The hoarſe voice of Party was never heard in this quiet place; Gazettes and Pamphlets are baniſhed from it, and if the Lucubrations of Iſaac Bickerſtaff be admitted, this diſtinction is owing to ſome ſtrokes by which it is judged that this illuſtrious Philoſopher had (like the Indian Fohu, the Grecian Phythagoras, the Perſian Zoroaſter, and others his Precurſors among the Zabians, Magians, and the Egyptian Seers) both his outward and his inward Doctrine, and that he was of no ſide at the bottom. When I am there, I forget I ever was of any party myſelf; nay I am often ſo happily abſorbed by the abſtracted reaſon of things, that I am ready to imagine there never was any ſuch monſter as Party. Alas, I am ſoon awakened from that pleaſing dream by the Greek and Roman Hiſtorians, by Guicciardine, by Machiavel, and Thuanus; for I have vowed to read no Hiſtory of our own country, till that body of it which you promiſe to finiſh appears.

I am under no apprehenſion that a glut of Study and Retirement ſhould caſt me back into the hurry of the world; on the contrary, the ſingle regret which I ever feel, is that I fell ſo late into this courſe of life; my Philoſophy grows confirmed by habit, and if you and I meet again, I will extort this approbation from you: *Jam non conſilio bonus, ſed more eo perductus, ut non tantum*

recte facere poſſim, ſed niſi recte facere non poſſim. The little incivilities I have met with from oppoſite ſetts of people, have been ſo far from rendering me violent or ſour to any, that I think myſelf obliged to them all; ſome have cured me of my fears, by ſhewing me how impotent the malice of the world is; others have cured me of my hopes, by ſhewing how precarious popular friendſhips are; all have cured me of ſurprize: In driving me out of party, they have driven me out of curſed company; and in ſtripping me of Titles and Rank, and Eſtate, and ſuch trinkets, which every man that will may ſpare, they have given me that which no man can be happy without.

Reflection and habit have rendered the world ſo indifferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoiced, angry nor pleaſed at what happens in it, any further than perſonal friendſhips intereſt me in the affairs of it, and this principle extends my cares but a little way. Perfect Tranquillity is the general tenour of my life: good digeſtions, ſerene weather, and ſome other mechanic ſprings, wind me above it now and then, but I never fall below it; I am ſometimes gay, but I am never ſad. I have gained new friends, and have loſt ſome old ones; my acquiſitions of this kind give me a good deal of pleaſure, becauſe they have not been made lightly: I know no vows ſo ſolemn as thoſe of friendſhip, and therefore a pretty long noviciate of acquaintance ſhould methinks precede them: My loſſes of this kind give me but little trouble, I contributed nothing to them, and a friend who breaks with me unjuſtly, is not worth preſerving. As ſoon as I leave this Town (which will be in a few days) I ſhall fall back into that courſe of life, which keeps knaves and fools at a great diſtance from me: I have an averſion to them both, but in the ordinary courſe of life I think I can bear the ſenſible knave better than the fool.

One muſt indeed with the former be in ſome or other of the attitudes of thoſe wooden men whom I have ſeen before a ſword-cutler's ſhop in Germany; but even in theſe conſtrained poſtures the witty Raſcal will divert me; and he that diverts me does me a great deal of good, and lays me under an obligation to him, which I am not obliged to pay him in another coin: The Fool obliges me to be almoſt as much upon my guard as the knave, and he makes me no amends; he numbs me like the Torpor, or he teazes me like the Fly. This is the Picture of an old Friend, and more like him than that will be which you once aſked, and which he will ſend you, if you continue ſtill to deſire it.—Adieu, dear Swift, with all thy faults I love thee intirely; make an effort, and love me on with all mine.

LETTER IX.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, Sept. 20, 1723.

RETurning from a ſummer expedition of four months on account of my health, I found a letter from you, with an appendix longer than yours from Lord Bolingbroke. I believe there is not a more miſerable malady than an unwillingneſs to write letters to our beſt friends, and a man might be philoſopher enough in finding out reaſons for it. One thing is clear, that it ſhews a mighty difference betwixt Friendſhip and Love, for a lover (as I have heard) is always ſcribling to his miſtreſs. If I could permit myſelf to believe what your civility makes you ſay, that I am ſtill remembered by my friends in England, I am in the right to keep myſelf here—*Non ſum qualis eram.* I left you in a period of life when one

year does more execution than three at yours, to which if you add the dulneſs of the air, and of the people, it will make a terrible ſum. I have no very ſtrong faith in you pretenders to Retirement; you are not of an age for it, nor have gone through either good or bad fortune enough to go into a corner, and form concluſions *de contemptu mundi & fuga ſæculi*, unleſs a Poet grows weary of too much applauſe, as Miniſters do of too much weight of buſineſs.

Your happineſs is greater than your merit, in chuſing your favourites ſo indifferently among either Party: this you owe partly to your Education, and partly to your Genius employing you in an Art in which Faction has nothing to do, for I ſuppoſe Virgil and Horace are equally read by Whigs and Tories. You have no more to do with the Conſtitution of Church and State, than a Chriſtian at Conſtantinople; and you are ſo much the wiſer and the happier, becauſe both Parties will approve your Poetry as long as you are known to be of neither.

Your notions of friendſhip are new to me: I believe every man is born with his *quantum*, and he cannot give to one without robbing another. I very well know to whom I would give the firſt places in my Friendſhip, but they are not in the way: I am condemned to another ſcene, and therefore I diſtribute it in Pennyworths to thoſe about me, and who diſpleaſe me leaſt; and ſhould do the ſame to my fellow priſoners if I were condemned to jail. I can likewiſe tolerate Knaves much better than Fools, becauſe their knavery does me no hurt in the commerce I have with them, which however I own is more dangerous, tho' not ſo troubleſome, as that of Fools. I have often endeavoured to eſtabliſh a Friendſhip among all Men of Genius, and would fain have it done: they are ſeldom above three or four

Contemporaries, and if they could be united, would drive the world before them. I think it was ſo among the Poets in the time of Auguſtus: but Envy, and Party, and Pride, have hindered it among us. I do not include the Subalterns, of which you are ſeldom without a large Tribe. Under the name of Poets and Scriblers I ſuppoſe you mean the Fools you are content to ſee ſometimes, when they happen to be modeſt; which was not frequent among them while I was in the world.

I would deſcribe to you my way of living, if any method could be called ſo in this Country. I chuſe my companions among thoſe of leaſt conſequence and moſt compliance: I read the moſt trifling Books I can find, and whenever I write, it is upon the moſt trifling ſubjects: But riding, walking, and ſleeping take up eighteen of the twenty-four hours. I procraſtinate more than I did twenty years ago, and have ſeveral things to finiſh which I put off to twenty years hence; *Haec eſt vita Solutorum, &c.* I ſend you the compliments of a friend of yours, who hath paſſed four months this ſummer with two grave acquaintance at his country-houſe, without ever once going to Dublin, which is but eight miles diſtant; yet when he returns to London, I will engage you ſhall find him as deep in the court of Requeſts, the Park, the Operas and the Coffee-houſe, as any man there. I am now with him for a few days.

You muſt remember me with great affection to Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Congreve, and Gay. — I think there are no more *eodem tertio's* between you and me, except Mr. Jervas, to whoſe houſe I addreſs this, for want of knowing where you live: for it was not clear from your laſt whether you lodge with Lord Peterborow, or he with you.

I am ever, etc.

LETTER X.

Sept. 14, 1725.

I Need not tell you, with what real delight I ſhould have done any thing you deſired, and in particular any good offices in my power towards the bearer of your Letter, who is this day gone for France. Perhaps 'tis with Poets as with Prophets, they are ſo much better liked in another country than their own, that your Gentleman, upon arriving in England, loſt his curioſity concerning me. However, had he try'd, he had found me his friend; I mean he had found me yours. I am diſappointed at not knowing better a man whom you eſteem, and comfort myſelf only with having got a Letter from you, with which (after all) I ſit down a gainer; ſince to my great pleaſure it confirms my hope of once more ſeeing you. After ſo many diſperſions and ſo many diviſions, two or three of us may yet be gathered together: not to plot, not to contrive ſilly ſchemes of ambition, or to vex our own or others hearts with buſy vanities (ſuch as perhaps at one time of life or other take their Tour in every man) but to divert ourſelves, and the world too if it pleaſes; or at worſt, to laugh at others as innocently and as unhurtfully as at ourſelves. Your Travels * I hear much of; my own, I promiſe you, ſhall never more be in a ſtrange land, but a diligent, I hope uſeful, inveſtigation of my own Territories †. I mean no more Tranſlations, but ſomething domeſtic, fit for my own country, and for my own time.

If you come to us, I'll find you elderly Ladies enough that can halloo, and two that can nurſe, and they are too old and feeble to make too much noiſe; as you will

* Gulliver. † The Eſſay on Man.

gueſs, when I tell you they are my own mother, and my own nurſe. I can alſo help you to a Lady who is as deaf, tho' not ſo old as yourſelf; you'll be pleaſed with one another I'll engage, tho' you don't hear one another; you'll converſe like ſpirits by intuition. What you'll moſt wonder at is, ſhe is conſiderable at Court, yet no Party-woman, and lives in Court, yet would be eaſy, and make you eaſy.

One of thoſe you mention (and I dare ſay always will remember) Dr. Arbuthnot, is at this time ill of a very dangerous diſtemper, an impoſthume in the bowels; which is broke, but the event is very uncertain. Whatever that be, he bids me tell you, (and I write this by him) he lives or dies your faithful friend; and one reaſon he has to deſire a little longer life, is the wiſh to ſee you once more.

He is gay enough in this circumſtance to tell you, he would give you (if he cou'd) ſuch advice as might cure your deafneſs, but he would not adviſe you, if you were cured, to quit the pretence of it; becauſe you may by that means hear as much as you will, and anſwer as little as you pleaſe. Believe me

Yours, etc.

LETTER XI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Sept. 29, 1725.

I Am now returning to the noble ſcene of Dublin, into the grand Monde, for fear of burying my parts: to ſignalize myſelf among Curates and Vicars, and correct all corruptions crept in relating to the weight of

bread and butter, through thoſe dominions where I govern. I have employed my time (beſides ditching) in finiſhing, correcting, amending, and tranſcribing my * Travels, in four parts compleat, newly augmented, and intended for the preſs when the world ſhall deſerve them, or rather when a Printer ſhall be found brave enough to venture his ears. I like the ſcheme of our meeting after diſtreſſes and diſperſions; but the chief end I propoſe to myſelf in all my labours, is to vex the world, rather than divert it; and if I could compaſs that deſign without hurting my own perſon or fortune, I would be the moſt indefatigable writer you have ever ſeen, without reading. I am exceedingly pleaſed that you have done with Tranſlations; Lord Treaſurer Oxford often lamented that a raſcally world ſhould lay you under a neceſſity of miſemploying your genius for ſo long a time. But ſince you will now be ſo much better employed, when you think of the world, give it one laſh the more at my requeſt. I have ever hated all Nations, Profeſſions, and Communities; and all my love is towards Individuals: for inſtance, I hate the Tribe of Lawyers, but I love Counſellor ſuch a one, and Judge ſuch a one: 'Tis ſo with Phyſicians, (I will not ſpeak of my own Trade) Soldiers, Engliſh, Scotch, French, and the reſt. But principally I hate and deteſt that animal called Man, although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and ſo forth. This is the ſyſtem upon which I have govern'd myſelf many years (but do not tell) and ſo I ſhall go on till I have done with them. I have got materials towards a Treatiſe, proving the falſity of that definition *Animal rationale*, and to ſhew it ſhould be only *rationis capax*. Upon this great foundation of Miſanthropy (though not in Timon's manner) the whole building of my Travels is erected; and I

* Gulliver's Travels.

never will have peace of mind, till all honeſt men are of my opinion: By conſequence you are to embrace it immediately, and procure that all who deſerve my eſteem may do ſo too. The matter is ſo clear, that it will admit of no diſpute; nay, I will hold a hundred pounds that you and I agree in the point.

I did not know your Odyſſey was finiſhed, being yet in the country, which I ſhall leave in three days. I thank you kindly for the preſent, but ſhall like it three fourths the leſs, for the mixture you mention of other hands; however, I am glad you ſav'd yourſelf ſo much drudgery — I have been long told by Mr. Ford of your great atchievements in building and planting, and eſpecially of your ſubterranean paſſage to your garden, whereby you turn'd a Blunder into a Beauty, which is a piece of *Ars Poetica*.

I have almoſt done with Harridans, and ſhall ſoon become old enough to fall in love with girls of fourteen. The Lady whom you deſcribe to live at Court, to be deaf and no party-woman, I take to be Mythology, but know not how to moralize it. She cannot be Mercy, for Mercy is neither deaf, nor lives at Court: Juſtice is blind, and perhaps deaf, but neither is ſhe a Court-lady: Fortune is both blind and deaf, and a Court-lady, but then ſhe is a moſt damnable Party-woman, and will never make me eaſy, as you promiſe. It muſt be Riches, which anſwers all your deſcription: I am glad ſhe viſits you, but my voice is ſo weak, that I doubt ſhe will never hear me.

Mr. Lewis ſent me an account of Dr. Arbuthnot's illneſs, which is a very ſenſible affliction to me, who by living ſo long out of the world, have loſt that hardneſs of heart contracted by years and general converſation. I am daily loſing friends, and neither ſeeking nor getting others. Oh if the world had but a dozen of Ar-

buthnots in it, I would burn my Travels! But however he is not without fault: There is a paſſage in Bede, highly commending the piety and learning of the Iriſh in that age, where after abundance of praiſes he overthrows them all, by lamenting that, alas! they kept Eaſter at a wrong time of the year. So our Doctor has every quality and virtue that can make a man amiable or uſeful; but alas, he hath a ſort of ſtouch in his walk! I pray God protect him, for he is an excellent Chriſtian, though not a Catholic.

I hear nothing of our Friend Gay, but I find the Court keeps him at hard meat. I adviſed him to come over here with a Lord Lieutenant. Philips writes little Flams (as Lord Leiceſter call'd thoſe ſort of verſes) on Miſs Carteret. A Dublin Blackſmith, a great Poet, hath imitated his manner in a poem to the ſame Miſs. Philips is a complainer, and on this occaſion I told Lord Carteret, that Complainers never ſucceeded at Court, tho' railers do.

Are you altogether a country gentleman? that I muſt addreſs to you out of London, to the hazard of your loſing this precious letter, which I will now conclude, altho' ſo much paper is left. I have an ill Name, and therefore ſhall not ſubſcribe it, but you will gueſs it comes from one who eſteems and loves you about half as much as you deſerve, I mean as much as he can.

I am in great concern, at what I am juſt told is in ſome of the news papers, that Lord Bolingbroke is much hurt by a fall in hunting. I am glad he has ſo much youth and vigour left (of which he hath not been thrifty) but I wonder he has no more Diſcretion.

LETTER XII.

Oct. 15, 1725.

I Am wonderfully pleaſed with the ſuddenneſs of your kind anſwer. It makes me hope you are coming towards us, and that you incline more and more to your old friends, in proportion as you draw nearer to them; and are getting into our Vortex. Here is One, who was once a powerful planet, but has now (after long experience of all that comes of ſhining) learned to be content, with returning to his firſt point, without the thought or ambition of ſhining at all. Here is Another, who thinks one of the greateſt glories of his Father was to have diſtinguiſhed and loved you, and who loves you hereditarily. Here is Arbuthnot, recovered from the jaws of death, and more pleaſed with the hope of ſeeing you again, than of reviewing a world every part of which he has long deſpis'd, but what is made up of a few men like yourſelf. He goes abroad again, and is more chearful than even health can make a man, for he has a good conſcience into the bargain (which is the moſt Catholic of all remedies, tho' not the moſt Univerſal.) I knew it would be a pleaſure to you to hear this, and in truth that made me write ſo ſoon to you.

I'm ſorry poor P. is not promoted in this age; for certainly if his reward be of the next, he is of all Poets the moſt miſerable. I'm alſo ſorry for another reaſon; if they don't promote him, they'll ſpoil the concluſion of one of my Satires, where, having endeavoured to correct the Taſte of the Town in wit and criticiſm, I end thus,

But what avails to lay down rules for ſenſe?
In ——'s Reign theſe fruitleſs lines were writ,
When Ambroſe Philips was preferr'd for Wit!

Our friend Gay is uſed as the friends of Tories are by Whigs (and generally by Tories too.) Becauſe he had humour, he was ſuppoſed to have dealt with Dr. Swift; in like manner as when any one had learning formerly, he was thought to have dealt with the Devil. He puts his whole truſt at Court in that Lady whom I deſcribed to you, and whom you take to be an allegorical creature of fancy: I wiſh ſhe really were Riches for his ſake; though as for yours, I queſtion whether (if you knew her) you would change her for the other.

Lord Bolingbroke had not the leaſt harm by his fall, I wiſh he had received no more by his other fall; Lord Oxford had none by his. But Lord Bolingbroke is the moſt improved Mind ſince you ſaw him, that ever was improved without ſhifting into a new body, or being: *paullo minus ab angelis*. I have often imagined to myſelf, that if ever all of us meet again, after ſo many varieties and changes, after ſo much of the old world and of the old man in each of us has been altered, that ſcarce a ſingle thought of the one, any more than a ſingle atom of the other, remains juſt the ſame; I've fancied, I ſay, that we ſhould meet like the righteous in the Millennium, quite in peace, diveſted of all our former Paſſions, ſmiling at our paſt follies, and content to enjoy the kingdom of the Juſt in tranquillity. But I find you would rather be employed as an avenging angel of wrath, to break your vial of indignation over the heads of the wretched creatures of this world; nay, would make them *Eat your Book*, which you have made (I doubt not) as bitter a pill for them as poſſible.

I won't tell you what deſigns I have in my head (beſides writing a ſet of Maxims in oppoſition to all Rochefoucault's principles *) till I ſee you here, face to face.

* This was only ſaid as an oblique reproof of the horrid miſanthropy in the foregoing Letter; and which he ſuppoſed, might be

Then you ſhall have no reaſon to complain of me, for want of a generous diſdain of this world, though I have not loſt my Ears in yours and their ſervice. Lord Oxford too (whom I have now the third time mentioned in this Letter, and he deſerves to be always mentioned in every thing that is addreſs'd to you, or comes from you) expects you: That ought to be enough to bring you hither; 'tis a better reaſon than if the nation expected you. For I really enter as fully as you can deſire, into your Principle of Love of Individuals: and I think the way to have a public ſpirit is firſt to have a private one; for who can believe (ſaid a friend of mine) that any man can care for a hundred thouſand people, who never cared for one? No ill-humoured man can ever be a Patriot, any more than a Friend.

I deſigned to have left the following page for Dr. Arbuthnot to fill, but he is ſo touch'd with the period in yours to me concerning him, that he intends to anſwer it by a whole letter. He too is buſy about a book, which I gueſs he will tell you of. So adieu — what remains worth telling you? Dean Berkley is well, and happy in the proſecution of his Scheme. Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke in health, Duke Diſny ſo alſo; Sir William Wyndham better, Lord Bathurſt well. Theſe and ſome others, preſerve their ancient honour and ancient friendſhip. Thoſe who do neither, if they were d——d, what is it to a Proteſtant Prieſt, who has nothing to do with the dead? I anſwer for my own part as a Papiſt, I would not pray them out of Purgatory.

My name is as bad an one as yours, and hated by all bad Poets, from Hopkins and Sternhold to Gildon

chiefly occaſioned by the Dean's fondneſs for *Rochefoucault*, whoſe *Maxims* are founded on the principle of an univerſal ſelfiſhneſs in human nature.

and Cibber. The firſt prayed againſt me with the Turk; and a modern Imitator of theirs (whom I leave you to find out) has added the Chriſtian to 'em, with proper definitions of each in this manner,

The Pope's the Whore of Babylon,
The Turk he is a Jew:
The Chriſtian is an Infidel
That ſitteth in a Pew.

LETTER XIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 26, 1725.

I Should ſooner have acknowledged yours, if a feveriſh diſorder and the relicks of it had not diſabled me for a fortnight. I now begin to make excuſes, becauſe I hope I am pretty near ſeeing you, and therefore I would cultivate an acquaintance; becauſe if you do not know me when we meet, you need only keep one of my letters, and compare it with my face, for my face and letters are counterparts of my heart. I fear I have not expreſs'd that right, but I mean well, and I hate blots: I look in your letter, and in my conſcience you ſay the ſame thing, but in a better manner. Pray tell my Lord Bolingbroke that I wiſh he were baniſhed again, for then I ſhould hear from him, when he was full of philoſophy, and talk'd *de contemptu mundi.* My Lord Oxford was ſo extremely kind as to write to me immediately an account of his ſon's birth; which I immediately acknowledg'd, but before my letter could reach him, I wiſhed it in the ſea: I hope I was more afflicted than his Lordſhip. 'Tis hard that Parſons and

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Ireland, as objects look larger through a medium of fogs: and yet I am infinitely pleas'd with that too. I am much the happier for finding (a better thing than our Wits) our Judgments jump, in the notion that all Scribblers ſhould be paſt by in ſilence. To vindicate one's ſelf againſt ſuch naſty ſlander, is much as wiſe as it was in your countryman, when the people imputed a ſtink to him, to prove the contrary by ſhewing his backſide. So let Gildon and Philips reſt in peace! what Virgil had to do with Mœvius, that he ſhould wear him upon his ſleeve to all eternity, I don't know. I've been the longer upon this, that I my prepare you for the reception both you and your works may poſſibly meet in England. We your true acquaintance will look upon you as a good man, and love you; others will look upon you as a Wit, and hate you. So you know the worſt; unleſs you are as vindicative as Virgil, or the aforeſaid Hibernian.

I wiſh as warmly as you for an Hoſpital in which to lodge the Deſpiſers of the world; only I fear it would be filled wholly like Chelſea, with maimed Soldiers, and ſuch as had been diſabled in its ſervice. I would rather have thoſe, that, out of ſuch generous principles as you and I, deſpiſe it, fly in its face, than retire from it. Not that I have much anger againſt the Great, my ſpleen is at the little rogues of it; it would vex one more to be knock'd on the head with a Piſs-pot, than by a Thunderbolt. As to great Oppreſſors, they are like Kites or Eagles, one expects miſchief from them; but to be ſquirted to death (as poor Wycherley ſaid to me on his death-bed) by Apothecaries Apprentices, by the underſtrappers of under-ſecretaries to ſecretaries who were no ſecretaries — this wou'd provoke as dull a dog as Ph—s himſelf.

So much for enemies, now for friends. Mr. L—

thinks all this indiſcreet: The Dr. not ſo; he loves miſchief the beſt of any good-natur'd man in England. Lord B. is above trifling: when he writes of any thing in this world, he is more than mortal; *if ever he trifles, it muſt be when he turns a Divine.* Gay is writing Tales for Prince William: I ſuppoſe Mr. Philips will take this very ill, for two reaſons; one that he thinks all childiſh things belong to him, and the other becauſe he'll take it ill to be taught that one may write things to a child without being childiſh. What have I more to add? but that Lord Oxford deſires earneſtly to ſee you: and that many others whom you do not think the worſt of, will be gratified by it: none more, be aſſured, than

Yours, etc.

P. S. Pope and you are very great Wits, and I think very indifferent Philoſophers: If you deſpiſed the world as much as you pretend, and perhaps believe, you would not be ſo angry with it. The founder of your ſect, that noble Original whom you think it ſo great an honour to reſemble *, was a ſlave to the worſt part of the world, to the Court; and all his big words were the language of a ſlighted Lover, who deſired nothing ſo much as a reconciliation, and feared nothing ſo much as a rupture. I believe the world hath uſed me as ſcurvily as moſt people, and yet I could never find in my heart to be thoroughly angry with the ſimple, falſe, capricious thing. I ſhould bluſh alike, to be diſcover'd fond of the world, or piqued at it. Your definition of *Animal Rationis capax*, inſtead of the common one *Animal Rationale*, will not bear examination: define but Reaſon, and you will ſee why your diſtinction is no better than that of the Pontiff *Cotta*; between *mala ratio*, and *bona ratio*. But enough of this: make us a viſit, and I'll ſubſcribe to any

* Seneca.

ſide of theſe important queſtions which you pleaſe. We differ leſs than you imagine, perhaps, when you wiſh'd me baniſh'd again: but I am not leſs true to you and to philoſophy in England, than I was in France.

Yours, etc. B.

LETTER XV.

From Dr. SWIFT.

London, May 4, 1726.

I Had rather live in forty Irelands than under the frequent diſquiets of hearing you are out of order. I always apprehend it moſt after a great dinner; for the leaſt Tranſgreſſion of yours, if it be only two bits and one ſup more than your ſtint, is a great debauch; for which you certainly pay more than thoſe ſots who are carried dead drunk to bed. My Lord Peterborow ſpoiled every body's dinner, but eſpecially mine, with telling us that you were detained by ſickneſs. Pray let me have three lines under any hand or pot-hook that will give me a better account of your health; which concerns me more than others, becauſe I love and eſteem you for reaſons that moſt others have little to do with, and would be the ſame although you had never touched a pen, further than with writing to me.

I am gathering up my luggage, and preparing for my journey; I will endeavour to think of you as little as I can, and when I write to you, I will ſtrive not to think of you: This I intend to return to your kindneſs; and further, I know no body has dealt with me ſo cruelly as you, the conſequences of which uſage I fear will laſt as long as my life, for ſo long ſhall I be (in ſpite of my heart) entirely yours.

LETTER XVI.

Aug. 22, 1726.

MAny a ſhort ſigh you coſt me the day I left you, and many more you will coſt me, till the day you return. I really walk'd about like a man baniſhed, and when I came home found it no home. 'Tis a ſenſation like that of a limb lopp'd off, one is trying every minute unawares to uſe it, and finds it is not. I may ſay you have uſed me more cruelly than you have done any other man; you have made it more impoſſible for me to live at eaſe without you: Habitude itſelf would have done that, if I had leſs friendſhip in my nature than I have. Beſides my natural memory of you, you have made a local one, which preſents you to me in every place I frequent; I ſhall never more think of Lord Cobham's, the woods of Ciceter, or the pleaſing proſpect of Byberry, but your Idea muſt be joined with 'em; nor ſee one ſeat in my own garden, or one room in my own houſe, without a Phantom of you, ſitting or walking before me. I travelled with you to Cheſter, I felt the extreme heat of the weather, the inns, the roads, the confinement and cloſeneſs of the uneaſy coach, and wiſhed a hundred times I had either a Deanry or a horſe in my gift. In real truth, I have felt my ſoul peeviſh ever ſince with all about me, from a warm uneaſy deſire after you. I am gone out of myſelf to no purpoſe, and cannot catch you. *Inhiat in pedes* was not more properly applied to a poor dog after a hare, than to me with regard to your departure. I wiſh I could think no more of it, but lie down and ſleep till we meet again, and let that day (how far ſoever off it be) be the morrow. Since I cannot, may it be my amends that every thing you wiſh may attend you where you are, and that you

may find every friend you have there, in the ſtate you wiſh him, or her; ſo that your viſits to us may have no other effect, than the progreſs of a rich man to a remote eſtate, which he finds greater than he expected; which knowledge only ſerves to make him live happier where he is, with no diſagreeable proſpect if ever he ſhould chuſe to remove. May this be your ſtate till it become what I wiſh. But indeed I cannot expreſs the warmth, with which I wiſh you all things, and myſelf you. Indeed you are ingraved elſewhere than on the Cups you ſent me, (with ſo kind an inſcription) and I might throw them into the Thames without injury to the giver. I am not pleas'd with them, but take them very kindly too: And had I ſuſpected any ſuch uſage from you, I ſhould have enjoyed your company leſs than I really did, for at this rate I may ſay

Nec tecum poſſim vivere, nec ſine te.

I will bring you over juſt ſuch another preſent, when I go to the Deanry of St. Patrick's; which I promiſe you to do, if ever I am enabled to return your kindneſs. *Donarem Pateras*, etc. 'Till then I'll drink (or Gay ſhall drink) daily healths to you, and I'll add to your inſcription the old Roman Vow for years to come, VOTIS X. VOTIS XX. My Mother's age gives me authority to hope it for yours. Adieu.

LETTER XVII.

Sept. 3, 1726.

YOurs to Mr. Gay gave me greater ſatisfaction than that to me (tho' that gave a great deal) for to hear you were ſafe at your journey's end, exceeds the account

of your fatigues while in the way to it: otherwiſe believe me, every tittle of each is important to me, which ſets any one thing before my eyes that happens to you. I writ you a long letter, which I gueſs reach'd you the day after your arrival. Since then I had a conference with Sir ——— who expreſs'd his deſire of having ſeen you again before you left us. He ſaid he obſerved a willingneſs in you to live among us; which I did not deny; but at the ſame time told him, you had no ſuch deſign in your coming this time, which was merely to ſee a few of thoſe you loved: but that indeed all thoſe wiſhed it, and particularly Lord Peterborow and myſelf, who wiſhed you loved Ireland leſs, had you any reaſon to love England more. I ſaid nothing but what I think would induce any man to be as fond of you as I, plain Truth, did they know either it, or you. I can't help thinking (when I conſider the whole ſhort Liſt of our friends) that none of them except you and I are qualify'd for the Mountains of Wales. The Dr. goes to Cards, Gay to Court; one loſes money, one loſes his time: Another of our friends labours to be unambitious, but he labours in an unwilling ſoil. One Lady you like has too much of France to be fit for Wales: Another is too much a ſubject to Princes and Potentates, to reliſh that wild Taſte of liberty and poverty. Mr. Congreve is too ſick to bear a thin air; and ſhe that leads him too rich to enjoy any thing. Lord Peterborow can go to any climate, but never ſtay in any. Lord Bathurſt is too great an huſbandman to like barren hills, except they are his own to improve. Mr. Bethel indeed is too good and too honeſt to live in the world, but yet 'tis fit, for its example, he ſhould. We are left to ourſelves in my opinion, and may live where we pleaſe, in Wales, Dublin, or Bermudas: And for me, I aſſure you I love the world ſo well, and it loves me ſo well, that I care

not in what part of it I paſs the reſt of my days. I ſee no ſunſhine but in the face of a friend.

I had a glympſe of a letter of yours lately, by which I find you are (like the vulgar) apter to think well of people out of power, than of people in power; perhaps 'tis a miſtake, but however there's ſomething in it generous. Mr. * * takes it extreme kindly, I can perceive, and he has a great mind to thank you for that good opinion, for which I believe he is only to thank his ill-fortune: for if I am not in an error, he would rather be in power than out.

To ſhew you how fit I am to live in the mountains, I will with great truth apply to myſelf an old ſentence: "Thoſe that are in, may abide in; and thoſe that are "out, may abide out: yet to me, thoſe that are in "ſhall be as thoſe that are out, and thoſe that are out "ſhall be as thoſe that are in."

I am indifferent as to all thoſe matters, but I miſs you as much as I did the firſt day, when (with a ſhort ſigh) I parted. Wherever you are (or on the mountains of Wales, or on the coaſt of Dublin,

Tu mihi, ſeu magni ſuperas jam ſaxa Timavi,
Sive oram Illyrici legis aequoris —)

I am, and ever ſhall be Yours, etc.

LETTER XVIII.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 17, 1726.

ABout ten days ago a Book was publiſh'd here of the Travels of one Gulliver, which hath been the converſation of the whole town ever ſince: The whole im-

preſſion ſold in a week; and nothing is more diverting than to hear the different opinions people give of it, though all agree in liking it extremely. 'Tis generally ſaid that you are the Author; but I am told, the Bookſeller declares he knows not from what hand it came. From the higheſt to the loweſt it is univerſally read, from the Cabinet-council to the Nurſery. The Politicians to a man agree, that it is free from particular reflections, but that the Satire on general ſocieties of men is too ſevere. Not but we now and then meet with people of greater perſpicuity, who are in ſearch for particular applications in every leaf; and 'tis highly probable we ſhall have keys publiſh'd to give light into Gulliver's deſign. Lord —— is the perſon who leaſt approves it, blaming it as a deſign of evil conſequence to depreciate human nature, at which it cannot be wondered that he takes moſt offence, being himſelf the moſt accompliſh'd of his ſpecies, and ſo loſing more than any other of that praiſe which is due both to the dignity and virtue of a man *. Your friend, my Lord Harcourt, commends it very much, though he thinks in ſome places the matter too far carried. The Ducheſs Dowager of Marlborough is in raptures at it; ſhe ſays ſhe can dream of nothing elſe ſince ſhe read it: ſhe declares, that ſhe hath now found out, that her whole life hath been loſt in careſſing the worſt part of mankind, and treating the beſt as her foes; and that if ſhe knew Gulliver, tho' he had been the worſt enemy ſhe ever had, ſhe would give up her preſent acquaintance for his friendſhip. You may ſee by this, that you are not

* It is no wonder a man of worth ſhould *condemn* a ſatire on his ſpecies; as it injures Virtue and violates Truth: And, as little, that a corrupt man ſhould *approve* it, becauſe it juſtifies his principles, and tends to excuſe his practice.

much injur'd by being ſuppos'd the Author of this piece. If you are, you have diſoblig'd us, and two or three of your beſt friends, in not giving us the leaſt hint of it while you were with us; and in particular Dr. Arbuthnot, who ſays it is ten thouſand pities he had not known it, he could have added ſuch abundance of things upon every ſubject. Among Lady-critics, ſome have found out that Mr. Gulliver had a particular malice to Maids of honour. Thoſe of them who frequent the Church, ſay, his deſign is impious, and that it is depreciating the works of the Creator. Notwithſtanding, I am told the Princeſs hath read it with great pleaſure. As to other Critics, they think the flying iſland is the leaſt entertaining; and ſo great an opinion the town have of the impoſſibility of Gulliver's writing at all below himſelf, 'tis agreed that part was not writ by the ſame hand, tho' this hath its defenders too. It hath paſs'd Lords and Commons, *nemine contradicente*; and the whole town, men, women, and children are quite full of it.

Perhaps I may all this time be talking to you of a Book you have never ſeen, and which hath not yet reached Ireland; if it hath not, I believe what we have ſaid will be ſufficient to recommend it to your reading, and that you will order me to ſend it to you.

But it will be much better to come over yourſelf, and read it here, where you will have the pleaſure of variety of Commentators, to explain the difficult paſſages to you.

We all rejoice that you have fix'd the preciſe time of your coming to be *cum hirundine prima*; which we modern naturaliſts pronounce, ought to be reckon'd, contrary to Pliny, in this northern latitude of fifty-two degrees, from the end of February, Styl. Greg. at fartheſt. But to us your friends, the coming of ſuch a black ſwallow

as you, will make a ſummer in the worſt of ſeaſons. We are no leſs glad at your mention of Twickenham and Dawley; and in town you know you have a lodging at Court.

The Princeſs is cloath'd in Iriſh ſilk; pray give our ſervice to the Weavers. We are ſtrangely ſurpriz'd to hear that the bells in Ireland ring without your money. I hope you do not write the thing that is not. We are afraid that B— hath been guilty of that crime, that you (like Honynhnm) have treated him as a Yahoo, and diſcarded him your ſervice. I fear you do not underſtand theſe modiſh terms, which every creature now underſtands but yourſelf.

You tell us your Wine is bad, and that the Clergy do not frequent your houſe, which we look upon to be tautology. The beſt advice we can give you is, to make them a preſent of your Wine, and come away to better.

You fancy we envy you, but you are miſtaken; we envy thoſe you are with, for we cannot envy the man we love. Adieu.

LETTER XIX.

Nov. 16, 1726.

I Have reſolved to take time; and in ſpite of all misfortunes and demurs, which ſickneſs, lameneſs, or diſability of any kind can throw in my way, to write you (at intervals) a long letter. My two leaſt fingers of one hand hang impediments to the others, like uſeleſs dependents, who only take up room, and never are active or aſſiſtant to our wants: I ſhall never be much the better for 'em—I congratulate you firſt upon what you call your Couſin's wonderful Book, which is *publica trita manu* at

preſent, and I propheſy will be hereafter the admiration of all men. That countenance with which it is received by ſome ſtateſmen, is delightful; I wiſh I could tell you how every ſingle man looks upon it, to obſerve which has been my whole diverſion this fortnight. I've never been a night in London ſince you left me, till now for this very end, and indeed it has fully anſwered my expectations.

I find no conſiderable man very angry at the book: ſome indeed think it rather too bold, and too general a Satire: but none, that I hear of, accuſe it of particular reflections (I mean no perſons of conſequence, or good judgment; the mob of Critics, you know, always are deſirous to apply Satire to thoſe they envy for being above them) ſo that you needed not to have been ſo ſecret upon this head. Motte received the copy (he tells me) he knew not from whence, nor from whom, dropp'd at his houſe in the dark, from a Hackney-coach: by computing the time, I found it was after you left England, ſo, for my part, I ſuſpend my judgment.

I am pleas'd with the nature and quality of your Preſent to the Princeſs. The Iriſh ſtuff you ſent to Mrs. H. her R. H. laid hold of, and has made up for her own uſe. Are you determined to be National in every thing, even in your civilities? you are the greateſt Politician in Europe at this rate; but as you are a rational Politician, there's no great fear of you, you will never ſucceed.

Another thing, in which you have pleas'd me, was what you ſay to Mr. P. by which it ſeems to me that you value no man's civility above your own dignity, or your own reaſon. Surely, without flattery, you are now above all parties of men, and it is high time to be ſo, after twenty or thirty years obſervation of the great world.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magiſtri.

I queſtion not, many men would be of your intimacy, that you might be of their intereſt: But God forbid an honeſt or witty man ſhould be of any, but that of his country. They have ſcoundrels enough to write for their paſſions and their deſigns: let us write for truth, for honour, and for poſterity. If you muſt needs write about Politics at all (but perhaps 'tis full as wiſe to play the fool any other way) ſurely it ought to be ſo as to preſerve the dignity and integrity of your character with thoſe times to come, which will moſt impartially judge of you.

I wiſh you had writ to Lord Peterborow, no man is more affectionate toward you. Don't fancy none but Tories are your friends; for at that rate I muſt be, at moſt, but half your friend, and ſincerely I am wholly ſo. Adieu, write often, and come ſoon, for many wiſh you well, and all would be glad of your company.

LETTER XX.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, Nov. 17, 1726.

I Am juſt come from anſwering a Letter of Mrs. H—'s writ in ſuch myſtical terms, that I ſhould never have found out the meaning, if a Book had not been ſent me called *Gulliver's Travels*, of which you ſay ſo much in yours. I read the Book over, and in the ſecond volume obſerve ſeveral paſſages, which appear to be patch'd and alter'd *, and the ſtyle of a different ſort (unleſs I am much miſtaken) Dr. Arbuthnot likes the Projectors leaſt †;

* This was the fact, which is complained of and redreſſed in the Dublin Edition of the Dean's works.

† Becauſe he underſtood it to be intended as a ſatire on the *Royal Society*.

others, you tell me, the Flying iſland; ſome think it wrong to be ſo hard upon whole bodies or Corporations, yet the general opinion is, that reflections on particular perſons are moſt to be blam'd: ſo that in theſe caſes, I think the beſt method is to let cenſure and opinion take their courſe. A Biſhop here ſaid, that book was full of improbable lies, and for his part, he hardly believed a word of it; and ſo much for Gulliver.

Going to England is a very good thing, if it were not attended with an ugly circumſtance of returning to Ireland. It is a ſhame you do not perſuade your Miniſters to keep me on that ſide, if it were but by a court expedient of keeping me in Priſon for a Plotter; but at the ſame time I muſt tell you, that ſuch journeys very much ſhorten my life, for a month here is longer than ſix at Twickenham.

How comes friend Gay to be ſo tedious? another man can publiſh fifty thouſand Lies ſooner than he can fifty Fables.

I am juſt going to perform a very good office, it is to aſſiſt with the Archbiſhop, in degrading a Parſon who couples all our beggars, by which I ſhall make one happy man; and decide the great queſtion of an indelible character in favour of the Principles in faſhion: this I hope you will repreſent to the Miniſtry in my favour, as a point of merit; ſo farewell till I return.

I am come back, and have deprived the parſon, who by a law here is to be hanged the next couple he marries: he declared to us that he reſolved to be hanged, only deſired that when he was to go to the gallows, the Archbiſhop would take off his Excommunication. Is not he a good Catholic? and yet he is but a Scotchman. This is the only Iriſh event I ever troubled you with, and I think it deſerves notice. — Let me add, that, if I were Gulliver's friend, I would deſire all my acquaintance to

give out that his copy was baſely mangled, and abuſed, and added to, and blotted out by the Printer; for ſo to me it ſeems, in the ſecond volume particularly.

Adieu.

LETTER XXI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

December 5, 1726.

I Believe the hurt in your hand affects me more than it does yourſelf, and with reaſon, becauſe I may probably be a greater loſer by it. What have Accidents to do with thoſe who are neither jockeys, nor fox-hunters, nor bullies, nor drunkards? And yet a raſcally Groom ſhall gallop a foundered horſe ten miles upon a cauſeway, and get home ſafe.

I am very much pleas'd that you approve what was ſent, becauſe I remember to have heard a great man ſay, that nothing required more judgment than making a preſent; which, when it is done to thoſe of high rank, ought to be of ſomething that is not readily got for money. You oblige me, and at the ſame time do me juſtice in what you obſerve as to Mr. P. Beſides, it is too late in life for me to act otherwiſe, and therefore I follow a very eaſy road to virtue, and purchaſe it cheap. If you will give me leave to join us, is not your life and mine a ſtate of power, and dependance a ſtate of ſlavery? We care not three pence whether a Prince or Miniſter will ſee us or no: We are not afraid of having ill offices done us, nor at the trouble of guarding our words for fear of giving offence. I do agree that Riches are Liberty, but then we are to put into the balance how long our apprenticeſhip is to laſt in acquiring them.

Since you have receiv'd the verſes, I moſt earneſtly intreat you to burn thoſe which you do not approve, and in thoſe few where you may not diſlike ſome parts, blot out the reſt, and ſometimes (tho' it be againſt the lazineſs of your nature) be ſo kind to make a few corrections, if the matter will bear them. I have ſome few of thoſe things I call Thoughts moral and diverting; if you pleaſe, I will ſend the beſt I can pick from them, to add to the new volume. I have reaſon to chuſe the method you mention of mixing the ſeveral verſes, and I hope thereby among the bad Critics to be entitled to more merit than is my due.

This moment I am ſo happy to have a letter from my Lord Peterborow, for which I intreat you will preſent him with my humble reſpects and thanks, tho' he all-to-be-Gullivers me by very ſtrong inſinuations. Though you deſpiſe Riddles, I am ſtrongly tempted to ſend a parcel to be printed by themſelves, and make a nine-penny jobb for the bookſeller. There are ſome of my own, wherein I exceed mankind, *Mira Poemata!* the moſt ſolemn that were ever ſeen; and ſome writ by others, admirable indeed, but far inferior to mine; but I will not praiſe myſelf. You approve that writer who laughs and makes others laugh; but why ſhould I who hate the world, or you who do not love it, make it ſo happy? therefore I reſolve from henceforth to handle only ſerious ſubjects, *niſi quid tu, docte Trebati, diſſentis.*

Yours, etc.

LETTER XXII.

March 8, 1726-7.

MR. Stopford will be the bearer of this letter, for whoſe acquaintance I am, among many other favours, obliged to you; and I think the acquaintance of ſo valuable, ingenious, and unaffected a man, to be none of the leaſt obligations.

Our Miſcellany is now quite printed. I am prodigiouſly pleaſed with this joint-volume, in which methinks we look like friends, ſide by ſide, ſerious and merry by turns, converſing interchangeably, and walking down hand in hand to poſterity: not in the ſtiff forms of learned Authors, flattering each other, and ſetting the reſt of mankind at nought; but in a free, unimportant, natural, eaſy manner; diverting others juſt as we diverted ourſelves. The third volume conſiſts of Verſes, but I would chuſe to print none but ſuch as have ſome peculiarity, and may be diſtinguiſh'd for ours, from other writers. There's no end of making Books, Solomon ſaid, and above all of making Miſcellanies, which all men can make. For unleſs there be a character in every piece, like the mark of the elect, I ſhould not care to be one of the Twelve-thouſand ſigned.

You receiv'd, I hope, ſome commendatory verſes from a Horſe and a Lilliputian, to Gulliver; and an heroic Epiſtle of Mrs. Gulliver. The bookſeller would fain have printed 'em before the ſecond Edition of the Book, but I would not permit it without your approbation: nor do I much like them. You ſee how much like a Poet I write, and yet if you were with us, you'd be deep in Politics. People are very warm, and very angry, very little to the purpoſe, but therefore the more warm and the more angry: *Non noſtrum eſt, Tantas componere lites.* I ſtay at

Twitnam, without ſo much as reading news-papers, votes, or any other paltry Pamphlets: Mr. Stopford will carry you a whole parcel of them, which are ſent for your diverſion, but not imitation. For my own part, methinks I am at Glubdubdrib with none but ancients and ſpirits about me.

I am rather better than I uſe to be at this ſeaſon, but my hand (though, as you ſee, it has not loſt its cunning) is frequently in very aukward ſenſations, rather than pain. But to convince you it is pretty well, it has done ſome miſchief already, and juſt been ſtrong enough to cut the other hand, while it was aiming to prune a fruit-tree.

Lady Bolingbroke has writ you a long, lively letter, which will attend this; ſhe has very bad health, he very good. Lord Peterborow has writ twice to you; we fancy ſome letters have been intercepted, or loſt by accident. About ten thouſand things I want to tell you; I wiſh you were as impatient to hear them, for if ſo, you would, you muſt come early this ſpring. Adieu. Let me have a line from you. I am vex'd at loſing Mr. Stopford as ſoon as I knew him: but I thank God I have known him no longer. If every man one begins to value muſt ſettle in Ireland, pray make me know no more of 'em, and I forgive you this one.

LETTER XXIII.

Oct. 2, 1727.

IT is a perfect trouble to me to write to you, and your kind letter left for me at Mr. Gay's affected me ſo much, that it made me like a girl. I can't tell what to ſay to you; I only feel that I wiſh you well in ev'ry

circumſtance of life; that 'tis almoſt as good to be hated as to be loved, conſidering the pain it is to minds of any tender turn, to find themſelves ſo utterly impotent to do any good, or give any eaſe to thoſe who deſerve moſt from us. I would very fain know, as ſoon as you recover your complaints, or any part of them. Would to God I could eaſe any of them, or had been able even to have alleviated any! I found I was not, and truly it grieved me. I was ſorry to find you could think yourſelf eaſier in any houſe than in mine, tho' at the ſame time I can allow for a tenderneſs in your way of thinking, even when it ſeem'd to want that tenderneſs. I can't explain my meaning, perhaps you know it: But the beſt way of convincing you of my indulgence, will be, if I live, to viſit you in Ireland, and act there as much in my own way as you did here in yours. I will not leave your roof, if I am ill. To your bad health I fear there was added ſome diſagreeable news from Ireland, which might occaſion your ſo ſudden departure: For the laſt time I ſaw you, you aſſured me you would not leave us this whole winter, unleſs your health grew better, and I don't find it did ſo. I never comply'd ſo unwillingly in my life with any friend as with you, in ſtaying ſo entirely from you: nor could I have had the conſtancy to do it, if you had not promiſed that before you went, we ſhould meet, and you would ſend to us all to come. I have given your remembrances to thoſe you mention in yours: we are quite ſorry for you, I mean for ourſelves. I hope, as you do, that we ſhall meet in a more durable and more ſatisfactory ſtate; but the leſs ſure I am of that, the more I would indulge it in this. We are to believe, we ſhall have ſomething better than even a friend, there, but certainly here we have nothing ſo good. Adieu for this time; may you find

every friend you go to as pleas'd and happy, as every friend you went from is ſorry and troubled.

Yours, etc.

LETTER XXIV.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, Oct. 12, 1727.

I Have been long reaſoning with myſelf upon the condition I am in, and in concluſion have thought it beſt to return to what fortune hath made my home; I have there a large houſe, and ſervants and conveniencies about me. I may be worſe than I am, and I have no where to retire. I therefore thought it beſt to return to Ireland, rather than go to any diſtant place in England. Here is my maintenance, and here my convenience. If it pleaſes God to reſtore me to my health, I ſhall readily make a third journey; if not, we muſt part as all human creatures have parted. You are the beſt and kindeſt friend in the world, and I know nobody alive or dead to whom I am ſo much obliged; and if ever you made me angry, it was for your too much care about me. I have often wiſhed that God Almighty would be ſo eaſy to the weakneſs of mankind, as to let old friends be acquainted in another ſtate; and if I were to write an Utopia for heaven, that would be one of my ſchemes. This wildneſs you muſt allow for, becauſe I am giddy and deaf.

I find it more convenient to be ſick here, without the vexation of making my friends uneaſy; yet my giddineſs alone would not have done, if that unſociable comfortleſs deafneſs had not quite tired me. And I believe I ſhould have returned from the Inn, if I had not

feared it was only a ſhort intermiſſion, and the year was late, and my licence expiring. Surely beſides all other faults, I ſhould be a very ill judge, to doubt your friendſhip and kindneſs. But it hath pleaſed God that you are not in a ſtate of health, to be mortified with the care and ſickneſs of a friend. Two ſick friends never did well together; ſuch an office is fitter for ſervants and humble companions, to whom it is wholly indifferent whether we give them trouble or no. The caſe would be quite otherwiſe if you were with me; you could refuſe to ſee any body, and here is a large houſe, where we need not hear each other if we were both ſick. I have a race of orderly elderly people of both ſexes at command, who are of no conſequence, and have gifts proper for attending us; who can bawl when I am deaf, and tread ſoftly when I am only giddy and would ſleep.

I had another reaſon for my haſte hither, which was changing my Agent, the old one having terribly involved my little affairs: to which however I am grown ſo indifferent, that I believe I ſhall loſe two or three hundred pounds rather than plague myſelf with accounts; ſo that I am very well qualified to be a Lord, and put into Peter Walter's hands.

Pray God continue and increaſe Mr. Congreve's amendment, though he does not deſerve it like you, having been too laviſh of that health which Nature gave him.

I hope my Whitehall-landlord is nearer to a place than when I left him; as the Preacher ſaid, "the day "of judgment was nearer, than ever it had been be-"fore."

Pray God ſend you health, *det ſalutem, det opes; animam aequam tibi ipſe parabis.* You ſee Horace wiſhed for money, as well as health; and I would hold a

crown he kept a coach; and I ſhall never be a friend to the Court, till you do ſo too.

Yours, etc.

LETTER XXV.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Oct. 30, 1727.

THE firſt letter I writ after my landing was to Mr. Gay; but it would have been wiſer to direct it to Tonſon or Lintot, to whom I believe his lodgings are better known than to the runners of the Poſt-office. In that letter you will find what a quick change I made in ſeven days from London to the Deanry, thro' many nations and languages unknown to the civilized world. And I have often reflected in how few hours, with a ſwift horſe or a ſtrong gale, a man may come among a people as unknown to him as the Antipodes. If I did not know you more by your converſation and kindneſs than by your letter, I might be baſe enough to ſuſpect, that in point of friendſhip you acted like ſome Philoſophers who writ much better upon Virtue than they practiſed it. In anſwer, I can only ſwear that you have taught me to dream, which I had not done in twelve years further than by inexpreſſible nonſenſe; but now I can every night diſtinctly ſee Twickenham, and the Grotto, and Dawley, and many other et cetera's, and it is but three nights ſince I beat Mrs. Pope. I muſt needs confeſs, that the pleaſure I take in thinking of you is very much leſſened by the pain I am in about your health: You pay dearly for the great talents God hath given you; and for the conſequences of them in the eſteem and diſtinction you receive from mankind,

unleſs you can provide a tolerable ſtock of health; in which purſuit I cannot much commend your conduct, but rather intreat you would mend it by following the advice of my Lord Bolingbroke and your other Phyſicians. When you talk'd to me of Cups and Impreſſions, it came into my head to imitate you in quoting Scripture, not to your advantage; I mean what was ſaid to David by one of his brothers: "I knew thy pride and "the naughtineſs of thy heart;" I remember when it grieved your ſoul to ſee me pay a penny more than my club at an inn, when you had maintained me three months at bed and board; for which if I had dealt with you in the Smithfield way, it would have coſt me a hundred pounds, for I live worſe here upon more. Did you ever conſider that I am for life almoſt twice as rich as you, and pay no rent, and drink French wine twice as cheap as you do Port, and have neither Coach, Chair, nor Mother? As to the world, I think you ought to ſay to it with St. Paul, *If we have ſown unto you ſpiritual things, is it a great thing if we ſhall reap your carnal things?* This is more proper ſtill, if you conſider the French word *ſpiritual*, in which ſenſe the world ought to pay you better than they do. If you made me a preſent of a thouſand pounds I would not allow myſelf to be in your debt; and if I made you a preſent of two, I would not allow myſelf to be out of it. But I have not half your pride: witneſs what Mr. Gay ſays in his letter, that I was cenſured for begging Preſents, though I limited them to ten ſhillings. I ſee no reaſon, (at leaſt my friendſhip and vanity ſee none) why you ſhould not give me a viſit, when you ſhall happen to be diſengaged: I will ſend a perſon to Cheſter to take care of you, and you ſhall be uſed, by the beſt folks we have here, as well as civility and good-nature can contrive; I believe local motion will be no ill phyſic, and

I will have your coming inſcribed on my Tomb, and recorded in never-dying verſe.

I thank Mrs. Pope for her prayers, but I know the myſtery. A perſon of my acquaintance, who uſed to correſpond with the laſt Great Duke of Tuſcany, ſhewing one of the Duke's letters to a friend, and profeſſing great ſenſe of his Highneſs's friendſhip, read this paſſage out of the letters, *I would give one of my fingers to procure your real good.* The perſon to whom this was read, and who knew the Duke well, ſaid, the meaning of *real good* was only that the other might turn a good Catholic. Pray aſk Mrs. Pope whether this ſtory is applicable to her and me? I pray God bleſs her, for I am ſure ſhe is a good Chriſtian, and (which is almoſt as rare) a good Woman.

Adieu.

LETTER XXVI.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

Oct. 22, 1727.

THE Queen's family is at laſt ſettled, and in the liſt I was appointed Gentleman-uſher to the Princeſs Louiſa, the youngeſt Princeſs; which, upon account that I am ſo far advanced in life, I have declin'd accepting; and have endeavour'd, in the beſt manner I could, to make my excuſes by a letter to her Majeſty. So now all my expectations are vaniſh'd; and I have no proſpect, but in depending wholly upon myſelf, and my own conduct. As I am us'd to diſappointments, I can bear them; but as I can have no more hopes, I can no more be diſappointed, ſo that I am in a bleſſed condition. — You remember you were adviſing me to go into

Newgate to finiſh my ſcenes the more correctly — I now think I ſhall, for I have no attendance to hinder me; but my Opera is already finiſh'd. I leave the reſt of this paper to Mr. Pope.

Gay is a Free-man, and I writ him a long Congratulatory Letter upon it. Do you the ſame: It will mend him, and make him a better man than a Court could do. Horace might keep his coach in Auguſtus's time, if he pleas'd; but I won't in the time of our Auguſtus. My Poem (which it grieves me that I dare not ſend you a copy of, for fear of the Curls and Dennis's of Ireland, and ſtill more for fear of the worſt of Traytors, our Friends and Admirers) my Poem, I ſay, will ſhew what a diſtinguiſhing age we lived in: Your name is in it, with ſome others, under a mark of ſuch ignominy as you will not much grieve to wear in that company. Adieu, and God bleſs you, and give you health and ſpirits,

Whether thou chuſe Cervantes' ſerious air,
Or laugh and ſhake in Rab'lais' eaſy chair,
Or in the graver Gown inſtruct mankind,
Or, ſilent, let thy morals tell thy mind.

Theſe two verſes are over and above what I've ſaid of you in the Poem. Adieu.

LETTER XXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. GAY.

Dublin, Nov. 23, 1727.

I Entirely approve your refuſal of that employment, and your writing to the Queen. I am perfectly confident you have a keen enemy in the Miniſtry. God forgive him, but not till he puts himſelf in a ſtate to be forgiven. Upon reaſoning with myſelf, I ſhould hope they are gone too far to diſcard you quite, and that they will give you ſomething; which, although much leſs than they ought, will be (as far as it is worth) better circumſtantiated: And ſince you already juſt live, a middling help will make you juſt tolerable. Your lateneſs in life (as you ſo ſoon call it) might be improper to begin the world with, but almoſt the eldeſt men may hope to ſee Changes in a Court. A Miniſter is always ſeventy: You are thirty years younger; and conſider, Cromwell himſelf did not begin to appear till he was older than you. I beg you will be thrifty, and learn to value a ſhilling, which Dr. Birch ſaid was a ſerious thing. Get a ſtronger fence about your 1000 *l.* and throw the inner fence into the heap, and be adviſed by your Twickenham landlord and me about an annuity. You are the moſt refractory, honeſt, good-natur'd man I ever have known; I could argue out this paper — I am very glad your Opera is finiſhed, and hope your frieuds will join the readier to make it ſucceed, becauſe you are ill-uſed by others.

I have known Courts theſe thirty-ſix years, and know they differ; but in ſome things they are extremely conſtant: Firſt, in the trite old maxim of a miniſter's never forgiving thoſe he hath injured: Secondly, in the inſincerity of thoſe who would be thought the beſt friends: Thirdly, in the love of fawning, cringing, and tale-

bearing: Fourthly, in ſacrificing thoſe whom we really wiſh well, to a point of intereſt, or intrigue: Fifthly, in keeping every thing worth taking, for thoſe who can do ſervice or diſ-ſervice.

Now why does not Pope publiſh his Dulneſs? the rogues he marks will die of themſelves in peace, and ſo will his friends, and ſo there will be neither puniſhment nor reward. — Pray enquire how my Lord St. John does? there's no man's health in England I am more concerned about than his. — I wonder whether you begin to taſte the pleaſure of independency? or whether you do not ſometimes leer upon the Court, *oculo retorto?* Will you not think of an Annuity, when you are two years older, and have doubled your purchaſe-money? Have you dedicated your Opera, and got the uſual dedication-fee of twenty guineas? How is the Doctor? does he not chide that you never called upon him for hints? Is my Lord Bolingbroke at the moment I am writing, a planter, a philoſopher, or a writer? Is Mr. Pultney in expectation of a ſon, or my Lord Oxford of a new old Manuſcript?

I bought your Opera to-day for ſix-pence, a curſed print. I find there is neither dedication nor preface, both which wants I approve; it is in the *grand gout.*

We are as full of it *pro modulo noſtro* as London can be; continually acting, and houſes cramm'd, and the Lord Lieutenant ſeveral times there laughing his heart out. I did not underſtand that the ſcene of Lockit and Peachum's quarrel was an imitation of one between Brutus and Caſſius, till I was told it. I wiſh Macheath, when he was going to be hang'd, had imitated Alexander the Great when he was dying: I would have had his fellow-rogues deſire his commands about a Succeſſor, and he to anſwer, Let it be the moſt worthy, etc. We hear a million of ſtories about the Opera, of

the applauſe at the ſong, *That was levell'd at me*, when two great Miniſters were in a box together, and all the world ſtaring at them. I am heartily glad your Opera hath mended your purſe, though perhaps it may ſpoil your court.

Will you deſire my Lord Bolingbroke, Mr. Pultney, and Mr. Pope, to command you to buy an annuity with two thouſand pounds? that you may laugh at courts, and bid Miniſters ——

Ever preſerve ſome ſpice of the Alderman, and prepare againſt Age, and Dulneſs, and Sickneſs, and Coldneſs or Death of Friends. A Whore has a reſource leſt, that ſhe can turn bawd; but an old decay'd Poet is a creature abandon'd, and at mercy, when he can find none. Get me likewiſe Polly's Meſſotinto. Lord, how the ſchool-boys at Weſtminſter, and Univerſity-lads adore you at this juncture! Have you made as many men laugh, as Miniſters can make weep?

I will excuſe Sir —— the trouble of a letter: When Ambaſſadors came from Troy to condole with Tiberius upon the death of his Nephew, after two years; the Emperor anſwered, that he likewiſe condoled with them for the untimely death of Hector. I always loved and reſpected him very much, and do ſtill as much as ever; and it is a return ſufficient, if he pleaſes to accept the offers of my moſt humble ſervice.

The Beggar's Opera hath knock'd down Gulliver; I hope to ſee Pope's Dulneſs knock down the Beggar's Opera, but not till it hath fully done its jobb.

To expoſe vice, and make people laugh with innocence, does more public ſervice than all the Miniſters of ſtate from Adam to Walpole, and ſo adieu.

LETTER XXVIII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

POPE charges himſelf with this letter; he has been here two days, he is now hurrying to London, he will hurry back to Twickenham in two days more, and before the end of the week he will be, for ought I know, at Dublin. In the mean time his * *Dulneſs* grows and flouriſhes as if he was there already. It will indeed be a noble work: the many will ſtare at it, the few will ſmile, and all his Patrons from Bickerſtaff to Gulliver will rejoice, to ſee themſelves adorn'd in that immortal piece.

I hear that you have had ſome return of your illneſs which carried you ſo ſuddenly from us (if indeed it was your own illneſs which made you in ſuch haſte to be at Dublin.) Dear Swift, take care of your health. I'll give you a receipt for it, *à la Montagne*, or which is better, *à la Bruyere. Nouriſſer bien vôtre corps; ne le fatiguer jamais: laiſſer rouiller l'eſprit, meuble inutil, voire outil dangereux: Laiſſer ſonner vos cloches le matin pour eveiller les chanoines, et pour faire dormir le Doyen d'un ſommeil doux et profond, qui luy procure de beaux ſonges: Leuer vous tard, et aller à l'Egliſe, pour vous faire payer d'avoir bien dormi et bien dejuné.* As to myſelf (a perſon about whom I concern myſelf very little) I muſt ſay a word or two out of complaiſance to you. I am in my farm, and here I ſhoot ſtrong and tenacious roots; I have caught hold of the earth (to uſe a Gardener's phraſe) and neither my enemies nor my friends will find it an eaſy matter to tranſplant me again. Adieu. Let me hear from you, at leaſt of you: I love you for a

* The Dunciad.

thouſand things, for none more than for the juſt eſteem and love which you have for all the ſons of Adam.

P. S. According to Lord Bolingbroke's account I ſhall be at Dublin in three days. I cannot help adding a word, to deſire you to expect my ſoul there with you by that time; but as for the jade of a body that is tack'd to it, I fear there will be no dragging it after. I aſſure you I have few friends here to detain me, and no powerful one at Court abſolutely to forbid my journey. I am told the Gynocracy are of opinion, that they want no better writers than Cibber and the Britiſh journaliſt; ſo that we may live at quiet, and apply ourſelves to our more abſtruſe ſtudies. The only Courtiers I know, or have the honour to call my friends, are John Gay and Mr. Bowry; the former is at preſent ſo employed in the elevated airs of his Opera, and the latter in the exaltation of his high dignity (that of her Majeſty's Waterman) that I can ſcarce obtain a categorical anſwer from either to any thing I ſay to 'em. But the Opera ſucceeds extremely, to yours and my extreme ſatisfaction, of which he promiſes this poſt to give you a full account. I have been in a worſe condition of health than ever, and think my immortality is very near out of my enjoyment: ſo it muſt be in you, and in poſterity, to make me what amends you can for dying young. Adieu. While I am, I am yours. Pray love me, and take care of yourſelf.

LETTER XXIX.

March 23, 1727-8.

I Send you a very odd thing, a paper printed in Boſton in New-England, wherein you'll find a real perſon, a

member of their Parliament, of the name of Jonathan Gulliver. If the fame of that Traveller has travell'd thither, it has travell'd very quick, to have folks chriſten'd already by the name of the ſuppoſed Author. But if you object, that no child ſo lately chriſten'd could be arrived at years of maturity to be elected into Parliament, I reply (to ſolve the Riddle) that the perſon is an *Anabaptiſt*, and not chriſten'd till full age, which ſets all right. However it be, the accident is very ſingular, that theſe two names ſhould be united.

Mr. Gay's Opera has been acted near forty days running, and will certainly continue the whole ſeaſon. So he has more than a fence about his thouſand pound: he'll ſoon be thinking of a fence about his two thouſand. Shall no one of us live as we would wiſh each other to live? Shall he have no annuity, you no ſettlement on this ſide, and I no proſpect of getting to you on the other? This world is made for Cæſar—as Cato ſaid, for ambitious, falſe, or flattering people to domineer in: Nay they would not, by their good will, leave us our very books, thoughts, or words, in quiet. I deſpiſe the world yet, I aſſure you, more than either Gay or you, and the Court more than all the reſt of the world. As for thoſe Scriblers for whom you apprehend I would ſuppreſs my *Dulneſs* (which by the way, for the future, you are to call by a more pompous name, *The Dunciad*) how much that neſt of Hornets are my regard, will eaſily appear to you when you read the Treatiſe of the Bathos.

At all adventures, yours and my name ſhall ſtand linked as friends to poſterity, both in verſe and proſe, and (as Tully calls it) in *conſuetudine Studiorum*. Would to God our Perſons could but as well, and as ſurely be inſeparable! I find my other Tyes dropping from me: ſome worn off, ſome torn off, others relaxing daily: My greateſt, both by duty, gratitude, and humanity, Time is

ſhaking every moment, and it now hangs but by a thread! I am many years the older, for living ſo much with one ſo old; much the more helpleſs, for having been ſo long help'd and tended by her; much the more conſiderate and tender, for a daily commerce with one who requir'd me juſtly to be both to her; and conſequently the more melancholy and thoughtful; and the leſs fit for others, who want only in a companion or a friend, to be amuſed or entertained. My conſtitution too has had its ſhare of decay, as well as my ſpirits, and I am as much in the decline at forty as you at ſixty. I believe we ſhall be fit to live together, cou'd I get a little more health, which might make me not quite inſupportable: Your Deafneſs wou'd agree with my Dulneſs; you would not want me to ſpeak when you could not hear. But God forbid you ſhou'd be as deſtitute of the ſocial comforts of life, as I muſt when I loſe my mother; or that ever you ſhou'd loſe your more uſeful acquaintance ſo utterly, as to turn your thoughts to ſuch a broken reed as I am, who could ſo ill ſupply your wants. I am extremely troubled at the returns of your deafneſs; you cannot be too particular in the accounts of your health to me; every thing you do or ſay in this kind obliges me, nay, delights me, to ſee the juſtice you do me in thinking me concern'd in all your concerns; ſo that though the pleaſanteſt thing you can tell me be that you are better or eaſier; next to that it pleaſes me, that you make me the perſon you would complain to.

As the obtaining the love of valuable men is the happieſt end I know of this life, ſo the next felicity is to get rid of fools and ſcoundrels; which I can't but own to you was one part of my deſign in falling upon theſe Authors, whoſe incapacity is not greater than their inſincerity, and of whom I have always found (if I may quote myſelf;)

That each bad Author is as bad a Friend.

This Poem will rid me of thoſe inſects,

Cedite, Romani Scriptores, cedite, Graii;
Neſcio quid *majus naſcitur Iliade.*

I mean than *my Iliad*; and I call it *Neſcio quid*, which is a degree of modeſty; but however if it ſilence theſe fellows *, it muſt be ſomething greater than any Iliad in Chriſtendom.

Adieu.

LETTER XXX.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, May 10, 1728.

I Have with great pleaſure ſhewn the New-England News-paper with the two names Jonathan Gulliver, and I remember Mr. Forteſcue ſent you an account from the aſſizes, of one Lemuel Gulliver who had a Cauſe there, and loſt it on his ill reputation of being a liar. Theſe are not the only obſervations I have made upon odd ſtrange accidents in trifles, which in things of great importance would have been matter for hiſtorians. Mr. Gay's Opera hath been acted here twenty times, and my Lord Lieutenant tells me, it is very well perform'd; he hath ſeen it often, and approves it much.

You give a moſt melancholy account of yourſelf, and which I do not approve. I reckon that a man ſubject like us to bodily infirmities, ſhould only occaſionally converſe with great people, notwithſtanding all their good

* It did, in a little time, effectually ſilence them.

qualities, eaſineſſes, and kindneſſes. There is another race which I prefer before them, as Beef and Mutton for conſtant diet before Partridges: I mean a middle kind both for underſtanding and fortune, who are perfectly eaſy, never impertinent, complying in every thing, ready to do a hundred little offices that you and I may often want, who dine and ſit with me five times for once that I go to them, and whom I can tell without offence, that I am otherwiſe engaged at preſent. This you cannot expect from any of thoſe that either you or I or both are acquainted with on your ſide; who are only fit for our healthy ſeaſons, and have much buſineſs of their own. God forbid I ſhould condemn you to Ireland (*Quanquam O!*) and for England I deſpair; and indeed a change of affairs would come too late at my ſeaſon of life, and might probably produce nothing on my behalf. You have kept Mrs. Pope longer, and have had her care beyond what from nature you could expect; not but her loſs will be very ſenſible, whenever it ſhall happen. I ſay one thing, that both ſummers and winters are milder here than with you; all things for life in general better for a middling fortune: you will have an abſolute command of your company, with whatever obſequiouſneſs or freedom you may expect or allow. I have an elderly houſe-keeper, who hath been my *W-lp-le* above thirty years, whenever I liv'd in this kingdom. I have the command of one or two villa's near this town: You have a warm apartment in this houſe, and two gardens for amuſement. I have ſaid enough, yet not half. Except abſence from friends, I confeſs freely that I have no diſcontent at living here; beſides what ariſes from a ſilly ſpirit of Liberty, which as it neither ſours my drink, nor hurts my meat, nor ſpoils my ſtomach farther than in imagination, ſo I reſolve to throw it off.

You talk of this Dunciad, but I am impatient to have it *volare per ora*—there is now a vacancy for fame; the Beggar's Opera hath done its task, *discedit uti conviva satur.*

Adieu.

LETTER XXXI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

June 1, 1728.

I Look upon my Lord Bolingbroke and us two, as a peculiar Triumvirate, who have nothing to expect, or to fear; and so far fittest to converse with one another: Only he and I are a little subject to schemes, and one of us (I won't say which) upon very weak appearances, and this you have nothing to do with. I do profess without affectation, that your kind opinion of me as a Patriot (since you call it so) is what I do not deserve; because what I do is owing to perfect rage and resentment, and the mortifying sight of slavery, folly and baseness about me, among which I'm forc'd to live. And I will take my oath that you have more Virtue in an hour, than I in seven years; for you despise the follies, and hate the vices of mankind, without the least ill effect on your temper; with regard to particular men, you are inclined always rather to think the better, whereas with me it is always directly contrary. I hope however, this is not in you from a superior principle of virtue, but from your situation, which hath made all parties and interests indifferent to you, who can be under no concern about high and low-Church, Whig and Tory, or who is first Minister—Your long letter was the last I received till this by Dr. Delany, although you mention another since. The Dr.

told me your ſecret about the Dunciad, which does not pleaſe me, becauſe it defers gratifying my vanity in the moſt tender point, and perhaps may wholly diſappoint it. As to one of your enquiries, I am eaſy enough in great matters, and have a thouſand paltry vexations in my little ſtation, and the more contemptible, the more vexatious. There might be a Lutrin writ upon the tricks uſed by my Chapter to teize me. I do not converſe with one creature of Station or Title, but I have a ſet of eaſy people whom I entertain when I have a mind; I have formerly deſcrib'd them to you, but, when you come, you ſhall have the honours of the country as much as you pleaſe, and I ſhall on that account make a better figure as long as I live. Pray God preſerve Mrs. Pope for your ſake and eaſe; I love and eſteem her too much to wiſh it for her own: If I were five and twenty, I would wiſh to be of her age, to be as ſecure as ſhe is of a better life. Mrs. P. B. has writ to me, and is one of the beſt Letter-writers I know; very good ſenſe, civility and friendſhip, without any ſtiffneſs or conſtraint. The Dunciad has taken wind here, but if it had not, you are as much known here as in England, and the Univerſity-lads will crowd to kiſs the hem of your garment. I am griev'd to hear that my Lord Bolingbroke's ill health forc'd him to the Bath. Tell me, is not Temperance a neceſſary virtue for great men, ſince it is the parent of Eaſe and Liberty? ſo neceſſary for the uſe and improvement of the mind, and which Philoſophy allows to be the greateſt felicities of life? I believe, had health been given ſo liberally to you, it would have been better huſbanded without ſhame to your parts.

LETTER XXXII.

Dawley, June 28, 1728.

I Now hold the pen for my Lord Bolingbroke, who is reading your Letter between two Hay-cocks; but his attention is ſomewhat diverted by caſting his eyes on the clouds, not in admiration of what you ſay, but for fear of a ſhower. He is pleaſed with your placing him in the Triumvirate, between yourſelf and me; tho' he ſays that he doubts he ſhall fare like Lepidus, while one of us runs away with all the power like Auguſtus, and another with all the pleaſures like Anthony. It is upon a foreſight of this, that he has fitted up his farm, and you will agree, that this ſcheme of retreat at leaſt is not founded upon weak appearances. Upon his return from the Bath, all peccant humours, he finds, are purg'd out of him; and his great Temperance and Oeconomy are ſo ſignal, that the firſt is fit for my conſtitution, and the latter would enable you to lay up ſo much money as to buy a Biſhoprick in England. As to the return of his health and vigour, were you here, you might enquire of his Hay-makers; but as to his temperance, I can anſwer that (for one whole day) we have had nothing for dinner but mutton broth, beans and bacon, and a barn-door fowl.

Now his Lordſhip is run after his Cart, I have a moment left to myſelf to tell you, that I over-heard him yeſterday agree with a painter for 200 *l.* to paint his country-hall with Trophies of rakes, ſpades, prongs, etc. and other ornaments merely to countenance his calling this place a farm—now turn over a new leaf—

He bids me aſſure you, he ſhould be ſorry not to have more ſchemes of kindneſs for his friends, than of ambition for himſelf: There, tho' his ſchemes may be weak,

the motives at leaſt are ſtrong; and he ſays further, if you could bear as great a fall, and decreaſe of your revenues, as he knows by experience he can, you would not live in Ireland an hour.

The Dunciad is going to be printed in all pomp, with the inſcription, which makes me proudeſt. It will be attended with *Proeme, Prolegomena, Teſtimonia Scriptorum, Index Authorum* and Notes *Variorum*. As to the latter, I deſire you to read over the Text, and make a few in any way you like beſt *, whether dry raillery, upon the ſtyle, and way of commenting of trivial critics; or humourous, upon the authors in the poem; or hiſtorical, of perſons, places, times; or explanatory; or collecting the parallel paſſages of the Ancients. Adieu. I am pretty well, my Mother not ill, Dr. Arbuthnot vex'd with his fever by intervals; I am afraid he declines, and we ſhall loſe a worthy man: I am troubled about him very much.

I am, etc.

LETTER XXXIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

July 16, 1728.

I Have often run over the *Dunciad* in an Iriſh edition (I ſuppoſe full of faults) which a gentleman ſent me. The notes I could wiſh to be very large, in what relates to the perſons concerned; for I have long obſerv'd that twenty miles from London no body underſtands hints, initial letters, or town-facts and paſſages; and in a few years not even thoſe who live in London. I would have the names of thoſe ſcriblers printed indexically at the

* Dr. Swift did ſo.

beginning or end of the Poem, with an account of their works, for the reader to refer to. I would have all the Parodies (as they are call'd) referred to the author they imitate — When I began this long paper, I thought I ſhould have fill'd it with ſetting down the ſeveral paſſages I had mark'd in the edition I had; but I find it unneceſſary, ſo many of them falling under the ſame rule. After twenty times reading the whole, I never in my opinion ſaw ſo much good ſatire, or more good ſenſe, in ſo many lines. How it paſſes in Dublin I know not yet; but I am ſure it will be a great diſadvantage to the poem, that the perſons and facts will not be underſtood, till an explanation comes out, and a very full one. I imagine it is not to be publiſhed till towards winter, when folks begin to gather in town. Again, I inſiſt, you muſt have your Aſteriſks filled up with ſome real names of real Dunces.

I am now reading your preceding letter, of June 28, and find that all I have advis'd above is mention'd there. I would be glad to know whether the quarto edition is to come out anonymouſly, as publiſhed by the Commentator, with all his pomp of prefaces, etc. and among many complaints of ſpurious editions? I am thinking whether the Editor ſhould not follow the old ſtyle of, This excellent author, etc. and refine in many places when you meant no refinement; and into the bargain take all the load of naming the dunces, their qualities, hiſtories, and performances?

As to yourſelf, I doubt you want a ſpurrer-on to exerciſe and to amuſements; but to talk of decay at your ſeaſon of life is a jeſt. But you are not ſo regular as I. You are the moſt temperate man God-ward, and the moſt intemperate yourſelf-ward, of moſt I have known. I ſuppoſe Mr. Gay will return from the Bath with twenty pounds more fleſh, and two hundred leſs in money:

Providence never deſigned him to be above two and twenty, by his thoughtleſſneſs and Cullibility. He hath as little foreſight of age, ſickneſs, poverty, or loſs of admirers, as a girl at fifteen. By the way, I muſt obſerve, that my Lord Bolingbroke (from the effects of his kindneſs to me) argues moſt ſophiſtically: The fall from a million to a hundred thouſand pounds is not ſo great, as from eight hundred pounds a year to one: Beſides, he is a controller of Fortune, and Poverty dares not look a great Miniſter in the face, under his loweſt declenſion. I never knew him live ſo great and expenſively as he hath done ſince his return from Exile; ſuch mortals have reſources that others are not able to comprehend. But God bleſs you, whoſe great genius has not ſo tranſported you as to leave you to the courteſy of mankind; for wealth is liberty, and liberty is a bleſſing fitteſt for a philoſopher—and Gay is a ſlave juſt by two thouſand pounds too little.——And Horace was of my mind, and let my Lord contradict him, if he dares.——

LETTER XXXIV.

Bath, Nov. 12, 1728.

I Have paſt ſix weeks in queſt of health, and found it not; but I found the folly of ſolicitude about it in a hundred inſtances; the contrariety of opinions and practices, the inability of phyſicians, the blind obedience of ſome patients, and as blind rebellion of others. I believe at a certain time of life, men are either fools, or phyſicians for themſelves, and zealots, or divines for themſelves.

It was much in my hopes that you intended us a winter's viſit, but laſt week I repented that wiſh, having been alarmed with a report of your lying ill on the

road from Ireland; from which I am juſt relieved by an aſſurance that you are ſtill at Sir A—'s planting and building; two things that I envy you for, beſides a third, which is the ſociety of a valuable Lady. I conclude (tho' I know nothing of it) that you quarrel with her, and abuſe her every day, if ſhe is ſo. I wonder I hear of no Lampoons upon her, either made by yourſelf, or by others, becauſe you eſteem her. I think it a vaſt pleaſure that whenever two people of merit regard one another, ſo many ſcoundrels envy and are angry at them: 'tis bearing teſtimony to a merit they cannot reach; and if you knew the infinite content I have receiv'd of late, at the finding yours and my name conſtantly united in any ſilly ſcandal, I think you would go near to ſing *Io Triumphe!* and celebrate my happineſs in verſe; and, I believe, if you won't, I ſhall. The inſcription to the Dunciad is now printed and inſerted in the Poem. Do you care I ſhould ſay any thing farther how much that poem is yours? ſince certainly without you it had never been. Would to God we were together for the reſt of our lives! The whole weight of Scriblers would juſt ſerve to find us amuſement, and not more. I hope you are too well employed to mind them: every ſtick you plant, and every ſtone you lay, is to ſome purpoſe; but the buſineſs of ſuch lives as theirs is but to die daily, to labour, and raiſe nothing. I only wiſh we could comfort each other under our bodily infirmities, and let thoſe who have ſo great a mind to have more Wit than we, win it and wear it. Give us but eaſe, health, peace, and fair weather! I think it is the beſt wiſh in the world, and you know whoſe it was. If I liv'd in Ireland, I fear the wet climate would endanger more than my life; my humour, and health; I am ſo atmoſpherical a creature.

I muſt not omit acquainting you, that what you heard of the words ſpoken of you in the Drawing-room, was not true. The ſayings of Princes are generally as ill related as the ſayings of Wits. To ſuch reports little of our regard ſhould be given, and leſs of our conduct influenced by them.

LETTER XXXV.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, Feb. 13, 1728.

I Lived very eaſily in the country: Sir A. is a man of ſenſe, and a ſcholar, has a good voice, and my lady a better; ſhe is perfectly well-bred, and deſires to improve her underſtanding, which is very good, but cultivated too much like a fine lady. She was my pupil there, and ſeverely chid when ſhe read wrong; with that, and walking, and making twenty little amuſing improvements, and writing family-verſes of mirth by way of libels on my Lady, my time paſt very well and in very great order; infinitely better than here where I ſee no creature but my ſervants and my old Preſbyterian houſe-keeper, denying myſelf to every body, till I ſhall recover my ears.

The account of another Lord Lieutenant was only in a common news-paper, when I was in the country; and if it ſhould have happened to be true, I would have deſired to have had acceſs to him, as the ſituation I am in requires. But this renews the grief for the death of our friend Mr. Congreve, whom I loved from my youth, and who ſurely, beſides his other talents, was a very agreeable companion. He had the misfortune to ſquander away a very good conſtitution in his younger days;

and I think a man of ſenſe and merit like him, is bound in conſcience to preſerve his health for the ſake of his friends, as well as of himſelf. Upon his own account I could not much deſire the continuance of his life, under ſo much pain, and ſo many infirmities. Years have not yet hardened me; and I have an addition of weight on my ſpirits ſince we loſt him; tho' I ſaw him ſo ſeldom, and poſſibly, if he had liv'd on, ſhould never have ſeen him more. I do not only wiſh as you aſk me, that I was unacquainted with any deſerving perſon, but almoſt that I never had a friend. Here is an ingenious good-humour'd Phyſician, a fine gentleman, an excellent ſcholar, eaſy in his fortunes, kind to every body, hath abundance of friends, entertains them often and liberally, they paſs the evening with him at cards, with plenty of good meat and wine, eight or a dozen together; he loves them all, and they him. He has twenty of theſe at command; if one of them dies, it is no more than poor Tom! he gets another, or takes up with the reſt, and is no more mov'd than at the loſs of his cat; he offends nobody, is eaſy with every body — Is not this the true happy man? I was deſcribing him to my Lady A—, who knows him too, but ſhe hates him mortally by my character, and will not drink his health: I would give half my fortune for the ſame temper, and yet I cannot ſay I love it, for I do not love my Lord —— who is much of the Doctor's nature. I hear Mr. Gay's ſecond Opera, which you mention, is forbid; and then he will be once more fit to be adviſed, and reject your advice. Adieu.

LETTER XXXVI.

Dr. SWIFT to Lord BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, March 21, 1729.

YOU tell me you have not quitted the deſign of collecting, writing, etc. This is the anſwer of every ſinner who defers his repentance. I wiſh Mr. Pope were as great an urger as I, who long for nothing more than to ſee truth under your hands, laying all detraction in the duſt —— I find myſelf diſpoſed every year, or rather every month, to be more angry and revengeful; and my rage is ſo ignoble, that it deſcends even to reſent the folly and baſeneſs of the enſlaved people among whom I live. I knew an old Lord in Leiceſterſhire, who amuſed himſelf with mending pitchforks and ſpades for his Tenants *gratis*. Yet I have higher ideas left, if I were nearer to objects on which I might employ them; and contemning my private fortune, would gladly croſs the channel and ſtand by, while my betters were driving the Boars out of the garden, if there be any probable expectation of ſuch an endeavour. When I was of your age I often thought of death, but now after a dozen years more, it is never out of my mind, and terrifies me leſs. I conclude that Providence hath order'd our fears to decreaſe with our ſpirits; and yet I love *la bagatelle* better than ever: for finding it troubleſome to read at night, and the company here growing taſteleſs, I am always writing bad proſe, or worſe verſes, either of rage or raillery, whereof ſome few eſcape to give offence or mirth, and the reſt are burnt.

They print ſome Iriſh traſh in London, and charge it on me, which you will clear me of to my friends, for

all are ſpurious except one * paper, for which Mr. Pope very lately chid me. I remember your Lordſhip us'd to ſay, that a few good ſpeakers would in time carry any point that was right; and that the common method of a majority, by calling, To the queſtion, would never hold long when reaſon was on the other ſide. Whether politics do not change like gaming by the invention of new tricks, I am ignorant; but I believe in your time you would never, as a Miniſter, have ſuffer'd an act to paſs thro' the H. of C——s, only becauſe you were ſure of a majority in the H. of L—ds to throw it out; becauſe it would be unpopular, and conſequently a loſs of reputation. Yet this we are told hath been the caſe in the qualification-bill relating to Penſioners. It ſhould ſeem to me that Corruption, like avarice, hath no bounds. I had opportunities to know the proceedings of your miniſtry better than any other man of my rank; and having not much to do, I have often compar'd it with theſe laſt ſixteen years of a profound peace all over Europe, and we running ſeven millions in debt. I am forc'd to play at ſmall game, to ſet the beaſts here a madding, merely for want of better game, *Tentanda via eſt qua me quoque poſſim, etc.* — The D—— take thoſe politics, where a Dunce might govern for a dozen years together. I will come in perſon to England, if I am provok'd, and ſend for the Dictator from the plough. I diſdain to ſay, *O mihi praeteritos* —— but *cruda deo viridiſque ſenectus.* Pray, my Lord, how are the Gardens? Have you taken down the mount, and remov'd the yew hedges? Have you not bad weather for the ſpring corn? Has Mr. Pope gone farther in his Ethic Poems? and is the head-land ſown with wheat? and what ſays Polybius? and how does my Lord St.

* Entituled, *A Libel on Dr. Delany, and a certain great Lord,*

John? which laſt queſtion is very material to me, becauſe I love Burgundy, and riding between Twickenham and Dawley. —— I built a wall five years ago, and when the maſons play'd the knaves, nothing delighted me ſo much as to ſtand by, while my ſervants threw down what was amiſs: I have likewiſe ſeen a Monkey overthrow all the diſhes and plates in a kitchen, merely for the pleaſure of ſeeing them tumble, and hearing the clatter they made in their fall. I wiſh you would invite me to ſuch another entertainment; but you think, as I ought to think, that it is time for me to have done with the world, and ſo I would if I could get into a better before I was called into the beſt, and not die here in a rage, like a poiſon'd rat in a hole. I wonder you are not aſhamed to let me pine away in this kingdom while you are out of power.

I come from looking over the *Melange* above-written, and declare it to be a true copy of my preſent diſpoſition, which muſt needs pleaſe you, ſince nothing was ever more diſpleaſing to myſelf. I deſire you to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to my Lady.

LETTER XXXVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Lord BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, April 5, 1729.

I Do not think it could be poſſible for me to hear better news than that of your getting over your ſcurvy ſuit, which always hung as a dead weight on my heart; I hated it in all its circumſtances, as it affected your fortune and quiet, and in a ſituation of life that muſt make it every way vexatious. And as I am infinitely obliged to you for the juſtice you do me, in ſuppoſing

your affairs do at leaſt concern me as much as my own; ſo I would never have pardoned your omitting it. But before I go on, I cannot forbear mentioning what I read laſt ſummer in a news-paper, that you were writing the hiſtory of your own times. I ſuppoſe ſuch a report might ariſe from what was not ſecret among your friends, of your intention to write another kind of hiſtory; which you often promis'd Mr. Pope and me to do; I know he deſires it very much, and I am ſure I deſire nothing more, for the honour and love I bear you, and the perfect knowledge I have of your public virtue. My Lord, I have no other notion of Oeconomy than that it is the parent of Liberty and Eaſe, and I am not the only friend you have who have chid you in his heart for the neglect of it, though not with his mouth, as I have done. For there is a ſilly error in the world, even among friends otherwiſe very good, not to intermeddle with mens affairs in ſuch nice matters. And, my Lord, I have made a maxim, that ſhould be writ in letters of diamonds, That a wiſe man ought to have Money in his head, but not in his heart. Pray, my Lord, enquire whether your prototype, my Lord Digby, after the Reſtoration when he was at Briſtol, did not take ſome care of his fortune, notwithſtanding that quotation I once ſent you out of his ſpeech to the H. of Commons? In my conſcience, I believe Fortune, like other drabbs, values a man gradually leſs for every year he lives. I have demonſtration for it; becauſe if I play at piquet for ſixpence with a man or a woman two years younger than myſelf, I always loſe; and there is a young girl of twenty, who never fails of winning my money at Backgammon, tho' ſhe is a bungler, and the game be Eccleſiaſtic. As to the public, I confeſs nothing could cure my itch of meddling with it but theſe frequent returns of deafneſs,

which have hindered me from paſſing laſt winter in London; yet I cannot but conſider the perfidiouſneſs of ſome people, who I thought when I was laſt there, upon a change that happened, were the moſt impudent in forgetting their profeſſions that I have ever known. Pray, will you pleaſe to take your pen, and blot me out that political maxim from whatever book it is in, that *Res nolunt diu male adminiſtrari*; the commonneſs makes me not know who is the Author, but ſure he muſt be ſome Modern.

I am ſorry for Lady Bolingbroke's ill health; but I proteſt, I never knew a very deſerving perſon of that ſex, who had not too much reaſon to complain of ill health. I never wake without finding life a more inſignificant thing than it was the day before: which is one great advantage I get by living in this country, where there is nothing I ſhall be ſorry to loſe. But my greateſt miſery is recollecting the ſcene of twenty years paſt, and then all on a ſudden dropping into the preſent. I remember, when I was a little boy, I felt a great fiſh at the end of my line, which I drew up almoſt on the ground, but it dropt in, and the diſappointment vexes me to this very day, and I believe, it was the type of all my future diſappointments. I ſhould be aſhamed to ſay this to you, if you had not a ſpirit fitter to bear your own misfortunes, than I have to think of them. Is there patience left to reflect, by what qualities wealth and greatneſs are got, and by what qualities they are loſt? I have read my friend Congreve's verſes to Lord Cobham, which end with a vile and falſe moral, and I remember is not in Horace to Tibullus, which he imitates, "that "all times are equally virtuous and vicious," wherein he differs from all Poets, Philoſophers, and Chriſtians that ever writ. It is more probable that there may be

an equal quantity of virtue always in the world, but ſometimes there may be a peck of it in Aſia, and hardly a thimble-full in Europe. But if there be no virtue, there is abundance of ſincerity; for I will venture all I am worth, that there is not one human creature in power, who will not be modeſt enough to confeſs that he proceeds wholly upon a principle of Corruption. I ſay this, becauſe I have a ſcheme, in ſpite of your notions, to govern England upon the principles of Virtue; and when the nation is ripe for it, I deſire you will ſend for me. I have learned this by living like a Hermit, by which I am got backwards about nineteen hundred years in the aera of the world, and begin to wonder at the wickedneſs of men. I dine alone upon half a diſh of meat, mix water with my wine, walk ten miles a day, and read Baronius. *Hic explicit Epiſtola ad Dom.* Bolingbroke, *et incipit ad amicum* Pope.

Having finiſhed my Letter to Ariſtippus, I now begin to you. I was in great pain about Mrs. Pope, having heard from others that ſhe was in a very dangerous way, which made me think it unſeaſonable to trouble you. I am aſhamed to tell you, that when I was very young I had more deſire to be famous than ever ſince; and fame, like all things elſe in this life, grows with me every day more a trifle. But you who are ſo much younger, although you want that health you deſerve, yet your ſpirits are as vigorous as if your body were ſounder. I hate a crowd, where I have not an eaſy place to ſee and be ſeen. A great Library always makes me melancholy, where the beſt Author is as much ſqueezed, and as obſcure, as a Porter at a Coronation. In my own little library, I value the compilements of Grævius and Gronovius, which make thirty-one volumes in folio (and were given me by my Lord Bolingbroke)

more than all my books beſides; becauſe whoever comes into my cloſet, caſts his eyes immediately upon them, and will not vouchſafe to look upon Plato or Xenophon. I tell you it is almoſt incredible how Opinions change by the decline or decay of ſpirits, and I will further tell you, that all my endeavours, from a boy, to diſtinguiſh myſelf, were only for want of a great Title and ortune, that I might be uſed like a Lord by thoſe who have an opinion of my parts; whether right or wrong, it is no great matter; and ſo the reputation of wit or great learning does the office of a blue ribband, or of a coach and ſix horſes. To be remember'd for ever on the account of our friendſhip, is what would exceedingly pleaſe me; but yet I never lov'd to make a viſit, or be ſeen walking with my betters, becauſe they get all the eyes and civilities from me. I no ſooner writ this than I corrected myſelf, and remember'd Sir Fulk Grevil's Epitaph, "Here lies, etc. who was friend to Sir Philip Sidney." And therefore I moſt heartily thank you for your deſire that I would record our friendſhip in verſe, which if I can ſucceed in, I will never deſire to write one more line in poetry while I live. You muſt preſent my humble ſervice to Mrs. Pope, and let her know I pray for her continuance in the world, for her own reaſon, that ſhe may live to take care of you.

LETTER XXXVIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Aug. 11, 1729.

I AM very ſenſible that in a former letter I talked very weakly of my own affairs, and of my imperfect wiſhes and deſires, which however I find with ſome comfort do

now daily decline, very ſuitable to my ſtate of health for ſome months paſt. For my head is never perfectly free from giddineſs, and eſpecially towards night. Yet my diſorder is very moderate, and I have been without a fit of deafneſs this half year; ſo I am like a horſe, which, though off his mettle, can trot on tolerably; and this compariſon puts me in mind to add, that I am returned to be a rider, wherein I wiſh you would imitate me. As to this country, there have been three terrible years dearth of corn, and every place ſtrowed with beggars; but dearths are common in better climates, and our evils here lie much deeper. Imagine a nation the two thirds of whoſe revenues are ſpent out of it, and who are not permitted to trade with the other third, and where the pride of women will not ſuffer them to wear their own manufactures, even where they excel what come from abroad: This is the true ſtate of Ireland in a very few words. Theſe evils operate more every day, and the kingdom is abſolutely undone, as I have been telling often in print theſe ten years paſt.

What I have ſaid requires forgiveneſs, but I had a mind for once to let you know the ſtate of our affairs, and my reaſon for being more moved than perhaps becomes a Clergyman, and a piece of a philoſopher: and perhaps the increaſe of years and diſorders may hope for ſome allowance to complaints, eſpecially when I may call myſelf a ſtranger in a ſtrange land. As to poor Mrs. Pope (if ſhe be ſtill alive) I heartily pity you and pity her: her great piety and virtue will infallibly make her happy in a better life, and her great age hath made her fully ripe for heaven and the grave, and her beſt friends will moſt wiſh her eaſed of her labours, when ſhe hath ſo many good works to follow them. The loſs you will feel by the want of her care and kindneſs, I know very well; but ſhe has amply done her part, as

you have yours. One reaſon why I would have you in Ireland when you ſhall be at your own diſpoſal, is that you may be maſter of two or three years revenues, *proviſae frugis in annos copia*, ſo as not to be pinch'd in the leaſt when years increaſe, and perhaps your health impairs: And when this kingdom is utterly at an end, you may ſupport me for the few years I ſhall happen to live; and who knows but you may pay me exorbitant intereſt for the ſpoonful of wine, and ſcraps of a chicken it will coſt me to feed you? I am confident you have too much reaſon to complain of ingratitude; for I never yet knew any perſon, one tenth part, ſo heartily diſpoſed as you are, to do good offices to others, without the leaſt private view.

Was it a gaſconade to pleaſe me, that you ſaid your fortune was increaſed 100 *l.* a year ſince I left you? you ſhould have told me how. Thoſe *ſubſidia ſenectuti* are extremely deſirable, if they could be got with juſtice, and without avarice; of which vice tho' I cannot charge myſelf yet, nor feel any approaches towards it, yet no uſurer more wiſhes to be richer (or rather to be ſurer of his rents.) But I am not half ſo moderate as you, for I declare I cannot live eaſily under double to what you are ſatisfied with.

I hope Mr. Gay will keep his 3000 *l.* and live on the intereſt without decreaſing the principal one penny; but I do not like your ſeldom ſeeing him. I hope he is grown more diſengaged from his intentneſs on his own affairs, which I ever diſliked, and is quite the reverſe to you, unleſs you are a very dextrous diſguiſer. I deſire my humble ſervice to Lord Oxford, Lord Bathurſt, and particularly to Mrs. B—, but to no Lady at Court. God bleſs you for being a greater Dupe than I: I love that character too myſelf, but I want your charity.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXIX.

Oct. 9, 1729.

IT pleaſes me that you received my books at laſt: but you have never once told me if you approve the whole, or diſapprove not of ſome parts of the Commentary, etc. It was my principal aim in the entire work to perpetuate the friendſhip between us, and to ſhew that the friends or the enemies of the one were the friends or enemies of the other: If in any particular, any thing be ſtated or mentioned in a different manner from what you like, pray tell me freely, that the new editions now coming out here may have it rectify'd. You'll find the octavo rather more correct than the quarto, with ſome additions to the Notes and Epigrams caſt in, which I wiſh had been increas'd by your acquaintance in Ireland. I rejoice in hearing that Drapiers-Hill is to emulate Parnaſſus; I fear the country about it is as much impoveriſhed. I truly ſhare in all that troubles you, and wiſh you remov'd from a ſcene of diſtreſs, which I know works your compaſſionate temper too ſtrongly. But if we are not to ſee you here, I believe I ſhall once in my life ſee you there. You think more for me, and about me, than any friend I have, and you think better for me. Perhaps you'll not be contented, tho' I am, that the additional 100 *l.* a year is only for my life. My mother is yet living, and I thank God for it: ſhe will never be troubleſome to me, if ſhe be not ſo to herſelf: but a melancholy object it is, to obſerve the gradual decays both of body and mind, in a perſon to whom one is tied by the links of both. I can't tell whether her death itſelf would be ſo afflicting.

You are too careful of my worldly affairs; I am rich enough, and I can afford to give away a 100 *l.* a year.

Don't be angry: I will not live to be very old; I have Revelations to the contrary. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little good when I have a mind to do it: I will enjoy the pleaſure of what I give, by giving it, alive, and ſeeing another enjoy it. When I die I ſhould be aſham'd to leave enough to build me a monument, if there were a wanting friend above ground.

Mr. Gay aſſures me his 3000 *l.* is kept entire and ſacred; he ſeems to languiſh after a line from you, and complains tenderly. Lord Bolingbroke has told me ten times over he was going to write to you. Has he, or not? The Dr. is unalterable, both in friendſhip and Quadrille: his wife has been very near death laſt week: his two brothers buried their wives within theſe ſix weeks. Gay is ſixty miles off, and has been ſo all this ſummer with the Duke and Ducheſs of Queenſbury. He is the ſame man: So is every one here that you know: mankind is unamendable. *Optimus ille qui minimus urgetur* — Poor Mrs. * is like the reſt, ſhe cries at the thorn in her foot, but will ſuffer nobody to pull it out. The Court-lady I have a good opinion of, yet I have treated her more negligently than you wou'd do, becauſe you like to ſee the inſide of a court, which I do not. I have ſeen her but twice. You have a deſperate hand at daſhing out a character by great ſtrokes, and at the ſame time a delicate one at fine touches. God forbid you ſhould draw mine, if I were conſcious of any guilt: But if I were conſcious only of folly, God ſend it! for as nobody can detect a great fault ſo well as you, nobody would ſo well hide a ſmall one. But after all, that Lady means to do good, and does no harm, which is a vaſt deal for a Courtier. I can aſſure you that Lord Peterborow always ſpeaks kindly of you, and certainly has as great a mind to be your friend as any one. I

muſt throw away my pen; it cannot, it will never tell you, what I inwardly am to you. *Quod nequeo monſtrare, et ſentio tantum.*

LETTER XL.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Bruſſels, Sept. 27, 1729.

I Have brought your French acquaintance thus far on her way into her own country, and conſiderably better in health than ſhe was when ſhe went to Aix. I begin to entertain hopes that ſhe will recover ſuch a degree of health as may render old age ſupportable. Both of us have cloſed the tenth Luſtre, and it is high time to determine how we ſhall play the laſt act of the Farce. Might not my life be entituled much more properly a *What-d'ye-call-it* than a *Farce?* ſome Comedy, a great deal of Tragedy, and the whole interſperſed with ſcenes of Harlequin, Scaramouch, and Dr. Baloardo, the prototype of your Hero.—I uſed to think ſometimes formerly of old age and of death; enough to prepare my mind; not enough to anticipate ſorrow, to daſh the joys of youth, and to be all my life a dying. I find the benefit of this practice now, and find it more as I proceed on my journey: little regret when I look backwards, little apprehenſion when I look forward. You complain grievouſly of your ſituation in Ireland: I would complain of mine too in England: but I will not, nay, I ought not; for I find by long experience that I can be unfortunate, without being unhappy. I do not approve your joining together the *figure of living*, and the *pleaſure of giving*, though your old prating friend Montagne does ſomething like it in one of his Rhapſodies. To tell you my reaſons

would be to write an Eſſay, and I ſhall hardly have time to write a Letter; but if you will come over, and live with Pope and me, I'll ſhew you in an inſtant why thoſe two things ſhould not *aller de pair*, and that forced retrenchments on both may be made, without making us even uneaſy. You know that I am too expenſive, and all mankind knows that I have been cruelly plundered; and yet I feel in my mind the power of deſcending without anxiety two or three ſtages more. In ſhort (Mr. Dean) if you will come to a certain farm in Middleſex, you ſhall find that I can live frugally without growling at the world, or being peeviſh with thoſe whom fortune has appointed to eat my bread, inſtead of appointing me to eat theirs: and yet I have naturally as little diſpoſition to frugality as any man alive. You ſay you are no philoſopher, and I think you are in the right to diſlike a word which is ſo often abuſed; but I am ſure you like to follow reaſon, not cuſtom, (which is ſometimes the reaſon and oftner the caprice of others, of the mob of the world.) Now to be ſure of doing this, you muſt wear your philoſophical ſpectacles as conſtantly as the Spaniards uſed to wear theirs. You muſt make them part of your dreſs, and ſooner part with your broad-brimm'd beaver, your gown, your ſcarf, or even that emblematical veſtment your ſurplice. Thro' this medium you will ſee few things to be vexed at, few perſons to be angry at: and yet there will frequently be things which we ought to wiſh altered, and perſons whom we ought to wiſh hanged.

In your letter to Pope, you agree that a regard for Fame becomes a man more towards his Exit, than at his entrance into life; and yet you confeſs, that the longer you live, the more you grow indifferent about it. Your ſentiment is true and natural; your reaſoning, I am afraid, is not ſo upon this occaſion. Prudence will make us deſire Fame, becauſe it gives us many real and great

advantages in all the affairs of life. Fame is the wiſe man's means; his ends are his own good, and the good of ſociety. You Poets and Orators have inverted this order; you propoſe Fame as the end; and good, or at leaſt great actions, as the means. You go further: You teach our ſelf-love to anticipate the applauſe which we ſuppoſe will be paid by poſterity to our names; and with idle notions of immortality you turn other heads beſides your own: I am afraid this may have done ſome harm in the world.

Fame is an object which men purſue ſucceſsfully by various and even contrary courſes. Your doctrine leads them to look on this end as eſſential, and on the means as indifferent; ſo that Fabricius and Craſſus, Cato and Cæſar preſſed forward to the ſame goal. After all perhaps it may appear, from a conſideration of the depravity of mankind, that you could do no better, nor keep up virtue in the world without calling this paſſion or this direction of ſelf-love, in to your aid: *Tacitus* has crowded this excuſe for you, according to his manner, into a maxim, *Contemptu famae, contemni virtutes.* But now whether we conſider Fame as an uſeful inſtrument in all the occurrences of private and public life, or whether we conſider it as the cauſe of that pleaſure which our ſelf-love is ſo fond of; methinks our entrance into life, or (to ſpeak more properly) our youth, not our old age, is the ſeaſon when we ought to deſire it moſt, and therefore when it is moſt becoming to deſire it with ardor. If it is uſeful, it is to be deſired moſt when we have, or may hope to have a long ſcene of action open before us: Towards our exit, this ſcene of action is or ſhould be cloſed; and then, methinks, it is unbecoming to grow fonder of a thing which we have no longer occaſion for. If it is pleaſant, the ſooner we are in poſſeſſion of fame the longer we ſhall enjoy this pleaſure. When it is acquired

early in life it may tickle us on till old age; but when it is acquired late, the ſenſation of pleaſure will be more faint, and mingled with the regret of our not having taſted it ſooner.

From my Farm, Oct. 5.

I am here; I have ſeen Pope, and one of my firſt enquiries was after you. He tells me a thing I am ſorry to hear: You are building, it ſeems, on a piece of land you have acquired for that purpoſe, in ſome county of Ireland. Tho' I have built in a part of the world, which I prefer very little to that where you have been thrown and confined by our ill-fortune and yours, yet I am ſorry you do the ſame thing. I have repented a thouſand times of my reſolution, and I hope you will repent of yours before it is executed. Adieu, my old and worthy friend; may the phyſical evils of life fall as eaſily upon you, as ever they did on any man who lived to be old; and may the moral evils which ſurround us, make as little impreſſion on you, as they ought to make on one who has ſuch ſuperior ſenſe to eſtimate things by, and ſo much virtue to wrap himſelf up in.

My wife deſires not to be forgotten by you; ſhe's faithfully your ſervant, and zealouſly your admirer. She will be concerned and diſappointed not to find you in this iſland at her return, which hope both ſhe and I had been made to entertain before I went abroad.

LETTER XLI.

Dr. SWIFT to Lord BOLINGBROKE.

Dublin, Oct. 31, 1729.

I Receiv'd your Lordſhip's travelling letter of ſeveral dates, at ſeveral ſtages, and from different nations, languages, and religions. Neither could any thing be more obliging than your kind remembrance of me in ſo many places. As to your ten Luſtres, I remember, when I complained in a Letter to Prior, that I was fifty years old, he was half angry in jeſt, and anſwered me out of Terence, *iſta commemoratio eſt quaſi exprobratio.* How then ought I to rattle you, when I have a dozen years more to anſwer for, all monaſtically paſſed in this Country of liberty and delight, and money, and good company! I go on anſwering your letter; It is you were my Hero, but the other* never was; yet if he were, it was your own fault, who taught me to love him, and often vindicated him, in the beginning of your miniſtry, from my accuſations. But I granted he had the greateſt inequalities of any man alive, and his whole ſcene was fifty times more a What-d'ye-call-it, than yours: for, I declare, yours was *unie*, and I wiſh you would ſo order it, that the world may be as wiſe as I upon that article: Mr. Pope wiſhes it too, and I believe there is not a more honeſt man in England, even without wit. But you regard us not.—I was † forty-ſeven years old when I began to think of death, and the reflections upon it now begin when I wake in the morning, and end when I am going to ſleep.—I writ to Mr. Pope, and not to you. My birth, although from a family not undiſtinguiſhed in its name,

* L. Ox.

† The Year of Queen Anne's Death.

is many degrees inferior to yours; all my pretenſions from perſon and parts infinitely ſo; I a younger ſon of younger ſons; you born to a great fortune: yet I ſee you with all your advantages ſunk to a degree that you could never have been without them: But yet I ſee you as much eſteemed, as much beloved, as much dreaded, and perhaps more (though it be almoſt impoſſible) than ever you were in your higheſt exaltation — only I grieve like an Alderman that you are not ſo rich. And yet, my Lord, I pretend to value money as little as you, and I will call five hundred witneſſes (if you will take Iriſh witneſſes) to prove it. I renounce your whole philoſophy, becauſe it is not your practice. By the *figure of living*, (if I uſed that expreſſion to Mr. Pope) I do not mean the parade, but a ſuitableneſs to your mind; and as for the *pleaſure of giving*, I know your ſoul ſuffers when you are debarr'd of it. Could you, when your own generoſity and contempt of outward things (be not offended, it is no Eccleſiaſtical but an Epictetian phraſe) could you, when theſe have brought you to it, come over and live with Mr. Pope and me at the Deanry? I could almoſt wiſh the experiment were tried — No, God forbid, that ever ſuch a ſcoundrel as Want ſhould dare to approach you. But, in the mean time, do not brag, Retrenchments are not your talent. But, as old Weymouth ſaid to me in his lordly Latin, *Philoſopha verba, ignava opera*; I wiſh you could learn Arithmetic, that three and two make five, and will never make more. My philoſophical ſpectacles which you adviſe me to, will tell me that I can live on 50*l.* a year (wine excluded, which my bad health forces me to) but I cannot endure that *Otium* ſhould be *ſine dignitate*. — My Lord, what I would have ſaid of Fame is meant of fame which a man enjoys in his life; becauſe I cannot be a great Lord, I would acquire what is a kind of *ſubſidium*, I would endea-

vour that my betters ſhould ſeek me by the merit of ſomething diſtinguiſhable, inſtead of my ſeeking of them. The deſire of enjoying it in after-times is owing to the ſpirit and folly of youth: but with age we learn to know the houſe is ſo full, that there is no room for above one or two at moſt in an age, through the whole world. My Lord, I hate and love to write to you, it gives me pleaſure, and kills me with melancholy. The D— take ſtupidity, that it will not come to ſupply the want of philoſophy.

LETTER XLII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Oct. 31, 1729.

YOU were ſo careful of ſending me the Dunciad, that I have received five of them, and have pleaſed four friends. I am one of every body who approve every part of it, Text and Comment; but am one abſtracted from every body, in the happineſs of being recorded your friend, while wit, and humour, and politeneſs ſhall have any memorial among us. As for your octavo edition, we know nothing of it, for we have an octavo of our own, which hath ſold wonderfully, conſidering our poverty, and dulneſs the conſequence of it.

I writ this poſt to Lord B. and tell him in my letter, that, with a great deal of loſs for a frolick, I will fly as ſoon as build; I have neither years, nor ſpirits, nor money, nor patience for ſuch amuſements. The frolick is gone off, and I am only 100 *l.* the poorer. But this kingdom is grown ſo exceſſively poor, that we wiſe men muſt think of nothing but getting a little ready money. It is thought there are not two hundred thouſand pounds

of ſpecie in the whole iſland; for we return thrice as much to our abſentees, as we get by trade, and ſo are all inevitably undone; which I have been telling them in print theſe ten years, to as little purpoſe as if it came from the pulpit. And this is enough for Iriſh politics, which I only mention, becauſe it ſo nearly touches myſelf. I muſt repeat what, I believe, I have ſaid before, that I pity you much more than Mrs. Pope. Such a parent and friend hourly declining before your eyes is an object very unfit for your health, and duty, and tender diſpoſition; and I pray God it may not affect you too much. I am as much ſatisfied that your additional 100*l. per Annum* is for your life as if it were for ever. You have enough to leave your friends: I would not have them glad to be rid of you; and I ſhall take care that none but my enemies will be glad to get rid of me. You have embroiled me with Lord B— about the figure of living, and the pleaſure of giving. I am under the neceſſity of ſome little paultry figure in the ſtation I am; but I make it as little as poſſible. As to the other part you are baſe, becauſe I thought myſelf as great a giver as ever was of my ability; and yet in proportion you exceed, and have kept it till now a ſecret even from me, when I wondered how you were able to live with your whole little revenue.

LETTER XLIII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 19, 1729.

I Find that you have laid aſide your project of building in Ireland, and that we ſhall ſee you in this iſland *cum zephyris, et hirundine prima*. I know not whether the

love of fame increaſes as we advance in age; ſure I am that the force of friendſhip does. I lov'd you almoſt twenty years ago, I thought of you as well as I do now, better was beyond the power of conception, or, to avoid an equivoque, beyond the extent of my ideas. Whether you are more obliged to me for loving you as well when I knew you leſs, or for loving you as well after loving you ſo many years, I ſhall not determine. What I would ſay is this: whilſt my mind grows daily more independent of the world, and feels leſs need of leaning on external objects, the ideas of friendſhip return oftner, they buſy me, they warm me more: Is it that we grow more tender as the moment of our great ſeparation approaches? or is it that they who are to live together in another ſtate, (for *vera amicitia non niſi inter bonos*) begin to feel more ſtrongly that divine ſympathy which is to be the great band of their future ſociety? There is no one thought which ſooths my mind like this: I encourage my imagination to purſue it, and am heartily afflicted when another faculty * of the intellect comes boiſterouſly in, and wakes me from ſo pleaſing a dream, if it be a dream. I will dwell no more on Oeconomicks than I have done in my former letter. Thus much only I will ſay, that *otium cum dignitate* is to be had with 500 *l.* a year as well as with 5000: the difference will be found in the value of the man, and not in that of the eſtate. I do aſſure you,

* Viz. *Reaſon.* Tully (or, what is much the ſame, his Diſciple) obſerves ſomething like this on the like occaſion, where, ſpeaking of Plato's famous Book of the Soul, he ſays, *Neſcio quomodo, dum lego, adſentior: cum poſui librum, et mecum ipſe de immortalitate animorum coepi cogitare, adſenſio illa omnis elabitur.* Cicero ſeems to have had but a confuſed notion of the *cauſe*, which the Letter-writer has here explained, namely, that the *imagination* is always ready to indulge ſo flattering an idea, but ſeverer *reaſon* corrects and diſclaims it. As to Religion, that is out of the queſtion; for Tully wrote to his few philoſophic friends.

that I have never quitted the deſign of collecting, reviſing, improving. and extending ſeveral materials which are ſtill in my power; and I hope that the time of ſetting myſelf about this laſt work of my life is not far off. Many papers of much curioſity and importance are loſt, and ſome of them in a manner which would ſurprize and anger you. However I ſhall be able to convey ſeveral great truths to poſterity, ſo clearly and ſo authentically, that the Burnets and the Oldmixons of another age may rail, but not be able to deceive. Adieu, my friend. I have taken up more of this paper than belongs to me, ſince Pope is to write to you; no matter, for, upon recollection, the rules of proportion are not broken; he will ſay as much to you in one page, as I have ſaid in three. Bid him talk to you of the work he is about, I hope in good earneſt; it is a fine one; and will be, in his hands, an original *. His ſole complaint is, that he finds it too eaſy in the execution. This flatters his lazineſs, it flatters my judgment, who always thought that (univerſal as his talents are) this is eminently and peculiarly his, above all the writers I know living or dead; I do not except Horace.

Adieu.

LETTER XLIV.

Nov. 28, 1729.

THis letter (like all mine) will be a Rhapſody; it is many years ago ſince I wrote as a Wit. How many occurrences or informations muſt one omit, if one determin'd to ſay nothing that one could not ſay prettily? I lately received from the widow of one dead correſpon-

* *Eſſay on Man.*

dent, and the father of another, ſeveral of my own letters of about fifteen and twenty years old; and it was not unentertaining to myſelf to obſerve, how and by what degrees I ceas'd to be a witty writer; as either my experience grew on the one hand, or my affection to my correſpondents on the other. Now as I love you better than moſt I have ever met with in the world, and eſteem you too the more, the longer I have compar'd you with the reſt of the world; ſo inevitably I write to you more negligently, that is, more openly, and what all but ſuch as love one another will call writing worſe. I ſmile to think how Curl would be bit, were our Epiſtles to fall into his hands, and how glorioufly they would fall ſhort of every ingenious reader's expectations?

You can't imagine what a vanity it is to me, to have ſomething to rebuke you for in the way of Oeconomy. I love the man that builds a houſe *ſubito ingenio*, and makes a wall for a horſe: then cries, "We wiſe men muſt "think of nothing but getting ready money." I am glad you approve my annuity; all we have in this world is no more than an annuity, as to our own enjoyment: but I will increaſe your regard for my wiſdom, and tell you, that this annuity includes alſo the life of another *, whoſe concern ought to be as near me as my own, and with whom my whole proſpects ought to finiſh. I throw my javelin of Hope no farther, *Cur brevi fortes jaculamur ævo*—etc.

The ſecond (as it is call'd, but indeed the eighth) edition of the Dunciad, with ſome additional notes and epigrams, ſhall be ſent you, if I know any opportunity: if they reprint it with you, let them by all means follow that octavo edition. —— The Drapier's letters are again printed here, very laudably as to paper, print,

* His Mother's.

etc. for you know I diſapprove Iriſh politics, (as my Commentator tells you) being a ſtrong and jealous ſubject of England. The Lady you mention, you ought not to complain of for not acknowledging your preſent; ſhe having lately received a much richer preſent from Mr. Knight of the S. Sea; and you are ſenſible ſhe cannot ever return it to one in the condition of an out-law. It's certain, as he can never expect any favour *, his motive muſt be wholly diſintereſted. Will not this reflection make you bluſh? Your continual deplorings of Ireland, make me wiſh you were here long enough to forget thoſe ſcenes that ſo afflict you: I am only in fear if you were, you would grow ſuch a patriot here too, as not to be quite at eaſe, for your love of old England. — It is very poſſible, your journey, in the time I compute, might exactly tally with my intended one to you; and if you muſt ſoon again go back, you would not be unattended. For the poor woman decays perceptibly every week; and the winter may too probably put an end to a very long, and a very irreproachable life. My conſtant attendance on her does indeed affect my mind very much, and leſſen extremely my deſires of long life; ſince I ſee the beſt that can come of it is a miſerable benediction. I look upon myſelf to be many years older in two years ſince you ſaw me: The natural imbecillity of my body, join'd now to this acquir'd old age of the mind, makes me at leaſt as old as you, and we are the fitter to crawl down the hill together: I only deſire I may be able to keep pace with you. My firſt friendſhip at ſixteen, was contracted with a man of ſeventy, and I found him not grave enough or conſiſtent enough for me, tho' we lived well to his death. I ſpeak of old

* He was miſtaken in this. Mr. Knight was pardoned, and came home in the year 1742.

Mr. Wycherley; ſome letters of whom (by the by) and of mine, the Bookſellers have got and printed, not without the concurrence of a noble friend of mine and yours *. I don't much approve of it; though there is nothing for me to be aſham'd of, becauſe I will not be aſham'd of any thing I do not do myſelf, or of any thing that is not immoral but merely dull (as for inſtance, if they printed this letter I am now writing, which they eaſily may, if the underlings at the Poſt-office pleaſe to take a copy of it.) I admire on this conſideration, your ſending your laſt to me quite open, without a ſeal, wafer, or any cloſer whatever, manifeſting the utter openneſs of the writer. I would do the ſame by this, but fear it would look like affectation to ſend two letters ſo together. — I will fully repreſent to our friend (and, I doubt not, it will touch his heart) what you ſo feelingly ſet forth as to the badneſs of your Burgundy, etc. He is an extreme honeſt man, and indeed ought to be ſo, conſidering how very indiſcreet and unreſerved he is: But I do not approve this part of his character, and will never join with him in any of his idleneſſes in the way of wit. You know my maxim to keep as clear of all offence, as I am clear of all intereſt in either party. I was once diſpleaſed before at you, for complaining to Mr. — of my not having a penſion, and am ſo again at your naming it to a certain Lord. I have given proof in the courſe of my whole life, (from the time when I was in the friendſhip of Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Craggs, even to this when I am civilly treated by Sir R. Walpole) that I never thought myſelf ſo warm in any Party's cauſe as to deſerve their money; and therefore would never have accepted it: But give me leave to tell you,

* See the occaſion, in the ſecond and third Paragraphs of the Preface to the firſt Volume of Letters.

that of all mankind the two perſons I would leaſt have accepted any favour from, are thoſe very two, to whom you have unluckily ſpoken of it. I deſire you to take off any impreſſions which that dialogue may have left on his Lordſhip's mind, as if I ever had any thought of being beholden to him, or any other, in that way. And yet, you know I am no enemy to the preſent Conſtitution; I believe, as ſincere a well-wiſher to it, nay, even to the church eſtabliſh'd, as any Miniſter in, or out of employment whatever; or any Biſhop of England or Ireland. Yet am I of the Religion of Eraſmus, a Catholic; ſo I live, ſo I ſhall die; and hope one day to meet you, Biſhop Atterbury, the younger Craggs, Dr. Garth, Dean Berkeley, and Mr. Hutchenſon, in that place, To which God of his infinite mercy bring us, and every body.

Lord B's anſwer to your letter I have juſt received, and join it to this packet. The work he ſpeaks of with ſuch abundant partiality, is a ſyſtem of Ethics in the Horatian way.

LETTER XLV.

April 14, 1730.

THIS is a letter extraordinary, to do and ſay nothing but to recommend to you (as a Clergyman, and a charitable one) a pious and a good work, and for a good and honeſt man: Moreover he is above ſeventy, and poor, which you might think included in the word honeſt. I ſhall think it a kindneſs done myſelf, if you can propagate Mr. Weſtley's ſubſcription for his Commentary on Job, among your Divines, (Biſhops excepted, of whom there is no hope) and among ſuch as are believers, or readers of Scripture. Even the curious

may find ſomething to pleaſe them, if they ſcorn to be edified. It has been the labour of eight years of this learned man's life; I call him what he is, a learned man, and I engage you will approve his proſe more than you formerly could his poetry. Lord Bolingbroke is a favourer of it, and allows you to do your beſt to ſerve an old Tory, and a ſufferer for the Church of England, tho' you are a Whig, as I am.

We have here ſome verſes in your name, which I am angry at. Sure you wou'd not uſe me ſo ill as to flatter me? I therefore think it is ſome other weak Iriſhman.

P. S. I did not take the pen out of Pope's hands, I proteſt to you. But ſince he will not fill the remainder of the page, I think I may without offence. I ſeek no epiſtolary fame, but am a good deal pleaſed to think that it will be known hereafter that you and I lived in the moſt friendly intimacy together. — Pliny writ his letters for the public, ſo did Seneca, ſo did Balſac, Voiture, etc. Tully did not, and therefore theſe give us more pleaſure than any which have come down to us from antiquity. When we read them, we pry into a ſecret which was intended to be kept from us. That is a pleaſure. We ſee Cato, and Brutus, and Pompey, and others, ſuch as they really were, and not ſuch as the gaping multitude of their own age took them to be, or as Hiſtorians and Poets have repreſented them to ours. That is another pleaſure. I remember to have ſeen a proceſſion at *Aix-la-Chapelle*, wherein an image of Charlemagne is carried on the ſhoulders of a man, who is hid by the long robe of the imperial Saint. Follow him into the veſtry, you ſee the bearer ſlip from under the robe, and the gigantic figure dwindles into an image of the ordinary ſize, and is ſet by among other

lumber — I agree much with Pope, that our climate is rather better than that you are in, and perhaps your public ſpirit would be leſs grieved, or oftner comforted, here than there. Come to us therefore on a viſit at leaſt. It will not be the fault of ſeveral perſons here, if you do not come to live with us. But great good-will and little power produce ſuch ſlow and feeble effects as can be acceptable to Heaven alone, and heavenly men. — I know you will be angry with me, if I ſay nothing to you of a poor woman, who is ſtill on the other ſide of the water in a moſt languiſhing ſtate of health. If ſhe regains ſtrength enough to come over (and ſhe is better within a few weeks) I ſhall nurſe her in this farm with all the care and tenderneſs poſſible. If ſhe does not, I muſt pay her the laſt duty of friendſhip wherever ſhe is, tho' I break thro' the whole plan of life which I have form'd in my mind. Adieu. I am moſt faithfully and affectionately yours.

LETTER XLVI.

Lord B. to Dr. SWIFT.

Jan. 1730-31.

I Begin my letter by telling you that my wife has been returned from abroad about a month, and that her health, though feeble and precarious, is better than it has been theſe two years. She is much your ſervant, and as ſhe has been her own phyſician with ſome ſucceſs, imagines ſhe could be yours with the ſame. Would to God you was within her reach. She would, I believe, preſcribe a great deal of the *medicina animi*, without having recourſe to the Books of Triſmegiſtus. Pope and I ſhould be her principal apothecaries in the courſe of

the cure; and though our beſt Botaniſts complain, that few of the herbs and ſimples which go to the compoſition of theſe remedies, are to be found at preſent in our ſoil, yet there are more of them here than in Ireland; beſides, by the help of a little chemiſtry the moſt noxious juices may become ſalubrious, and rank poiſon a ſpecific. — Pope is now in my library with me, and writes to the world, to the preſent and to future ages, whilſt I begin this letter which he is to finiſh to you. What good he will do to mankind I know not; this comfort he may be ſure of, he cannot do leſs than you have done before him. I have ſometimes thought, that if preachers, hangmen, and moral-writers keep vice at a ſtand, or ſo much as retard the progreſs of it, they do as much as human nature admits: a real reformation is not to be brought about by ordinary means; it requires thoſe extraordinary means which become puniſhments as well as leſſons: National corruption muſt be purged by national calamities. — Let us hear from you. We deſerve this attention becauſe we deſire it, and becauſe we believe that you deſire to hear from us.

LETTER XLVII.

Lord B. to Dr. SWIFT.

March 29.

I Have delayed ſeveral poſts anſwering your letter of January laſt, in hopes of being able to ſpeak to you about a project which concerns us both, but me the moſt, ſince the ſucceſs of it would bring us together. It has been a good while in my head, and at my heart; if it can be ſet agoing, you ſhall hear more of it. I was ill in the beginning of the winter for near a week, but

in no danger either from the nature of my diſtemper, or from the attendance of three phyſicians. Since that bilious intermitting fever, I have had, as I had before, better health than the regard I have payed to health deſerves. We are both in the decline of life, my dear Dean, and have been ſome years going down the hill; let us make the paſſage as ſmooth as we can. Let us fence againſt phyſical evil by care, and the uſe of thoſe means which experience muſt have pointed out to us: Let us fence againſt moral evil by philoſophy. I renounce the alternative you propoſe. But we may, nay (if we will follow nature, and do not work up imagination againſt her plaineſt dictates) we ſhall of courſe grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and intereſts of a ſyſtem out of which we are ſoon to go. This is much better than ſtupidity. The decay of paſſion ſtrengthens philoſophy, for paſſion may decay, and ſtupidity not ſucceed. *Paſſions* (ſays Pope, our Divine, as you will ſee one time or other) are the *Gales* of life: Let us not complain that they do not blow a ſtorm. What hurt does age do us, in ſubduing what we toil to ſubdue all our lives? It is now ſix in the morning: I recall the time (and am glad it is over) when about this hour I uſed to be going to bed, ſurfeited with pleaſure, or jaded with buſineſs: my head often full of ſchemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I riſe at this hour, refreſhed, ſerene, and calm? that the paſt, and even the preſent affairs of life ſtand like objects at a diſtance from me, where I can keep off the diſagreeable ſo as not to be ſtrongly affected by them, and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me? Paſſions in their force, would bring all theſe, nay even future contingencies, about my ears at once, and Reaſon would but ill defend me in the ſcuffle.

I leave Pope to ſpeak for himſelf, but I muſt tell you how much my Wife is obliged to you. She ſays, ſhe would find ſtrength enough to nurſe you, if you was here, and yet, God knows, ſhe is extremely weak: The ſlow fever works under, and mines the conſtitution; we keep it off ſometimes, but ſtill it returns, and makes new breaches before nature can repair the old ones. I am not aſhamed to ſay to you, that I admire her more every hour of my life: Death is not to her the King of Terrors; ſhe beholds him without the leaſt. When ſhe ſuffers much, ſhe wiſhes for him as a deliverer from pain; when life is tolerable, ſhe looks on him with diſlike, becauſe he is to ſeparate her from thoſe friends to whom ſhe is more attached than to life itſelf. — You ſhall not ſtay for my next, as long as you have for this letter; and in every one, Pope ſhall write ſomething much better than the ſcraps of old Philoſophers, which were the preſents, Munuſcula, that Stoical Fop Seneca uſed to ſend in every Epiſtle to his friend Lucilius.

P. S. My Lord has ſpoken juſtly of his Lady: why not I of my Mother? Yeſterday was her birth-day, now entering on the ninety-firſt year of her age; her memory much diminiſh'd, but her ſenſes very little hurt, her ſight and hearing good; ſhe ſleeps not ill, eats moderately, drinks water, ſays her prayers; this is all ſhe does. I have reaſon to thank God for continuing ſo long to me a very good and tender parent, and for allowing me to exerciſe for ſome years, thoſe cares which are now as neceſſary to her, as hers have been to me. An object of this ſort daily before one's eyes very much ſoftens the mind, but perhaps may hinder it from the willingneſs of contracting other tyes of the like domeſtic nature, when one finds how painful it is even to enjoy the tender pleaſures. I have formerly made ſome ſtrong

efforts to get and to deſerve a friend: perhaps it were wiſer never to attempt it, but live extempore, and look upon the world only as a place to paſs thro', juſt pay your hoſts their due, diſperſe a little charity, and hurry on. Yet I am juſt now writing (or rather planning) a book, to make mankind look upon this life with comfort and pleaſure, and put morality in good humour. — And juſt now too, I am going to ſee one I love very tenderly; and to-morrow to entertain ſeveral civil people, whom if we call friends, it is by the Courteſy of England. — *Sic, ſic juvat ire ſub umbras.* While we do live, we muſt make the beſt of life,

Cantantes *licet uſque (minus via laedet) eamus,*

as the ſhepherd ſaid in Virgil, when the road was long and heavy. I am yours.

LETTER XLVIII.

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Dr. SWIFT.

YOU may aſſure yourſelf, that if you come over this ſpring, you will find me not only got back into the habits of ſtudy, but devoted to that hiſtorical taſk, which you have ſet me theſe many years. I am in hopes of ſome materials which will enable me to work in the whole extent of the plan I propoſe to myſelf. If they are not to be had, I muſt accommodate my plan to this deficiency. In the mean time Pope has given me more trouble than he or I thought of; and you will be ſurpriſed to find that I have been partly drawn by him and partly by myſelf, to write a pretty large volume upon a very grave and very important ſubject; that I have ventur'd to pay no regard whatever to any authority except ſacred

authority, and that I have ventured to ſtart a thought, which muſt, if it is puſh'd as ſucceſsfully as I think it is, render all your Metaphyſical Theology both ridiculous and abominable. There is an expreſſion in one of your letters to me, which makes me believe you will come into my way of thinking on this ſubject; and yet I am perſuaded, that Divines and Freethinkers would both be clamorous againſt it, if it was to be ſubmitted to their cenſure, as I do not intend that it ſhall. The paſſage I mean, is that where you ſay that you told Dr. — the Grand points of Chriſtianity ought to be taken as infallible Revelations *, etc.

It has happened, that, whilſt I was writing this to you, the Dr. came to make me a viſit from London, where I heard he was arrived ſome time ago: He was in haſte to return, and is, I perceive, in great haſte to print. He left with me eight Diſſertations †, a ſmall part, as I underſtand, of his work, and deſired me to peruſe, conſider, and obſerve upon them againſt Monday next, when he will come down again. By what I have read of the two firſt, I find myſelf unable to ſerve him. The principles he reaſons upon are begged in a diſputation of this ſort, and the manner of reaſoning is by no means cloſe and concluſive. The ſole advice I could give him in conſcience would be that which he would take ill, and not follow. I will get rid of this taſk as well as I can, for I eſteem the man, and ſhould be ſorry to diſoblige him where I cannot ſerve him.

As to retirement, and exerciſe, your notions are true: The firſt ſhould not be indulged ſo much as to render

* In this maxim all bigotted *Divines* and *free-thinking* Politicians agree; the one, for fear of diſturbing the eſtabliſh'd Religion; the other, leſt that diſturbance ſhould prove injurious to their adminiſtration of government.

† *Revelation examined with candour.*

as ſavage, nor the laſt neglected ſo as to impair health. But I know men, who for fear of being ſavage, live with all who will live with them; and who, to preſerve their health, ſaunter away half their time. Adieu: Pope calls for the paper.

P. S. I hope what goes before will be a ſtrong motive to your coming. God knows if ever I ſhall ſee Ireland; I ſhall never deſire it, if you can be got hither, or kept here. Yet I think I ſhall be, too ſoon, a Freeman.— Your recommendations I conſtantly give to thoſe you mention; tho' ſome of them I ſee but ſeldom, and am every day more retired. I am leſs fond of the world, and leſs curious about it: yet no way out of humour, diſappointed or angry: tho' in my way I receive as many injuries as my betters, but I don't feel them, therefore I ought not to vex other people, nor even to return injuries. I paſs almoſt all my time at Dawley and at home; my Lord (of which I partly take the merit to myſelf) is as much eſtranged from politics as I am. Let Philoſophy be ever ſo vain, it is leſs vain now than Politics, and not quite ſo vain at preſent as Divinity: I know nothing that moves ſtrongly but Satire, and thoſe who are aſham'd of nothing elſe, are ſo of being ridiculous. I fancy, if we three were together but for three years, ſome good might be done even upon this Age.

I know you'll deſire ſome account of my health: It is as uſual, but my ſpirits rather worſe. I write little or nothing. You know, I never had either a taſte or talent for politics, and the world minds nothing elſe. I have perſonal obligations which I will ever preſerve, to men of different ſides, and I wiſh nothing ſo much as public quiet, except it be my own quiet. I think it a merit, if I can take off any man from grating or ſatiri-

cal ſubjects, merely on the ſcore of Party: and it is the greateſt vanity of my life that I've contributed to turn my Lord Bolingbroke to ſubjects moral, uſeful, and more worthy his pen. Dr. ———'s Book is what I can't commend ſo much as Dean Berkley's *, tho' it has many things ingenious in it, and is not deficient in the writing part: but the whole book, tho' he meant it *ad Populum*, is, I think, purely *ad Clerum*. Adieu.

* Call'd *The Minute Philoſopher*.

LETTERS

OF

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. GAY.

From the Year 1729 to 1732 *.

LETTER XLIX.

Dublin, March 19, 1729.

I Deny it. I do write to you according to the old ſtipulation, for, when you kept your old company, when I writ to one I writ to all. But I am ready to enter into a new bargain ſince you are got into a new world, and will anſwer all your letters. You are firſt to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to the Ducheſs of Queenſberry, and let her know that I never dine without thinking of her, although it be with ſome difficulty that I can obey her when I dine with forks that have but two prongs, and when the ſauce is not very conſiſtent. You muſt likewiſe tell her Grace that ſhe is a general toaſt among all honeſt folks here, and particularly at the Deanry, even in the face of my Whig ſubjects.— I will leave my money in Lord Bathurſt's hands, and the management of it (for want of better) in yours:

* Found among Mr. Gay's papers, and return'd to Dr. Swift by the Duke of Queenſberry and Mr. Pope.

and pray keep the intereſt-money in a bag wrapt up and ſealed by itſelf, for fear of your own fingers under your careleſſneſs. Mr. Pope talks of you as a perfect ſtranger; but the different purſuits and manners and intereſts of life, as fortune hath pleaſed to diſpoſe them, will never ſuffer thoſe to live together, who by their inclinations ought never to part. I hope when you are rich enough, you will have ſome little oeconomy of your own in town or country, and be able to give your friend a pint of Port; for the domeſtic ſeaſon of life will come on. I had never much hopes of your vampt Play, although Mr. Pope ſeem'd to have, and although it were ever ſo good: But you ſhould have done like the Parſons, and changed your Text, I mean the Title, and the names of the perſons. After all, it was an effect of idleneſs, for you are in the prime of life, when invention and judgment go together. I wiſh you had 100 *l.* a year more for horſes — I ride and walk whenever good weather invites, and am reputed the beſt walker in this town and fives miles round. I writ lately to Mr. Pope: I wiſh you had a little Villakin in his neighbourhood; but you are yet too volatile, and any Lady with a coach and ſix horſes would carry you to Japan.

LETTER L.

Dublin, Nov. 10, 1730.

WHEN my Lord Peterborow in the Queen's time went abroad upon his Ambaſſies, the Miniſtry told me, that he was ſuch a vagrant, they were forced to write *at* him by gueſs, becauſe they knew not where to write *to* him. This is my caſe with you; ſometimes in

Scotland, ſometimes at Hamwalks, ſometimes God know[s] where. You are a man of buſineſs, and not at leiſure for inſignificant correſpondence. It was I got you the employment of being my Lord Duke's *premier Miniſtre:* for his Grace having heard how good a manager you were of my revenue, thought you fit to be entruſted with ten talents. I have had twenty times a ſtrong inclination to ſpend a ſummer near Saliſbury-downs, having rode over them more than once, and with a young parſon of Sailſbury reckoned twice the ſtones of Stonehenge, which are either ninety-two or ninety-three. I deſire to preſent my moſt humble acknowledgments to my Lady Ducheſs in return of her civility. I hear an ill thing, that ſhe is *matre pulchra filia pulchrior:* I never ſaw her ſince ſhe was a girl, and would be angry ſhe ſhould excel her mother, who was long my principal Goddeſs. I deſire you will tell her Grace, that the ill-management of forks is not to be help'd when they are only bidential, which happens in all poor houſes, eſpecially thoſe of Poets; upon which account a knife was abſolutely neceſſary at Mr. Pope's, where it was morally impoſſible with a bidential fork to convey a morſel of beef, with the incumbrance of muſtard and turnips, into your mouth at once. And her Grace hath coſt me thirty pounds to provide Tridents for fear of offending her, which ſum I deſire ſhe will pleaſe to return me. — I am ſick enough to go to the Bath, but have not heard it will be good for my diſorder. I have a ſtrong mind to ſpend my 200 *l.* next ſummer in France: I am glad I have it, for there is hardly twice that ſum left in this kingdom. You want no ſettlement (I call the family where you live, and the foot you are upon, a ſettlement) till you increaſe your fortune to what will ſupport you with eaſe and plenty, a good houſe and a garden. The want of this I much dread for you: For I have often known a

She-couſin of a good family and ſmall fortune, paſſing months among all her relations, living in plenty, and taking her circles, till ſhe grew an old Maid, and every body weary of her. Mr. Pope complains of ſeldom ſeeing you; but the evil is unavoidable, for different circumſtances of life have always ſeparated thoſe whom friendſhip would join: God hath taken care of this, to prevent any progreſs towards real happineſs here, which would make life more deſirable, and death too dreadful. I hope you have now one advantage that you always wanted before, and the want of which made your friends as uneaſy as it did yourſelf; I mean the removal of that ſolicitude about your own affairs, which perpetually fill'd your thoughts and diſturb'd your converſation. For if it be true what Mr. Pope ſeriouſly tells me, you will have opportunity of ſaving every groat of the intereſt you receive; and ſo by the time he and you grow weary of each other, you will be able to paſs the reſt of your wineleſs life, in eaſe and plenty, with the additional triumphal comfort of never having receiv'd a penny from thoſe taſtleſs ungrateful people from whom you deſerved ſo much, and who deſerve no better Geniuſes than thoſe by whom they are celebrated. — If you ſee Mr. Ceſar, preſent my humble ſervice to him, and let him know that the ſcrub Libel printed againſt me here, and reprinted in London, for which he ſhewed a kind concern to a friend of us both, was written by myſelf, and ſent to a Whig-printer: It was in the ſtyle and genius of ſuch ſcoundrels, when the humour of libelling ran in this ſtrain againſt a friend of mine whom you know. — But my paper is ended.

LETTER LI.

Dublin, Nov. 19, 1730.

I Writ to you a long letter about a fortnight paſt, concluding you were in London, from whence I underſtood one of your former was dated: Nor did I imagine you were gone back to Aimſbury ſo late in the year, at which ſeaſon I take the Country to be only a ſcene for thoſe who have been ill uſed by a Court on account of their Virtues; which is a ſtate of happineſs the more valuable, becauſe it is not accompanied by Envy, although nothing deſerves it more. I would gladly ſell a Dukedom to loſe favour in the manner their Graces have done. I believe my Lord Carteret, ſince he is no longer Lieutenant, may not wiſh me ill, and I have told him often that I only hated him as Lieutenant: I confeſs he had a genteeler manner of binding the chains of this kingdom than moſt of his predeceſſors, and I confeſs at the ſame time that he had, ſix times, a regard to my recommendation by preferring ſo many of my friends in the church; the two laſt acts of his favour were to add to the dignities of Dr. Delany and Mr Stopford, the laſt of whom was by you and Mr. Pope put into Mr. Pultney's hands. I told you in my laſt, that a continuance of giddineſs (though not in a violent degree) prevented my thoughts of England at preſent. For in my caſe a domeſtic life is neceſſary, where I can with the Centurion ſay to my ſervant, Go, and he goeth, and Do this, and he doth it. I now hate all people whom I cannot command, and conſequently a Ducheſs is at this time the hatefulleſt Lady in the world to me, one only excepted, and I beg her Grace's pardon for that exception, for, in the way I mean, her Grace is ten thouſand times more hateful. I confeſs I begin to apprehend you will ſquander my

money, becauſe I hope you never leſs wanted it; and if you go on with ſucceſs for two years longer, I fear I ſhall not have a farthing of it left. The Doctor hath ill-informed me, who ſays that Mr. Pope is at preſent the chief Poetical Favourite, yet Mr. Pope himſelf talks like a Philoſopher and one wholly retir'd. But the vogue of our few honeſt folks here is, that Duck is abſolutely to ſucceed Euſden in the laurel, the contention being between Concannen or Theobald, or ſome other Hero of the Dunciad. I never charged you for not talking, but the dubious ſtate of your affairs in thoſe days was too much the ſubject, and I wiſh the Ducheſs had been the voucher of your amendment. Nothing ſo much contributed to my eaſe as the turn of affairs after the Queen's death; by which all my hopes being cut off, I could have no ambition left, unleſs I would have been a greater raſcal than happened to ſuit with my temper. I therefore ſat down quietly at my morſel, adding only thereto a principle of hatred to all ſucceeding Meaſures and Miniſtries by way of ſauce to reliſh my meat: And I confeſs one point of conduct in my Lady Ducheſs's life hath added much poignancy to it. There is a good Iriſh practical bull towards the end of your letter, where you ſpend a dozen lines in telling me you muſt leave off, that you may give my Lady Ducheſs room to write, and ſo you proceed to within two or three lines of the bottom; though I would have remitted you my 200*l.* to have left place for as many more.

To the Ducheſs.

Madam,

My beginning thus low is meant as a mark of reſpect, like receiving your Grace at the bottom of the ſtairs. I am glad you know your duty; for it hath been a known

and eſtabliſh'd rule above twenty years in England, that the firſt advances hath been conſtantly made me by all Ladies who aſpir'd to my acquaintance, and the greater their quality, the greater were their advances. Yet, I know not by what weakneſs, I have condeſcended graciouſly to diſpenſe with you upon this important article. Though Mr. Gay will tell you that a nameleſs perſon ſent me eleven meſſages before I would yield to a viſit: I mean a perſon to whom he is infinitely obliged, for being the occaſion of the happineſs he now enjoys under the protection and favour of my Lord Duke and your Grace. At the ſame time, I cannot forbear telling you, Madam, that you are a little imperious in your manner of making your advances. You ſay, perhaps you ſhall not like me; I affirm you are miſtaken, which I can plainly demonſtrate: for I have certain intelligence, that another perſon diſlikes me of late, with whoſe likings yours have not for ſome time paſt gone together. However, if I ſhall once have the honour to attend your Grace, I will out of fear and prudence appear as vain as I can, that I may not know your thoughts of me. This is your own direction, but it was needleſs: For Diogenes himſelf would be vain, to have received the honour of being one moment of his life in the thoughts of your Grace.

LETTER LII.

Dublin, April 13, 1731.

YOUR ſituation is an odd one; the Ducheſs is your Treaſurer, and Mr. Pope tells me you are the Duke's. And I had gone a good way in ſome Verſes on that occaſion, preſcribing leſſons to direct your conduct, in a negative way, not to do ſo and ſo, etc. like

other Treaſurers; how to deal with Servants, Tenants, or neighbouring Squires, which I take to be Courtiers, Parliaments, and Princes in alliance, and ſo the parallel goes on, but grows too long to pleaſe me: I prove that Poets are the fitteſt perſons to be treaſurers and managers to great perſons, from their virtue, and contempt of money, etc. — Pray, why did you not get a new heel to your ſhoe? unleſs you would make your court at St. James's by affecting to imitate the Prince of Lilliput. — But the reſt of your letter being wholly taken up in a very bad character of the Ducheſs, I ſhall ſay no more to you, but apply myſelf to her Grace.

Madam, ſince Mr. Gay affirms that you love to have your own way, and ſince I have the ſame perfection; I will ſettle that matter immediately, to prevent thoſe ill conſequences he apprehends. Your Grace ſhall have your own way, in all places except your own houſe, and the domains about it. There and there only, I expect to have mine, ſo that you have all the world to reign in, bating only two or three hundred acres, and two or three houſes in town and country. I will likewiſe, out of my ſpecial grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, allow you to be in the right againſt all human kind, except myſelf, and to be never in the wrong but when you differ from me. You ſhall have a greater privilege in the third article of ſpeaking your mind; which I ſhall graciouſly allow you now and then to do even to myſelf, and only rebuke you when it does not pleaſe me.

Madam, I am now got as far as your Grace's letter, which having not read this fortnight (having been out of town, and not daring to truſt myſelf with the carriage of it) the preſumptuous manner in which you begin had ſlipt out of my memory. But I forgive you

to the ſeventeenth line, where you begin to baniſh me for ever, by demanding me to anſwer all the good character ſome partial friends have given me. Madam, I have lived ſixteen years in Ireland, with only an intermiſſion of two ſummers in England; and conſequently am fifty years older than I was at the Queen's death, and fifty thouſand times duller, and fifty million times more peeviſh, perverſe, and moroſe; ſo that under theſe diſadvantages I can only pretend to excel all your other acquaintance about ſome twenty bars length. Pray, Madam, have you a clear voice? and will you let me ſit at your left hand at leaſt within three of you, for of two bad ears, my right is the beſt? My Groom tells me that he likes your park, but your houſe is too little. Can the parſon of the pariſh play at backgammon, and hold his tongue? is any one of your Women a good nurſe, if I ſhould fancy myſelf ſick for four and twenty hours? how many days will you maintain me and my equipage? When theſe preliminaries are ſettled, I muſt be very poor, very ſick, or dead, or to the laſt degree unfortunate, if I do not attend you at Aimſbury. For I profeſs you are the firſt lady that ever I deſired to ſee, ſince the firſt of Auguſt 1714, and I have forgot the date when that deſire grew ſtrong upon me, but I know I was not then in England, elſe I would have gone on foot for that happineſs as far as to your houſe in Scotland. But I can ſoon recollect the time, by aſking ſome Ladies here the month, the day, and the hour when I began to endure their company? which however I think was a ſign of my ill-judgment, for I do not perceive they mend in any thing but envying or admiring your Grace. I diſlike nothing in your letter but an affected apology for bad writing, bad ſpelling, and a bad pen, which you pretend Mr. Gay found fault with, wherein you affront Mr. Gay, you affront me, and you

affront yourſelf. Falſe ſpelling is only excuſable in a Chambermaid, for I would not pardon it in any of your Waiting-women. — Pray God preſerve your Grace and family, and give me leave to expect that you will be ſo juſt to remember me among thoſe who have the greateſt regard for virtue, goodneſs, prudence, courage, and generoſity; after which you muſt conclude that I am with the greateſt reſpect and gratitude, Madam, your Grace's moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant, etc.

To Mr. GAY.

I have juſt got yours of February 24, with a poſtſcript by Mr. Pope. I am in great concern for him: I find Mr. Pope dictated to you the firſt part, and with great difficulty ſome days after added the reſt. I ſee his weakneſs by his hand-writing. How much does his philoſophy exceed mine? I could not bear to ſee him: I will write to him ſoon.

LETTER LIII.

Dublin, June 29, 1731.

EVER ſince I received your letter I have been upon a balance about going to England, and landing at Briſtol, to paſs a month at Aimſbury, as the Ducheſs hath given me leave. But many difficulties have interfered; firſt, I thought I had done with my law-ſuit, and ſo did all my lawyers, but my adverſary, after being in appearance a Proteſtant theſe twenty years, hath declared he was always a Papiſt, and conſequently by the law here, cannot buy nor (I think) ſell; ſo that I am at ſea again, for almoſt all I am worth. But I have ſtill a worſe evil; for the giddineſs I was ſubject to, inſtead

of coming ſeldom and violent, now conſtantly attends me more or leſs, tho' in a more peaceable manner, yet ſuch as will not qualify me to live among the young and healthy: And the Ducheſs, in all her youth, ſpirit, and grandeur, will make a very ill nurſe, and her women not much better. Valetudinarians muſt live where they can command, and ſcold; I muſt have horſes to ride, I muſt go to bed and riſe when I pleaſe, and live where all mortals are ſubſervient to me. I muſt talk nonſenſe when I pleaſe, and all who are preſent muſt commend it. I muſt ride thrice a week, and walk three or four miles beſides, every day.

I always told you Mr. —— was good for nothing but to be a rank Courtier. I care not whether he ever writes to me or no. He and you may tell this to the Ducheſs, and I hate to ſee you ſo charitable, and ſuch a Cully; and yet I love you for it, becauſe I am one myſelf.

You are the ſillieſt lover in Chriſtendom: If you like Mrs. —— why do you not command her to take you? if ſhe does not, ſhe is not worth purſuing; you do her too much honour; ſhe hath neither ſenſe nor taſte, if ſhe dares to refuſe you, though ſhe had ten thouſand pounds. I do not remember to have told you of thanks that you have not given, nor do I underſtand your meaning, and I am ſure I had never the leaſt thoughts of any myſelf. If I am your friend, it is for my own reputation, and from a principle of ſelf-love, and I do ſometimes reproach you for not honouring me by letting the world know we are friends.

I ſee very well how matters go with the Ducheſs in regard to me. I heard her ſay, Mr. Gay, fill your letter to the Dean, that there may be no room for me, the frolic is gone far enough, I have writ thrice, I will do no more; if the man has a mind to come, let him

come; what a clutter is here? poſitively I will not write a ſyllable more. She is an ungrateful Ducheſs conſidering how many adorers I have procured her here, over and above the thouſands ſhe had before.—— I cannot allow you rich enough till you are worth 7000 *l.* which will bring you 300 *per annum*, and this will maintain you, with the perquiſite of ſpunging while you are young, and when you are old will afford you a pint of port at night, two ſervants, and an old maid, a little garden, and pen and ink — provided you live in the country —— Have you no ſcheme either in verſe or proſe? The Ducheſs ſhould keep you at hard meat, and by that means force you to write; and ſo I have done with you.

Madam,

Since I began to grow old, I have found all ladies become inconſtant, without any reproach from their conſcience. If I wait on you, I declare that one of your women (which ever it is that has deſigns upon a Chaplain) muſt be my nurſe, if I happen to be ſick or peeviſh at your houſe, and in that caſe you muſt ſuſpend your domineering Claim till I recover. Your omitting the uſual appendix to Mr. Gay's letters hath done me infinite miſchief here; for while you continued them, you would wonder how civil the Ladies here were to me, and how much they have altered ſince. I dare not confeſs that I have deſcended ſo low as to write to your Grace, after the abominable neglect you have been guilty of; for if they but ſuſpected it, I ſhould loſe them all. One of them, who had an inklin of the matter (your Grace will hardly believe it) refuſed to beg my pardon upon her knees, for once neglecting to make my rice-milk.— Pray, conſider this, and do your duty, or dread the conſequence. I promiſe you ſhall have your

will ſix minutes every hour at Aimſbury, and ſeven in London, while I am in health: but if I happen to be ſick, I muſt govern to a ſecond. Yet properly ſpeaking, there is no man alive with ſo much truth and reſpect your Grace's moſt obedient and devoted ſervant.

LETTER LIV.

Aug. 28, 1731.

YOU and the Ducheſs uſe me very ill, for, I profeſs, I cannot diſtinguiſh the ſtyle or the hand-writing of either. I think her Grace writes more like you than herſelf, and that you write more like her Grace than yourſelf. I would ſwear the beginning of your letter writ by the Ducheſs, though it is to paſs for yours; becauſe there is a curſed lie in it, that ſhe is neither young nor healthy, and beſides it perfectly reſembles the part ſhe owns. I will likewiſe ſwear, that what I muſt ſuppoſe is written by the Ducheſs, is your hand; and thus I am puzzled and perplexed between you, but I will go on in the innocency of my own heart. I am got eight miles from our famous metropolis, to a country Parſon's, to whom I lately gave a City-living, ſuch as an Engliſh Chaplain would leap at. I retired hither for the public good, having two great works in hand: One to reduce the whole politeneſs, wit, humour, and ſtyle of England, into a ſhort ſyſtem, for the uſe of all perſons of quality, and particularly the maids of honour *. The other is of almoſt equal importance; I may call it the whole duty of ſervants, in about twenty ſeveral ſtations, from the ſteward and waiting-woman

* *Wagſtaff's Dialogues of polite Converſation*, publiſhed in his life-time.

down to the ſcullion and pantry-boy * — I believe no mortal had ever ſuch fair invitations, as to be happy in the beſt company of England. I wiſh I had liberty to print your letter with my own comments upon it. There was a fellow in Ireland, who from a ſhoe-boy grew to be ſeveral times one of the chief governors, wholly illiterate, and with hardly common ſenſe: A Lord Lieutenant told the firſt King George, that he was the greateſt ſubject he had in both kingdoms; and truly this character was gotten and preſerved by his never appearing in England, which was the only wiſe thing he ever did, except purchaſing ſixteen thouſand pounds a year— Why, you need not ſtare: it is eaſily apply'd: I muſt be abſent, in order to preſerve my credit with her Grace — Lo here comes in the Ducheſs again (I know her by her dd's; but am a fool for diſcovering my Art) to defend herſelf againſt my conjecture of what ſhe ſaid — Madam, I will imitate your Grace and write to you upon the ſame line. I own it is a baſe un romantic ſpirit in me, to ſuſpend the honour of waiting at your Grace's feet, till I can finiſh a paultry law-ſuit. It concerns indeed almoſt my whole fortune; it is equal to half Mr. Pope's, and two thirds of Mr. Gay's, and about ſix weeks rent of your Grace's. This curſed accident hath drill'd away the whole ſummer. But, Madam, underſtand one thing, that I take all your ironical civilities in a literal ſenſe, and whenever I have the honour to attend you, ſhall expect them to be literally perform'd: though perhaps I ſhall find it hard to prove your handwriting in a Court of juſtice; but that will not be much for your credit. How miſerably hath your Grace been miſtaken in thinking to avoid Envy by running into

* An imperfect thing of this kind, called *Directions to ſervants in general*, has been publiſhed ſince his death.

exile, where it haunts you more than ever it did even at Court? *Non te civitas, non regia domus in exilium miſerunt, ſed tu utraſque.* So ſays Cicero (as your Grace knows) or ſo he might have ſaid.

I am told that the Craftſman in one of his papers is offended with the publiſhers of (I ſuppoſe) the laſt edition of the Dunciad; and I was aſked whether you and Mr. Pope were as good friends to the new diſgraced perſon as formerly? This I knew nothing of, but ſuppoſe it was the conſequence of ſome miſtake. As to writing, I look on you juſt in the prime of life for it, the very ſeaſon when judgment and invention draw together. But ſchemes are perfectly accidental; ſome will appear barren of hints and matter, but prove to be fruitful; and others the contrary: And what you ſay, is paſt doubt, that every one can beſt find hints for himſelf: though it is poſſible that ſometimes a friend may give you a lucky one juſt ſuited to your own imagination. But all this is almoſt paſt with me: my invention and judgment are perpetually at fiſty-cuffs, till they have quite diſabled each other: and the meereſt trifles I ever wrote are ſerious philoſophical lucubrations, in compariſon to what I now buſy myſelf about; as (to ſpeak in the author's phraſe) the world may one day ſee *.

* His ludicrous prediction was, ſince his death, and very much to his diſhonour, ſeriouſly fulfilled, in collecting together, and publiſhing every folly that fell from his pen, in this *diſabled* ſtate of his wit, as he himſelf repreſents it to be; and which, the productions of it amply verify. This treatment of ſo great a Genius for a little paultry lucre, well deſerves the indignation of the Public.

LETTER LV.

Sept. 10, 1731.

IF your ramble was on horſeback, I am glad of it on account of your health; but I know your arts of patching up a journey between ſtage-coaches and friends coaches: for you are as arrant a cockney as any hoſier in Cheapſide. One clean ſhirt with two cravats, and as many handkerchiefs, make up your equipage; and as for a night-gown, it is clear from Homer, that Agamemnon roſe without one. I have often had it in my head to put it into yours, that you ought to have ſome great work in ſcheme, which may take up ſeven years to finiſh, beſides two or three under ones, that may add another thouſand pound to your ſtock: and then I ſhall be in leſs pain about you. I know you can find dinners, but you love twelve-penny coaches too well, without conſidering that the intereſt of a whole thouſand pounds brings you but half a crown a day. I find a greater longing than ever to come amongſt you; and reaſon good, when I am teazed with Dukes and Ducheſſes for a viſit, all my demands comply'd with, and all excuſes cut off. You remember, "O happy Don Quixote! "Queens held his horſe, and Ducheſſes pulled off his "armour," or ſomething to that purpoſe. He was a mean-ſpirited fellow; I can ſay ten times more; O happy, etc. ſuch a Ducheſs was deſigned to attend him, and ſuch a Duke invited him to command his Palace. *Nam iſtos reges ceteros memorare nolo, hominum mendicabula:* go read your Plautus, and obſerve Strobilus vaporing after he had found the pot of gold.—I will have nothing to do with that Lady: I have long hated her on your account, and the more, becauſe you are ſo forgiving as not to hate her; however, ſhe has good qualities

enough to make her eſteem'd; but not one grain of feeling. I only wiſh ſhe were a fool.—I have been ſeveral months writing near five hundred lines on a pleaſant ſubject, only to tell what my friends and enemies will ſay on me after I am dead*. I ſhall finiſh it ſoon, for I add two lines every week, and blot out four, and alter eight. I have brought in you and my other friends, as well as enemies and detractors.—It is a great comfort to ſee how corruption and ill-conduct are inſtrumental in uniting Virtuous perſons and Lovers of their country of all denominations: Whig and Tory, High and Low-church, as ſoon as they are left to think freely, all joining in opinion. If this be diſaffection, pray God ſend me always among the diſaffected! and I heartily wiſh you joy of your ſcurvy treatment at Court, which hath given you leiſure to cultivate both public and private Virtue, neither of them likely to be ſoon met with within the walls of St. James's or Weſtminſter.—But I muſt here diſmiſs you, that I may pay my acknowledgments to the Duke for the great honour he hath done me.

My Lord,

I could have ſworn that my Pride would be always able to preſerve me from Vanity; of which I have been in great danger to be guilty for ſome months paſt, firſt by the conduct of my Lady Ducheſs, and now by that of your Grace, which had like to finiſh the work: and I ſhould have certainly gone about ſhewing my letters under the charge of ſecreſy to every blab of my acquaintance; if I could have the leaſt hope of prevailing on any of them to believe that a man in ſo obſcure a corner,

* This has been publiſhed, and is amongſt the beſt of his poems.

quite thrown out of the preſent world, and within a few ſteps of the next, ſhould receive ſuch condeſcending invitations, from two ſuch perſons, to whom he is an utter ſtranger, and who know no more of him than what they have heard by the partial repreſentations of a friend. But in the mean time, I muſt deſire your Grace not to flatter yourſelf, that I waited for Your Conſent to accept the invitation. I muſt be ignorant indeed not to know, that the Ducheſs, ever ſince you met, hath been moſt politicly employed in increaſing thoſe forces, and ſharpning thoſe arms with which ſhe ſubdued you at firſt, and to which, the braver and the wiſer you grow, you will more and more ſubmit. Thus I knew myſelf on the ſecure ſide, and it was a mere piece of good manners to inſert that clauſe, of which you have taken the advantage. But as I cannot forbear informing your Grace that the Ducheſs's great ſecret in her art of government hath been to reduce both your wills into one; ſo I am content, in due obſervance to the forms of the world, to return my moſt humble thanks to your Grace for ſo great a favour as you are pleaſed to offer me, and which nothing but impoſſibilities ſhall prevent me from receiving, ſince I am, with the greateſt reaſon, truth, and reſpect, my Lord, your Grace's moſt obedient, etc.

Madam,

I have conſulted all the learned in occult ſciences of my acquaintance, and have ſat up eleven nights to diſcover the meaning of thoſe two hieroglyphical lines in your Grace's hand at the bottom of the laſt Aimſbury letter, but all in vain. Only 'tis agreed, that the language is Coptic, and a very profound Behmiſt aſſures me, the ſtyle is poetic, containing an invitation from a very great perſon of the female ſex to a ſtrange kind of man whom

ſhe never ſaw; and this is all I can find, which after ſo many former invitations, will ever confirm me in that reſpect, wherewith I am, Madam, your Grace's moſt obedient, etc.

LETTER LVI.

Mr. GAY to Dr. SWIFT.

Decemb. 1, 1731.

YOU us'd to complain that Mr. Pope and I would not let you ſpeak: you may now be even with me, and take it out in writing. If you don't ſend to me now and then, the poſt-office will think me of no conſequence, for I have no correſpondent but you. You may keep as far from us as you pleaſe, you cannot be forgotten by thoſe who ever knew you, and therefore pleaſe me by ſometimes ſhewing that I am not forgot by you. I have nothing to take me off from my friendſhip to you: I ſeek no new accquaintance, and court no favour; I ſpend no ſhillings in coaches or chairs to levees or great viſits, and, as I don't want the aſſiſtance of ſome that I formerly converſed with, I will not ſo much as ſeem to ſeek to be a dependant. As to my ſtudies, I have not been entirely idle, though I cannot ſay that I have yet perfected any thing. What I have done is ſomething in the way of thoſe fables I have already publiſhed. All the money I get is by ſaving, ſo that by habit there may be ſome hopes (if I grow richer) of my becoming a miſer. All miſers have their excuſes; the motive to my parſimony is independance. If I were to be repreſented by the Ducheſs (ſhe is ſuch a downright niggard for me) this character might not be allow'd me; but I really think I am covetous enough for any who lives at

the court end of the town, and who is as poor as myſelf: for I don't pretend that I am equally ſaving with S——k. Mr. Lewis deſired you might be told that he hath five pounds of yours in his hands, which he fancies you may have forgot, for he will hardly allow that a Verſe-man can have a juſt knowledge of his own affairs. When you got rid of your law-ſuit, I was in hopes that you had got your own, and was free from every vexation of the law; but Mr. Pope tells me you are not entirely out of your perplexity, tho' you have the ſecurity now in your own poſſeſſion; but ſtill your caſe is not ſo bad as Captain Gulliver's, who was ruined by having a decree for him with coſts. I have had an injunction for me againſt pirating bookſellers, which I am ſure to get nothing by, and will, I fear, in the end, drain me of ſome money. When I began this proſecution, I fancy'd there would be ſome end of it; but the law ſtill goes on, and 'tis probable I ſhall ſome time or other ſee an Attorney's bill as long as the Book. Poor Duke Diſney is dead, and hath left what he had among his friends, among whom are Lord Bolingbroke 500 *l.* Mr. Pelham 500 *l.* Sir William Wyndham's youngeſt ſon 500 *l.* Gen. Hill 500 *l.* Lord Maſſam's ſon 500 *l.*

You have the good wiſhes of thoſe I converſe with; they know they gratify me, when they remember you; but I really think they do it purely for your own ſake. I am ſatisfied with the love and friendſhip of good men, and envy not the demerits of thoſe who are moſt conſpicuouſly diſtinguiſh'd. Therefore as I ſet a juſt value upon your friendſhip, you cannot pleaſe me more than letting me now and then know that you remember me (the only ſatisfaction of diſtant friends!)

P. S. Mr. Gay's is a good letter, mine will be a very dull one; and yet what you will think the worſt of it,

is what ſhould be its excuſe, that I write in an headach which has laſted three days. I am never ill but I think of your ailments, and repine that they mutually hinder our being together: tho' in one point I am apt to differ from you, for you ſhun your friends when you are in thoſe circumſtances, and I deſire them; your way is the more generous, mine the more tender. Lady — took your letter very kindly, for I had prepared her to expect no anſwer under a twelve-month; but kindneſs perhaps is a word not applicable to courtiers. However ſhe is an extraordinary woman there, who will do you common juſtice. For God's ſake, why all this ſcruple about Lord B———'s keeping your horſes, who has a park; or about my keeping you on a pint of wine a day? We are infinitely richer than you imagine: John Gay ſhall help me to entertain you, tho' you come like King Lear with fifty knights — Tho' ſuch proſpects as I wiſh, cannot now be formed for fixing you with us, time may provide better before you part again: the old Lord may die, the benefice may drop, or, at worſt, you may carry me into Ireland. You will ſee a work of Lord B——'s and one of mine: which, with a juſt neglect of the preſent age, conſult only poſterity; and, with a noble ſcorn of politics, aſpire to philoſophy. I am glad you reſolve to meddle no more with the low concerns and intereſts of Parties, even of Countries (for Countries are but larger parties) *Quid verum atque decens curare, et rogare, noſtrum ſit.* I am much pleaſed with your deſign upon Rochefoucault's maxim, pray finiſh it *. I am happy whenever you join our names together: ſo would Dr. Arbuthnot be, but at this time he can be pleaſed with nothing; for his darling ſon is dying in all

* The Poem on his own death, formed upon a maxim of Rochefoucault. It is one of the beſt of his Performances: But very characteriſtic.

probability, by the melancholy account I received this morning.

The paper you aſk me about is of little value. It might have been a ſeaſonable ſatire upon the ſcandalous language and paſſion with which men of condition have ſtoop'd to treat one another: ſurely they ſacrifice too much to the people, when they ſacrifice their own characters, families, etc. to the diverſion of that rabble of readers. I agree with you in my contempt of moſt popularity, fame, etc. even as a writer I am cool in it, and whenever you ſee what I am now writing, you'll be convinced I would pleaſe but a few, and (if I could) make mankind leſs admirers, and greater Reaſoners *. I ſtudy much more to render my own portion of Being eaſy, and to keep this peeviſh frame of the human body in good humour. Infirmities have not quite unmann'd me, and it will delight you to hear they are not increas'd, tho' not diminiſh'd. I thank God, I do not very much want people to attend me, tho' my Mother now cannot. When I am ſick, I lie down: when I am better, I riſe up: I am uſed to the head-ach, etc. If greater pains arrive (ſuch as my late rheumatiſm) the ſervants bathe and plaſter me, or the ſurgeon ſcarifies me, and I bear it, becauſe I muſt. This is the evil of Nature, not of Fortune. I am juſt now as well as when you was here: I pray God you were no worſe. I ſincerely wiſh my life were paſt near you, and, ſuch as it is, I would not repine at it. — All you mention remember you, and wiſh you here.

* The Poem he means is the *Eſſay on Man*.

LETTER LVII.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. GAY.

Dublin, May 4, 1732.

I Am now as lame as when you writ your letter, and almoſt as lame as your letter itſelf, for want of that limb from my Lady Ducheſs, which you promis'd, and without which I wonder how it could limp hither. I am not in a condition to make a true ſtep even on Aimſbury Downs, and I declare that a corporeal falſe ſtep is worſe than a political one; nay worſe than a thouſand political ones, for which I appeal to Courts and Miniſters, who hobble on and proſper, without the ſenſe of feeling. To talk of riding and walking is inſulting me, for I can as ſoon fly as do either. It is your pride or lazineſs, more than chair-hire, that makes the town expenſive. No honour is loſt by walking in the dark; and in the day, you may beckon a black-guard-boy under a gate, near your viſiting-place, *(experto crede)* ſave eleven-pence, and get half a crown's worth of health. The worſt of my preſent misfortune is, that I eat and drink, and can digeſt neither for want of exerciſe; and, to encreaſe my miſery, the knaves are ſure to find me at home, and make huge void ſpaces in my cellars. I congratulate with you for loſing your Great acquaintance; in ſuch a caſe, philoſophy teaches that we muſt ſubmit, and be content with Good ones. I like Lord Cornbury's refuſing his penſion, but I demur at his being elected for Oxford; which, I conceive, is wholly changed; and entirely devoted to new principles; ſo it appeared to me the two laſt times I was there.

I find by the whole caſt of your letter, that you are as giddy and as volatile as ever, juſt the reverſe of Mr. Pope, who hath always loved a domeſtic life from his

youth. I was going to wiſh you had ſome little place that you could call your own, but, I profeſs, I do not know you well enough to contrive any one ſyſtem of life that would pleaſe you. You pretend to preach up riding and walking to the Ducheſs, yet, from my knowledge of you after twenty years, you always joined a violent deſire of perpetually ſhifting places and company, with a rooted lazineſs, and an utter impatience of fatigue. A coach and ſix horſes is the utmoſt exerciſe you can bear, and this only when you can fill it with ſuch company as is beſt ſuited to your taſte, and how glad would you be if it could waft you in the air to avoid jolting? while I, who am ſo much later in life, can, or at leaſt could, ride 500 miles on a trotting horſe. You mortally hate writing, only becauſe it is the thing you chiefly ought to do; as well to keep up the vogue you have in the world, as to make you eaſy in your fortune: You are merciful to every thing but money, your beſt friend, whom you treat with inhumanity. Be aſſured, I will hire people to watch all your motions, and to return me a faithful account. Tell me, have you cured your Abſence of mind? can you attend to trifles? can you at Aimſbury write domeſtic libels to divert the family and neighbouring ſquires for five miles round? or venture ſo far on horſeback, without apprehending a ſtumble at every ſtep? can you ſet the footmen a-laughing as they wait at dinner? and do the Ducheſs's women admire your wit? in what eſteem are you with the Vicar of the pariſh? can you play with him at back-gammon? have the farmers found out that you cannot diſtinguiſh rye from barley, or an oak from a crab-tree? You are ſenſible that I know the full extent of your country-ſkill is in fiſhing for Roaches, or Gudgeons at the higheſt.

I love to do you good offices with your friends, and therefore deſire you will ſhow this letter to the Ducheſs, to improve her Grace's good opinion of your qualifications, and convince her how uſeful you are like to be in the family. Her Grace ſhall have the honour of my correſpondence again when ſhe goes to Aimſbury. Hear a piece of Iriſh news, I buried the famous General Meredith's father laſt night in my Cathedral, he was ninety-ſix years old: ſo that Mrs. Pope may live ſeven years longer. You ſaw Mr. Pope in health, pray is he generally more healthy than when I was amongſt you? I would know how your own health is, and how much wine you drink in a day? My ſtint in company is a pint at noon, and half as much at night, but I often dine at home like a hermit, and then I drink little or none at all. Yet I differ from you, for I would have ſociety, if I could get what I like, people of middle underſtanding, and middle rank. Adieu.

LETTER LVIII.

Dublin, July 10, 1732.

I Had your letter by Mr. Ryves a long time after the date, for I ſuppoſe he ſtayed long in the way. I am glad you determine upon ſomething; there is no writing I eſteem more than Fables, nor any thing ſo difficult to ſucceed in, which however you have done excellently well, and I have often admir'd your happineſs in ſuch kind of performances, which I have frequently endeavour'd at in vain. I remember I acted as you ſeem to hint; I found a Moral firſt and ſtudied for a Fable, but could do nothing that pleaſed me, and ſo left off that ſcheme for ever. I remember one, which was to repreſent what ſcoundrels riſe in Armies by a long War,

wherein I ſuppos'd the Lion was engag'd, and having loſt all his animals of worth, at laſt Serjeant Hog came to be Brigadier, and Corporal Aſs a Colonel, etc. I agree with you likewiſe about getting ſomething by the ſtage, which, when it ſucceeds, is the beſt crop for poetry in England: But, pray, take ſome new ſcheme, quite different from any thing you have already touched. The preſent humour of the players, who hardly (as I was told in London) regard any new play, and your preſent ſituation at the Court, are the difficulties to be overcome; but thoſe circumſtances may have altered (at leaſt the former) ſince I left you. My ſcheme was to paſs a month at Aimſbury, and then go to Twickenham, and live a winter between that and Dawley, and ſometimes at Riſkins, without going to London, where I now can have no occaſional lodgings: But I am not yet in any condition for ſuch removals. I would fain have you get enough againſt you grow old, to have two or three ſervants about you and a convenient houſe. It is hard to want thoſe *ſubſidia ſenectuti*, when a man grows hard to pleaſe, and few people care whether he be pleaſed or no. I have a large houſe, yet I ſhould hardly prevail to find one viſiter, if I were not able to hire him with a bottle of wine: ſo that, when I am not abroad on horſeback, I generally dine alone, and am thankful, if a friend will paſs the evening with me. I am now with the remainder of my pint before me, and ſo here's your health — and the ſecond and chief is to my Tunbridge acquaintance, my Lady Ducheſs — and I tell you that I fear my Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope (a couple of Philoſophers) would ſtarve me, for even of port wine I ſhould require half a pint a day, and as much at night, and you are growing as bad, unleſs your Duke and Ducheſs have mended you. Your cholic is owing to intemperance of the philoſophical kind; you

eat without care, and if you drink leſs than I, you drink too little. But your inattention I cannot pardon, becauſe I imagined the cauſe was removed, for I thought it lay in your forty millions of ſchemes by Court-hopes and Court-fears. Yet Mr. Pope has the ſame defect, and it is of all others the moſt mortal to converſation; neither is my Lord Bolingbroke untinged with it: all for want of my rule, *Vive la bagatelle!* but the Doctor is the King of inattention. What a vexatious life ſhould I lead among you? If the Ducheſs be a *reveuſe*, I will never come to Aimſbury; or, if I do, I will run away from you both, to one of her women, and the ſteward and chaplain.

Madam,

I mention'd ſomething to Mr. Gay of a Tunbridge acquaintance, whom we forget of courſe when we return to town, and yet I am aſſured that if they meet again next ſummer, they have a better title to reſume their commerce. Thus I look on my right of correſponding with your Grace to be better eſtabliſh'd upon your return to Aimſbury; and I ſhall at this time deſcend to forget, or at leaſt ſuſpend my reſentments of your neglect all the time you were in London. I ſtill keep in my heart, that Mr. Gay had no ſooner turned his back, than you left the place in his letter void which he had commanded you to fill: though your guilt confounded you ſo far, that you wanted preſence of mind to blot out the laſt line, where that command ſtared you in the face. But it is my misfortune to quarrel with all my acquaintance, and always come by the worſt; and Fortune is ever againſt me, but never ſo much as by purſuing me out of mere partiality to your Grace, for which you are to anſwer. By your connivance, ſhe hath pleaſed, by one ſtumble on the ſtairs, to give me a lameneſs that

ſix months have not been able perfectly to cure: and thus I am prevented from revenging myſelf by continuing a month at Aimſbury, and breeding confuſion in your Grace's family. No diſappointment through my whole life hath been ſo vexatious by many degrees; and God knows whether I ſhall ever live to ſee the inviſible Lady to whom I was obliged for ſo many favours, and whom I never beheld ſince ſhe was a bratt in hanging-ſleeves. I am, and ſhall be ever, with the greateſt reſpect and gratitude, Madam, your Grace's moſt obedient, and moſt humble, etc.

LETTER LIX.

Dublin, Aug. 12, 1732.

I Know not what to ſay to the account of your ſteward-ſhip, and it is monſtrous to me that the South-ſea ſhould pay half their debts at one clap. But I will ſend for the money when you put me into the way, for I ſhall want it here, my affairs being in a bad condition by the miſeries of the kingdom, and my own private fortune being wholly embroiled, and worſe than ever; ſo that I ſhall ſoon petition the Ducheſs, as an object of charity, to lend me three or four thouſand pounds to keep up my dignity. My one hundred pound will buy me ſix hogſheads of wine, which will ſupport me a year; *proviſæ frugis in annum Copia.* Horace deſired no more; for I will conſtrue *frugis* to be wine. You are young enough to get ſome lucky hint, which muſt come by chance, and it ſhall be a thing of importance, *quod et hunc in annum vivat et in plures*, and you ſhall not finiſh it in haſte, and it ſhall be diverting, and uſefully ſatirical, and the Ducheſs ſhall be your critic; and be-

twixt you and me, I do not find ſhe will grow weary of you till this time ſeven years. I had lately an offer to change for an Engliſh living, which is juſt too ſhort by 300 *l.* a year; and that muſt be made up out of the Ducheſs's pin-money before I can conſent. I want to be Miniſter of Aimſbury, Dawley, Twickenham, Riſkins, and Prebendary of Weſtminſter, elſe I will not ſtir a ſtep, but content myſelf with making the Ducheſs miſerable three months next ſummer. But I keep ill company: I mean the Ducheſs and you, who are both out of favour; and ſo I find am I, by a few verſes wherein Pope and you have your parts. You hear Dr. D—y has got a wife with 1600 *l.* a year; I, who am his governor, cannot take one under two thouſand; I wiſh you would enquire of ſuch a one in your neighbourhood. See what it is to write godly books! I profeſs I envy you above all men in England; you want nothing but three thouſand pounds more, to keep you in plenty when your friends grow weary of you. To prevent which laſt evil at Aimſbury, you muſt learn to domineer and be peeviſh, to find fault with their victuals and drink, to chide and direct the ſervants, with ſome other leſſons, which I ſhall teach you, and always practiſed myſelf with ſucceſs. I believe I formerly deſired to know whether the Vicar of Aimſbury can play at back-gammon? pray aſk him the queſtion, and give him my ſervice.

To the Ducheſs.

Madam,

I was the moſt unwary creature in the world, when, againſt my old maxims, I writ firſt to you upon your return to Tunbridge. I beg that this condeſcenſion of mine may go no farther, and that you will not pre-

tend to make a precedent of it. I never knew any man cured of any inattention, although the pretended cauſes were removed. When I was with Mr. Gay laſt in London, talking with him on ſome poetical ſubjects, he would anſwer; "Well, I am determined not to accept "the employment of Gentleman-uſher;" and of the ſame diſpoſition were all my poetical friends, and if you cannot cure him, I utterly deſpair. — As to yourſelf, I will ſay to you (though compariſons be odious) what I ſaid to the ——, that your quality ſhould be never any motive of eſteem to me: My compliment was then loſt, but it will not be ſo to you. For I know you more by any one of your letters than I could by ſix months converſing. Your pen is always more natural and ſincere and unaffected than your tongue; in writing you are too lazy to give yourſelf the trouble of acting a part, and have indeed acted ſo indiſcreetly that I have you at mercy: and although you ſhould arrive to ſuch a height of immorality as to deny your hand, yet, whenever I produce it, the world will unite in ſwearing this muſt come from you only.

I will anſwer your queſtion. Mr. Gay is not diſcreet enough to live alone, but he is too diſcreet to live alone; and yet (unleſs you mend him) he will live alone even in your Grace's company. Your quarrelling with each other upon the ſubject of bread and butter, is the moſt uſual thing in the world; Parliaments, Courts, Cities, and Kingdoms quarrel for no other cauſe; from hence, and from hence only, ariſe all the quarrels between Whig and Tory; between thoſe who are in the Miniſtry, and thoſe who are out; between all pretenders to employment in the Church, the Law, and the Army: even the common proverb teaches you this, when we ſay, It is none of my bread and butter, meaning it is no buſi-

neſs of mine. Therefore I deſpair of any reconcilement between you till the affair of bread and butter be adjuſted, wherein I would gladly be a mediator. If Mahomet ſhould come to the mountain, how happy would an excellent lady be, who lives a few miles from this town? As I was telling of Mr. Gay's way of living at Aimſbury, ſhe offered fifty guineas to have you both at her houſe for one hour over a bottle of Burgundy, which we were then drinking. To your queſtion I anſwer, that your Grace ſhould pull me by the ſleeve till you tore it off, and when you ſaid you were weary of me, I would pretend to be deaf, and think (according to another proverb) that you tore my cloaths to keep me from going. I never will believe one word you ſay of my Lord Duke, unleſs I ſee three or four lines in his own hand at the bottom of yours. I have a concern in the whole family, and Mr. Gay muſt give me a particular account of every branch, for I am not aſhamed of you tho' you be Duke and Ducheſs, tho' I have been of others who are, etc. and I do not doubt but even your own ſervants love you, even down to your poſtilions; and when I come to Aimſbury, before I ſee your Grace I will have an hour's converſation with the Vicar, who will tell me how familiarly you talk to Goody Dobſon and all the neighbours, as if you were their equal, and that you were godmother to her ſon Jacky.

I am, and ſhall be ever, with the greateſt reſpect, your Grace's moſt obedient, etc.

LETTER LX.

Dublin, Oct. 3, 1731.

I Uſually write to friends after a pauſe of a few weeks, that I may not interrupt them in better company, better thoughts, and better diverſions. I believe I have told you of a great Man, who ſaid to me, that he never once in his life receiv'd a good letter from Ireland: for which there are reaſons enough without affronting our underſtandings. For there is not one perſon out of this country, who regards any events that paſs here, unleſs he hath an eſtate or employment. — I cannot tell that you or I ever gave the leaſt provocation to the preſent Miniſtry, and much leſs to the Court; and yet I am ten times more out of favour than you. For my own part, I do not ſee the politic of opening common letters, directed to perſons generally known; for a man's underſtanding would be very weak to convey ſecrets by the poſt, if he knew any, which, I declare, I do not: and beſides I think the world is already ſo well informed by plain events, that I queſtion whether the Miniſters have any ſecrets at all. Neither would I be under any apprehenſion if a letter ſhould be ſent me full of treaſon; becauſe I cannot hinder people from writing what they pleaſe, nor ſending it to me; and altho' it ſhould be diſcover'd to have been open'd before it came to my hand, I would only burn it and think no further. I approve of the ſcheme you have to grow ſomewhat richer, though, I agree, you will meet with diſcouragements; and it is reaſonable you ſhould, conſidering what kind of pens are at this time only employed and encouraged. For you muſt allow that the bad painter was in the right, who, having painted a cock, drove away all the cocks and hens, and even the chickens, for

fear thoſe who paſſed by his ſhop might make a compariſon with his work. And I will ſay one thing in ſpite of the Poſt-officers, that ſince Wit and Learning began to be made uſe of in our kingdoms, they were never profeſſedly thrown aſide, contemned, and puniſhed, till within your own memory; nor Dulneſs and Ignorance ever ſo openly encouraged and promoted. In anſwer to what you ſay of my living among you, if I could do it to my eaſe; perhaps you have heard of a ſcheme for an exchange in Berkſhire propoſed by two of our friends; but, beſides the difficulty of adjuſting certain circumſtances, it would not anſwer. I am at a time of life that ſeeks eaſe and independence; you'll hear my reaſons when you ſee thoſe friends, and I concluded them with ſaying; That I would rather be a freeman among ſlaves, than a ſlave among freemen. The dignity of my preſent ſtation damps the pertneſs of inferior puppies and ſquires, which, without plenty and eaſe on your ſide the channel, would break my heart in a month.

Madam,

See what it is to live where I do. I am utterly ignorant of that ſame Strado del Poe; and yet, if that Author be againſt lending or giving money, I cannot but think him a good Courtier; which, I am ſure, your Grace is not, no not ſo much as to be a Maid of honour. For I am certainly informed, that you are neither a free-thinker, nor can ſell bargains; that you can neither ſpell, nor talk, nor write, nor think like a Courtier; that you pretend to be reſpected for qualities which have been out of faſhion ever ſince you were almoſt in your cradle; that your contempt for a fine petticoat is an infallible mark of diſaffection; which is further confirmed by your ill-taſte for Wit, in preferring two old-faſhion'd poets before

Duck or Cibber. Beſides, you ſpell in ſuch a manner as no court-lady can read, and write in ſuch an old-faſhion'd ſtyle as none of them can underſtand. — You need not be in pain about Mr. Gay's ſtock of health. I promiſe you he will ſpend it all upon lazineſs, and run deep in debt by a winter's repoſe in town; therefore I entreat your Grace will order him to move his chops leſs and his legs more the ſix cold months, elſe he will ſpend all his money in phyſic and coach-hire. I am in much perplexity about your Grace's declaration, of the manner in which you diſpoſe what you call your love and reſpect, which, you ſay, are not paid to Merit but to your own Humour. Now, Madam, my misfortune is, that I have nothing to plead but abundance of Merit, and there goes an ugly obſervation, that the Humour of ladies is apt to change. Now, Madam, if I ſhould go to Aimſbury with a great load of Merit, and your Grace happen to be out of humour, and will not purchaſe my merchandize at the price of your reſpect, the goods may be damaged, and nobody elſe will take them off my hands. Beſides, you have declared Mr. Gay to hold the firſt part, and I but the ſecond; which is hard treatment, ſince I ſhall be the neweſt acquaintance by ſome years; and I will appeal to all the reſt of your ſex, whether ſuch an innovation ought to be allowed? I ſhould be ready to ſay in the common forms, that I was much oblig'd to the Lady who wiſh'd ſhe could give the beſt living, etc. if I did not vehemently ſuſpect it was the very ſame Lady who ſpoke many things to me in the ſame ſtyle, and alſo with regard to the gentleman at your elbow when you writ, whoſe Dupe he was as well as of her Waiting-woman; but they were both arrant knaves, as I told him and a third friend, though they will not believe it to this day. I deſire to preſent my moſt humble reſpects to my Lord Duke, and with my heartieſt

prayer for the proſperity of the whole family, remain your Grace's, etc.

LETTER LXI.

To Mr. POPE.

Dublin, June 12, 1731.

I Doubt, habit hath little power to reconcile us with ſickneſs attended by pain. With me, the lowneſs of ſpirits hath a moſt unhappy effect; I am grown leſs patient with ſolitude, and harder to be pleas'd with company; which I could formerly better digeſt, when I could be eaſier without it than at preſent. As to ſending you any thing that I have written ſince I left you (either verſe or proſe) I can only ſay, that I have order'd by my Will, that all my Papers of any kind ſhall be deliver'd you to diſpoſe of as you pleaſe. I have ſeveral things that I have had ſchemes to finiſh, or to attempt, but I very fooliſhly put off the trouble, as ſinners do their repentance: for I grow every day more averſe from writing, which is very natural, and, when I take a pen, ſay to myſelf a thouſand times, *non eſt tanti*. As to thoſe papers of four or five years paſt, that you are pleas'd to require ſoon; they conſiſt of little accidental things writ in the country; family amuſements, never intended further than to divert ourſelves and ſome neighbours: or ſome effects of anger on Public Grievances here, which would be inſignificant out of this kingdom. Two or three of us had a fancy, three years ago, to write a Weekly paper, and call it an Intelligencer. But it continued not long; for the whole Volume (it was reprinted in London, and, I find, you have ſeen it) was the work only of two, myſelf and Dr. Sheridan. If we

could have got ſome ingenious young man to have been the manager, who ſhould have publiſhed all that might be ſent to him, it might have continued longer, for there were hints enough. But the Printer here could not afford ſuch a young man one farthing for his trouble, the ſale being ſo ſmall, and the price one halfpenny; and ſo it dropt. In the Volume you ſaw (to anſwer your queſtions) the 1, 3, 5, 7, were mine. Of the 8th I writ only the Verſes, (very uncorrect, but againſt a fellow we all hated) the 9th mine, the 10th only the Verſes, and of thoſe not the four laſt ſlovenly lines; the 15th is a Pamphlet of mine printed before with Dr. Sh—'s Preface, merely for lazineſs not to diſappoint the town; and ſo was the 19th, which contains only a parcel of facts relating purely to the miſeries of Ireland, and wholly uſeleſs and unentertaining. As to other things of mine ſince I left you; there are in proſe a View of the State of Ireland; a Project for eating Children; and a Defence of Lord Carteret; in verſe, a Libel on Dr. D— and Lord Carteret; a Letter to Dr. D— on the the Libels writ againſt him; the Barrack (a ſtolen Copy;) the Lady's Journal; the Lady's Dreſſing-room (a ſtolen Copy;) the Plea of the Damn'd (a ſtolen Copy;) all theſe have been printed in London. (I forgot to tell you that the Tale of Sir Ralph was ſent from England.) Beſides theſe there are five or ſix (perhaps more) Papers of Verſes writ in the North, but perfect Family-things, two or three of which may be tolerable; the reſt but indifferent, and the humour only local, and ſome that would give offence to the times. Such as they are, I will bring them, tolerable or bad, if I recover this lameneſs, and live long enough to ſee you either here or there. I forget again to tell you, that the Scheme of paying Debts by a Tax on Vices, is not one ſyllable mine, but of a young Clergyman whom I countenance; he told

me it was built upon a paſſage in Gulliver, where a Projector hath ſomething upon the ſame thought. This young man is the moſt hopeful we have: a book of his Poems was printed in London; Dr. D— is one of his patrons: he is marry'd and has children, and makes up about 100 *l.* a year, on which he lives decently. The utmoſt ſtretch of his ambition is, to gather up as much ſuperfluous money, as will give him a ſight of you, and half an hour of your preſence; after which he will return home in full ſatisfaction, and in proper time die in peace.

My poetical fountain is drain'd, and I profeſs, I grow gradually ſo dry, that a Rhime with me is almoſt as hard to find as a Guinea; and even Proſe ſpeculations tire me almoſt as much. Yet I have a thing in proſe begun about twenty-eight years ago, and almoſt finiſhed. It will make a four ſhilling Volume, and is ſuch a perfection of folly, that you ſhall never hear of it till it is printed, and then you ſhall be left to gueſs*. Nay I have another of the ſame age, which will require a long time to perfect, and is worſe than the former, in which I will ſerve you the ſame way. I heard lately from Mr. ——, who promiſes to be leſs lazy in order to mend his fortune. But women who live by their beauty, and men by their wit, are ſeldom provident enough to conſider that both Wit and Beauty will go off with years, and there is no living upon the credit of what is paſt.

I am in great concern to hear of my Lady Bolingbroke's ill health returned upon her, and, I doubt, my Lord will find Dawley too ſolitary without her. In that, neither he nor you are companions young enough for me, and, I believe, the beſt part of the reaſon why men are ſaid to grow children when they are old, is becauſe

* Polite Converſation.

they cannot entertain themſelves with thinking; which is the very caſe of little boys and girls, who love to be noiſy among their play-fellows. I am told Mrs. Pope is without pain, and I have not heard of a more gentle decay, without uneaſineſs to herſelf or friends; yet I cannot but pity you, who are ten times the greater ſufferer, by having the perſon you moſt love, ſo long before you, and dying daily; and I pray God it may not affect your mind or your health.

LETTER LXII.

*Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift.

Dec. 5, 1732.

IT is not a time to complain that you have not anſwered me two letters (in the laſt of which I was impatient under ſome fears:) It is not now indeed a time to think of myſelf, when one of the neareſt and longeſt ties I have ever had, is broken all on a ſudden, by the unexpected death of poor Mr. Gay. An inflammatory fever hurried him out of this life in three days. He died laſt night at nine o'clock, not depriv'd of his ſenſes entirely at laſt, and poſſeſſing them perfectly till within five hours. He aſked of you a few hours before, when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breaſt. His effects are in the Duke of Queenſbury's cuſtody. His ſiſters, we ſuppoſe, will be his heirs, who are two widows; as yet it is not known whether or no he left a will.—Good God! how often are we to die before

* "On my dear friend Mr. Gay's death: Received December "15, but not read till the 20th, by an Impulſe, foreboding ſome "Misfortune." [This note is indors'd on the original letter in Dr. Swift's hand.]

we go quite off this ſtage? In every friend we loſe a part of ourſelves, and the beſt part. God keep thoſe we have left! few are worth praying for, and one's ſelf the leaſt of all.

I ſhall never ſee you now, I believe; one of your principal calls to England is at an end. Indeed he was the moſt amiable by far, his qualities were the gentleſt; but I love you as well and as firmly. Would to God the man we have loſt had not been ſo amiable, nor ſo good! but that's a wiſh for our own ſakes, not for his. Sure if Innocence and Integrity can deſerve Happineſs, it muſt be his. Adieu, I can add nothing to what you will feel, and diminiſh nothing from it. Yet write to me, and ſoon. Believe no man now living loves you better, I believe no man ever did, than

A. POPE.

Dr. Arbuthnot, whoſe humanity you know, heartily commends himſelf to you. All poſſible diligence and affection has been ſhown, and continued attendance on this melancholy occaſion. Once more adieu, and write to one who is truly diſconſolate.

Dear Sir,

I am ſorry that the renewal of our correſpondence ſhould be upon ſuch a melancholy occaſion. Poor Mr. Gay died of an inflammation, and, I believe, at laſt a mortification of the bowels; it was the moſt precipitate caſe I ever knew, having cut him off in three days. He was attended by two Phyſicians beſides myſelf. I believed the diſtemper mortal from the beginning. I have not had the pleaſure of a line from you theſe two years; I wrote one about your health, to which I had no anſwer. I wiſh you all health and happineſs, being with great affection and reſpect, Sir, Your, etc.

LETTER LXIII.

Dublin, 1732-3.

I Received yours with a few lines from the Doctor, and the account of our loſing Mr. Gay, upon which event I ſhall ſay nothing. I am only concern'd that long-living hath not harden'd me: for even in this kingdom, and in a few days paſt, two perſons of great merit, whom I loved very well, have died in the prime of their years, but a little above thirty. I would endeavour to comfort myſelf upon the loſs of friends, as I do upon the loſs of money; by turning to my account-book, and ſeeing whether I have enough left for my ſupport; but in the former caſe I find I have not, any more than in the other; and I know not any man who is in a greater likelyhood than myſelf to die poor and friendleſs. You are a much greater loſer than me by his death, as being a more intimate friend, and often his companion; which latter I could never hope to be, except perhaps once more in my life for a piece of a ſummer. I hope he hath left you the care of any writings he may have left, and I wiſh, that, with thoſe already extant, they could all be publiſhed in a fair edition under your inſpection. Your Poem on the Uſe of Riches hath been juſt printed here, and we have no objection but the obſcurity of ſeveral paſſages by our ignorance in facts and perſons, which makes us loſe abundance of the Satire. Had the printer given me notice, I would have honeſtly printed the names at length, where I happened to know them; and writ explanatory notes, which however would have been but few, for my long abſence hath made me ignorant of what paſſes out of the ſcene where I am. I never had the leaſt hint from you about this work, any more than of your former, upon Taſte. We are told here, that you are preparing other pieces of the ſame bulk to

be inſcribed to other friends, one (for inſtance) to my Lord Bolingbroke, another to Lord Oxford, and ſo on. — Doctor Delany preſents you his moſt humble ſervice: he behaves himſelf very commendably, converſes only with his former friends, makes no parade, but entertains them conſtantly at an elegant plentiful table, walks the ſtreets as uſual, by day-light, does many acts of charity and generoſity, cultivates a country-houſe two miles diſtant, and is one of thoſe very few within my knowledge, on whom a great acceſs of fortune hath made no manner of change. And particularly he is often without money, as he was before. We have got my Lord Orrery among us, being forced to continue here on the ill condition of his eſtate by the knavery of an Agent; he is a moſt worthy Gentleman, whom, I hope, you will be acquainted with. I am very much obliged by your favour to Mr. P —, which, I deſire, may continue no longer than he ſhall deſerve by his Modeſty, a virtue I never knew him to want, but is hard for young men to keep, without abundance of ballaſt. If you are acquainted with the Ducheſs of Queenſbury, I deſire you would preſent her my moſt humble ſervice: I think ſhe is a greater loſer by the death of a friend than either of us. She ſeems a Lady of excellent ſenſe and ſpirit. I had often poſtſcripts from her in our friend's letters to me, and her part was ſometimes longer than his, and they made up great part of the little happineſs I could have here. This was the more generous, becauſe I never ſaw her ſince ſhe was a girl of five years old, nor did I envy poor Mr. Gay for any thing ſo much as being a domeſtic friend to ſuch a Lady. I deſire you will never fail to ſend me a particular account of your health. I dare hardly enquire about Mrs. Pope, who, I am told, is but juſt among the living, and conſequently a continual grief to you: ſhe is ſenſible of

your tenderneſs, which robs her of the only happineſs ſhe is capable of enjoying. And yet I pity you more than her; you cannot lengthen her days, and I beg ſhe may not ſhorten yours.

LETTER LXIV.

Feb. 16, 1732-3.

IT is indeed impoſſible to ſpeak on ſuch a ſubject as the loſs of Mr. Gay, to me an irreparable one. But I ſend you what I intend for the inſcription on his tomb, which the Duke of Queenſbury will ſet up at Weſtminſter. As to his writings, he left no Will, nor ſpoke a word of them, or any thing elſe, during his ſhort and precipitate illneſs, in which I attended him to his laſt breath. The Duke has acted more than the part of a brother to him, and it will be ſtrange if the ſiſters do not leave his papers totally to his diſpoſal, who will do the ſame that I would do with them. He has managed the Comedy (which our poor friend gave to the playhouſe the week before his death) to the utmoſt advantage for his relations; and propoſes to do the ſame with ſome Fables he left finiſhed.

There is nothing of late which I think of more than Mortality, and what you mention, of collecting the beſt monuments we can of our friends, their own images in their writings: (for thoſe are the beſt, when their minds are ſuch as Mr. Gay's was, and as yours is.) I am preparing alſo for my own, and having nothing ſo much at heart, as to ſhew the ſilly world that men of Wit, or even Poets, may be the moſt moral of mankind. A few looſe things ſometimes fall from them, by which cenſorious fools judge as ill of them as poſſibly they can, for their own comfort: and indeed, when ſuch unguarded and trifling *Jeux d'Eſprit* have once got abroad, all that

prudence or repentance can do, ſince they cannot be denied, is to put them fairly upon that foot; and teach the public (as we have done in the preface to the four volumes of Miſcellanies) to diſtinguiſh betwixt our ſtudies and our idleneſſes, our works and our weakneſſes. That was the whole end of the laſt Vol. of Miſcellanies, without which our former declaration in that preface, "That theſe volumes contained all that we have ever "offended that way," would have been diſcredited. It went indeed to my heart, to omit what you called the Libel on Dr. D—, and the beſt Panegyric on myſelf, that either my own times or any other could have afforded, or will ever afford to me. The book, as you obſerve, was printed in great haſte; the cauſe whereof was, that the bookſellers here were doing the ſame, in collecting your pieces, the corn with the chaff; I don't mean that any thing of yours is chaff, but with other wit of Ireland which was ſo, and the whole in your name. I meant principally to oblige them to ſeparate what you writ ſeriouſly from what you writ careleſsly; and thought my own weeds might paſs for a ſort of wild flowers, when bundled up with them.

It was I that ſent you thoſe books into Ireland, and ſo I did my Epiſtle to Lord Bathurſt even before it was publiſh'd, and another thing of mine, which is a * Parody from Horace, writ in two mornings. I never took more care in my life of any thing than of the former of theſe, nor leſs than of the latter: yet every friend has forced me to print it, tho' in truth my own ſingle motive was about twenty lines towards the latter end, which you will find out.

I have declined opening to you by letters the whole ſcheme of my preſent Work, expecting ſtill to do it in

* Sat. i. Lib. ii.

a better manner in perſon: but you will ſee pretty ſoon, that the letter to Lord Bathurſt is a part of it, and you will find a plain connection between them, if you read them in the order juſt contrary to that they were publiſh'd in. I imitate thoſe cunning tradeſmen, who ſhow their beſt ſilks laſt; or (to give you a truer idea, tho' it ſounds too proudly) my works will in one reſpect be like the works of Nature, much more to be liked and underſtood when conſider'd in the relation they bear with each other, than when ignorantly look'd upon one by one; and often, thoſe parts which attract moſt at firſt ſight, will appear to be not the moſt, but the leaſt conſiderable.

I am pleas'd and flatter'd by your expreſſion of *Ornamente*. The chief pleaſure this work can give me is, that I can in it, with propriety, decency, and juſtice, inſert the name and character of every friend I have, and every man that deſerves to be lov'd or adorn'd. But I ſmile at your applying that phraſe to my viſiting you in Ireland; a place where I might have ſome apprehenſion (from their extraordinary paſſion for Poetry, and their boundleſs Hoſpitality) of being *adorned* to death, and buried under the weight of garlands, like one I have read of ſomewhere or other. My Mother lives (which is an anſwer to that point) and, I thank God, tho' her memory be in a manner gone, is yet awake and ſenſible to me, though ſcarce to any thing elſe; which doubles the reaſon of my attendance, and at the ſame time ſweetens it. I wiſh (beyond any other wiſh) you could paſs a ſummer here; I might (too probably) return with you, unleſs you preferr'd to ſee France firſt, to which country, I think, you would have a ſtrong invitation. Lord Peterborow has narrowly eſcaped death, and yet keeps his chamber: he is perpetually ſpeaking in the moſt affectionate manner of you: he has written

you two letters, which you never received, and by that has been diſcouraged from writing more. I can well believe the poſt-office may do this, when ſome letters of his to me have met the ſame fate, and two of mine to him. Yet let not this diſcourage you from writing to me, or to him, inclos'd in the common way, as I do to you: Innocent men need fear no detection of their thoughts; and for my part, I would give 'em free leave to ſend all I write to Curl, if moſt of what I write was not too ſilly.

I deſire my ſincere ſervices to Dr. Delany, who, I agree with you, is a man every way eſteemable; my Lord Orrery is a moſt virtuous and good-natur'd Nobleman, whom I ſhould be happy to know. Lord B. receiv'd your letter thro' my hands; it is not to be told you how much he wiſhes for you: the whole liſt of perſons, to whom you ſent your ſervices, return you theirs, with proper ſenſe of the diſtinction — Your Lady-friend is *Semper Eadem*, and I have written an Epiſtle to her on that qualification in a female character; which is thought by my chief Critic in your abſence to be my *Chef d'Oeuvre*: but it cannot be printed perfectly, in an age ſo ſore of Satire, and ſo willing to miſapply characters.

As to my own health, it is as good as uſual. I have lain ill ſeven days of a ſlight fever (the complaint here) but recover'd by gentle ſweats, and the care of Dr. Arbuthnot. The play Mr. Gay left ſucceeds very well; it is another original in its kind. Adieu. God preſerve your life, your health, your limbs, your ſpirits, and your friendſhips!

LETTER LXV.

April 2, 1733.

YOU ſay truly, that death is only terrible to us as it ſeparates us from thoſe we love, but I really think thoſe have the worſt of it who are left by us, if we are true friends. I have felt more (I fancy) in the loſs of Mr. Gay, than I ſhall ſuffer in the thought of going away myſelf into a ſtate that can feel none of this ſort of loſſes. I wiſh'd vehemently to have ſeen him in a condition of living independent, and to have lived in perfect indolence the reſt of our days together, the two moſt idle, moſt innocent, undeſigning Poets of our age. I now as vehemently wiſh you and I might walk into the grave together, by as ſlow ſteps as you pleaſe, but contentedly and chearfully: Whether that ever can be, or in what country, I know no more, than into what country we ſhall walk out of the grave. But it ſuffices me to know it will be exactly what region or ſtate our Maker appoints, and that whatever *Is*, is *Right*. Our poor friend's papers are partly in my hands, and for as much as is ſo, I will take care to ſuppreſs things unworthy of him. As to the Epitaph, I'm ſorry you gave a copy, for it will certainly by that means come into print, and I would correct it more, unleſs you will do it for me (and that I ſhall like as well:) Upon the whole, I earneſtly wiſh your coming over hither, for this reaſon among many others, that your influence may be join'd with mine to ſuppreſs whatever we may judge proper of his papers. To be plunged in my Neighbour's and my papers, will be your inevitable fate as ſoon as you come. That I am an author whoſe characters are thought of ſome weight, appears from the great noiſe and buſtle that the Court and Town make about any I

give: and I will not render them leſs important, or leſs intereſting, by ſparing Vice and Folly, or by betraying the cauſe of Truth and Virtue. I will take care they ſhall be ſuch, as no man can be angry at but the perſons I would have angry. You are ſenſible with what decency and juſtice I paid homage to the Royal Family, at the ſame time that I ſatirized falſe Courtiers and Spies, etc. about 'em. I have not the courage however to be ſuch a Satiriſt as you, but I would be as much or more a Philoſopher. You call your ſatires, Libels; I would rather call my ſatires, Epiſtles: They will conſiſt more of Morality than of Wit, and grow graver, which you will call duller. I ſhall leave it to my Antagoniſts to be witty (if they can) and content myſelf to be uſeful, and in the right. Tell me your opinion as to Lady ——'s or Lord ——'s performance? they are certainly the Top-wits of the Court, and you may judge by that ſingle piece what can be done againſt me; for it was labour'd, corrected, præ-commended and poſt diſapprov'd, ſo far as to be diſown'd by themſelves, after each had highly cry'd it up for the other's *. I have met with ſome complaints, and heard at a diſtance of ſome threats, occaſion'd by my verſes: I ſent fair meſſages to acquaint them where I was to be found in town, and to offer to call at their houſes to ſatisfy them, and ſo it dropp'd. It is very poor in any one to rail and threaten at a diſtance, and have nothing to ſay to you when they ſee you. I am glad you perſiſt and abide by ſo good a thing as that Poem †, in which I am immortal for my Morality: I never took any praiſe ſo kindly, and yet, I think, I deſerve that praiſe

* See the Epiſtle written on this occaſion, p. 80, etc. of this Volume.

† The ironical libel on Dr. Delany.

better than I do any other. When does your collection come out, and what will it conſiſt of? I have but laſt week finiſhed another of my Epiſtles, in the order of the ſyſtem; and this week *(exercitandi gratia)* I have tranſlated (or rather parody'd) another of Horace's, in which I introduce you adviſing me about my expences, houſe-keeping, etc. But theſe things ſhall lie by, till you come to carp at 'em, and alter rhymes, and grammar, and triplets, and cacophonies of all kinds. Our Parliament will ſit till Midſummer, which, I hope, may be a motive to bring you rather in ſummer than ſo late as autumn: you us'd to love what I hate, a hurry of politics, etc. Courts I ſee not, Courtiers I know not, Kings I adore not, Queens I compliment not; ſo I am never like to be in faſhion, nor in dependance. I heartily join with you in pitying our poor Lady for her unhappineſs, and ſhould only pity her more, if ſhe had more of what they at Court call Happineſs. Come then, and perhaps we may go all together into France at the end of the ſeaſon, and compare the Liberties of both kingdoms. Adieu. Believe me, dear Sir, (with a thouſand warm wiſhes, mix'd with ſhort ſighs) ever yours.

LETTER LXVI.

To Mr. Pope.

Dublin, May 1, 1733.

I Anſwer your Letter the ſooner becauſe I have a particular reaſon for doing ſo. Some weeks ago came over a Poem call'd, *The Life and Character of Dr.* S. *written by himſelf.* It was re-printed here, and is dedicated to you. It is grounded upon a Maxim in

Rochefoucault, and the dedication, after a formal ſtory, ſays, that my manner of writing is to be found in every line. I believe I have told you, that I writ a year or two ago near five hundred lines upon the ſame Maxim of Rochefoucault, and was a long time about it, as that Impoſtor ſays in his Dedication, with many circumſtances, all pure invention. I deſire you to believe, and to tell my friends, that in this ſpurious piece there is not a ſingle line, or bit of a line, or thought, any way reſembling the genuine Copy, any more than it does Virgil's Æneis; for I never gave a Copy of mine, nor lent it out of my ſight. And although I ſhew'd it to all common acquaintance indifferently, and ſome of them (eſpecially one or two females) had got many lines by heart, here and there, and repeated them often; yet it happens that not one ſingle line or thought is contained in this Impoſture, although it appears that they who counterfeited me, had heard of the true one. But even this trick ſhall not provoke me to print the true one, which indeed is not proper to be ſeen, till I can be ſeen no more: I therefore deſire you will undeceive my friends, and I will order an Advertiſement to be printed here, and tranſmit it to England, that every body may know the deluſion, and acquit me, as, I am ſure, you muſt have done yourſelf, if you have read any part of it, which is mean, and trivial, and full of that Cant that I moſt deſpiſe: I would ſink to be a Vicar in Norfolk rather than be charged with ſuch a performance. Now I come to your letter.

When I was of your age, I thought every day of death, but now every minute: and a continual giddy diſorder more or leſs is a greater addition than that of my years. I cannot affirm that I pity our friend Gay, but I pity his friends, I pity you, and would at leaſt equally pity myſelf, if I liv'd amongſt you; becauſe I ſhould have

ſeen him oftner than you did, who are a kind of Hermit, how great a noiſe ſoever you make by your Ill-nature in not letting the honeſt Villains of the times enjoy themſelves in this world, which is their only happineſs, and terrifying them with another. I ſhould have added in my libel, that of all men living you are the moſt happy in your Enemies and your Friends: and I will ſwear you have fifty times more Charity for mankind than I could ever pretend to. Whether the production you mention came from the Lady or the Lord, I did not imagine that they were at leaſt ſo bad verſifyers. Therefore *facit indignatio verſus*, is only to be apply'd when the indignation is againſt general Villainy, and never operates when ſome ſort of people write to defend themſelves. I love to hear them reproach you for dulneſs; only I would be ſatisfy'd, ſince you are ſo dull, why are they ſo angry? Give me a ſhilling, and I will enſure you, that poſterity ſhall never know that you had one ſingle enemy, excepting thoſe whoſe memory you have preſerv'd.

I am ſorry for the ſituation of Mr. Gay's papers. You do not exert yourſelf as much as I could wiſh in this affair. I had rather the two ſiſters were hang'd than ſee his works ſwell'd by any loſs of credit to his memory. I would be glad to ſee the moſt valuable printed by themſelves, thoſe which ought not to be ſeen burn'd immediately, and the others that have gone abroad, printed ſeparately like opuſcula, or rather be ſtifled and forgotten. I thought your Epitaph was immediately to be ingrav'd, and therefore I made leſs ſcruple to give a Copy to Lord Orrery, who earneſtly deſir'd it, but to no body elſe; and, he tells me, he gave only two, which he will recall. I have a ſhort Epigram of his upon it, wherein I would correct a line or two at moſt, and then I will ſend it you (with his permiſſion.) I have nothing

againſt yours, but the laſt line, *Striking their aching*; the two participles, as they are ſo near, ſeem to ſound too like. I ſhall write to the Ducheſs, who hath lately honoured me with a very friendly letter, and I will tell her my opinion freely about our friend's papers. I want health, and my affairs are enlarged: but I will break thro' the latter, if the other mends. I can uſe a courſe of medicines, lame and giddy. My chief deſign, next to ſeeing you, is to be a ſevere Critic on you and your neighbour; but firſt kill his father, that he may be able to maintain me in my own way of living, and particularly my horſes. It coſt me near 600*l.* for a wall to keep mine, and I never ride without two ſervants for fear of accidents; *hic vivimus ambitioſa paupertate.* You are both too poor for my acquaintance, but he much the poorer. With you I will find graſs and wine, and ſervants, but with him not. — The collection you ſpeak of is this. A Printer came to me to deſire he might print my works (as he call'd them) in four volumes, by ſubſcription. I ſaid I would give no leave, and ſhould be ſorry to ſee them printed here. He ſaid they could not be printed in London. I anſwer'd, They could, if the Partners agreed. He ſaid "he would be glad of my per-"miſſion, but as he could print them without it, and was "advis'd that it could do me no harm, and having been "aſſur'd of numerous ſubſcriptions, he hoped I would "not be angry at purſuing his own intereſt, etc." Much of this diſcourſe paſt, and he goes on with the matter, wherein I determine not to intermeddle, though it be much to my diſcontent; and I wiſh it could be done in England rather than here, although I am grown pretty indifferent in every thing of that kind. This is the truth of the ſtory.

My Vanity turns at preſent on being perſonated in your *Quae Virtus*, etc. You will obſerve in this letter

many marks of an ill head and a low ſpirit; but a Heart wholly turned to love you with the greateſt Earneſtneſs and Truth.

LETTER LXVII.

May 28, 1733.

I Have begun two or three letters to you by ſnatches, and been prevented from finiſhing them by a thouſand avocations and diſſipations. I muſt firſt acknowledge the honour done me by Lord Orrery, whoſe praiſes are that precious ointment Solomon ſpeaks of, which can be given only by men of Virtue: all other praiſe, whether from Poets or Peers, is contemptible alike: and I am old enough and experienced enough to know, that the only praiſes worth having, are thoſe beſtowed *by* Virtue *for* Virtue. My Poetry I abandon to the critics, my Morals I commit to the teſtimony of thoſe who know me; and therefore I was more pleas'd with your Libel, than with any Verſes I ever receiv'd. I wiſh ſuch a collection of your writings could be printed here, as you mention going on in Ireland. I was ſurpriz'd to receive from the Printer that ſpurious piece, call'd The Life and Character of Dr. Swift, with a letter telling me the perſon, "who publiſh'd it, had aſſur'd "him the Dedication to me was what I would not take "ill, or elſe he would not have printed it." I can't tell who the man is, who took ſo far upon him as to anſwer for my way of thinking; tho', had the thing been genuine, I ſhould have been greatly diſpleas'd at the publiſher's part, in doing it without your knowledge.

I am as earneſt as you can be, in doing my beſt to prevent the publiſhing of any thing unworthy of Mr. Gay; but I fear his friends partiality. I wiſh you

would come over. All the myſteries of my philoſophical work ſhall then be clear'd to you, and you will not think that I am not merry enough, nor angry enough: It will not want for Satire, but as for Anger I know it not; or at leaſt only that ſort of which the Apoſtle ſpeaks, "Be "ye angry and ſin not."

My Neighbour's writings have been metaphyſical, and will next be hiſtorical. It is certainly from him only that a valuable Hiſtory of Europe in theſe latter times can be expected. Come, and quicken him; for age, indolence, and contempt of the world, grow upon men apace, and may often make the wiſeſt indifferent whether poſterity be any wiſer than we. To a man in years, Health and Quiet become ſuch rarities, and conſequently ſo valuable, that he is apt to think of nothing more than of enjoying them whenever he can, for the remainder of life; and this, I doubt not, has caus'd ſo many great men to die without leaving a ſcrap to poſterity.

I am ſincerely troubled for the bad account you give me of your own health. I wiſh every day to hear a better, as much as I do to enjoy my own, I faithfully aſſure you.

LETTER LXVIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, July 8, 1733.

I Muſt condole with you for the loſs of Mrs. Pope, of whoſe death the papers have been full. But I would rather rejoice with you, becauſe, if any circumſtances can make the death of a dear Parent and Friend a ſubject for joy, you have them all. She died in an extreme old age, without pain, under the care of the moſt dutiful Son

that I have ever known or heard of, which is a ſelicity not happening to one in a million. The worſt effect of her death falls upon me, and ſo much the worſe, becauſe I expected *aliquis damno uſus in illo*, that it would be followed by making me and this kingdom happy with your preſence. But I am told, to my great misfortune, that a very convenient offer happening, you waved the invitation preſſed on you, alledging the fear you had of being killed here with eating and drinking. By which I find that you have given ſome credit to a notion of our great plenty and hoſpitality. It is true, our meat and wine is cheaper here, as it is always in the pooreſt countries, becauſe there is no money to pay for them: I believe there are not in this whole city three Gentlemen out of Employment, who are able to give entertainments once a month. Thoſe who are in Employment of church or ſtate, are three parts in four from England, and amount to little more than a dozen: Thoſe indeed may once or twice invite their friends, or any perſon of diſtinction that makes a voyage hither. All my acquaintance tell me, they know not above three families where they can occaſionally dine in a whole year: Dr. Delany is the only gentleman I know, who keeps one certain day in the week to entertain ſeven or eight friends at dinner, and to paſs the evening, where there is nothing of exceſs, either in eating or drinking. Our old friend Southern (who hath juſt left us) was invited to dinner once or twice by a judge, a biſhop, or a commiſſioner of the revenues, but moſt frequented a few particular friends, and chiefly the Doctor, who is eaſy in his fortune, and very hoſpitable. The conveniencies of taking the air, winter or ſummer, do far exceed thoſe in London. For the two large ſtrands juſt at two ends of the town are as firm and dry in winter as in ſummer. There are at leaſt ſix or eight gentlemen of ſenſe, learning, good-humour

and taſte, able and deſirous to pleaſe you; and orderſy females, ſome of the better ſort, to take care of you. Theſe were the motives that I have frequently made uſe of to entice you hither. And there would be no failure among the beſt people here, of any honours that could be done you. As to myſelf, I declare, my health is ſo uncertain that I dare not venture amongſt you at preſent. I hate the thoughts of London, where I am not rich enough to live otherwiſe than by ſhifting, which is now too late. Neither can I have conveniencies in the country for three horſes and two ſervants, and many others, which I have here at hand. I am one of the governors of all the hackney-coaches, carts, and carriages round this town, who dare not inſult me, like your raſcally waggoners or coachmen, but give me the way; nor is there one Lord or Squire for a hundred of yours, to turn me out of the road, or run over me with their coaches and ſix. Thus, I make ſome advantage of the public poverty, and give you the reaſons for what I once writ, why I chuſe to be a freeman among ſlaves, rather than a ſlave among freemen. Then, I walk the ſtreets in peace without being juſtled, nor ever without a thouſand bleſſings from my friends the vulgar. I am Lord Mayor of 120 houſes, I am abſolute Lord of the greateſt Cathedral in the kingdom, am at peace with the neighbouring Princes, the Lord Mayor of the city, and the Archbiſhop of Dublin, only the latter, like the K. of France, ſometimes attempts encroachments on my dominions, as old Lewis did upon Lorrain. In the midſt of this raillery, I can tell you with ſerioufneſs, that theſe advantages contribute to my eaſe, and therefore I value them. And in one part of your letter relating to my Lord B— and yourſelf, you agree with me entirely, about the indifference, the love of quiet, the care of health, etc. that grow upon men in years. And if you diſcover thoſe inclinations in my

Lord and yourſelf, what can you expect from me, whoſe health is ſo precarious? and yet at your or his time of life, I could have leap'd over the moon.

LETTER LXIX.

Sept. 1, 1733.

I Have every day wiſh'd to write to you, to ſay a thouſand things; and yet, I think, I ſhould not have writ to you now, if I was not ſick of writing any thing, ſick of myſelf, and (what is worſe) ſick of my friends too. The world is become too buſy for me; every body is ſo concerned for the public, that all private enjoyments are loſt, or diſ-reliſh'd. I write more to ſhow you I am tired of this life, than to tell you any thing relating to it. I live as I did, I think as I did, I love you as I did; but all theſe are to no purpoſe: the world will not live, think, or love, as I do. I am troubled for, and vexed at, all my friends by turns. Here are ſome whom you love, and who love you: yet they receive no proofs of that affection from you, and they give none of it to you. There is a great gulph between. In earneſt, I would go a thouſand miles by land to ſee you, but the ſea I dread. My ailments are ſuch, that I really believe a ſea-ſickneſs (conſidering the oppreſſion of colical pains, and the great weakneſs of my breaſt) would kill me: and if I did not die of that, I muſt of the exceſſive eating and drinking of your hoſpitable town, and the exceſſive flattery of your moſt poetical country. I hate to be cramm'd, either way. Let your hungry Poets, and your rhyming Poets digeſt it, I cannot. I like much better to be abuſed and half ſtarved, than to be ſo over-praiſed and over-fed. Drown Ireland! for having

caught you, and for having kept you: I only reſerve a little charity for her, for knowing your value, and eſteeming you: You are the only Patriot I know, who is not hated for ſerving his country. The man who drew your Character and printed it here, was not much in the wrong in many things he ſaid of you: yet he was a very impertinent fellow, for ſaying them in words quite different from thoſe you had yourſelf employed before on the ſame ſubject: for ſurely to alter your words is to prejudice them; and I have been told, that a man himſelf can hardly ſay the ſame thing twice over with equal happineſs; Nature is ſo much a better thing than artifice.

I have written nothing this year: It is no affectation to tell you, my Mother's loſs has turned my frame of thinking. The habit of a whole life is a ſtronger thing than all the reaſon in the world. I know I ought to be eaſy, and to be free; but I am dejected, I am confined: my whole amuſement is in reviewing my paſt life, not in laying plans for my future. I wiſh you cared as little for popular applauſe as I; as little for any nation, in contradiſtinction to others, as I: and then I fancy, you that are not afraid of the ſea, you that are a ſtronger man at ſixty than ever I was at twenty, would come and ſee ſeveral people who are (at laſt) like the primitive Chriſtians, of one ſoul and of one mind. The day is come, which I have often wiſhed, but never thought to ſee; when *every mortal, that I eſteem, is of the ſame ſentiment in Politics and in Religion.*

Adieu. All you love, are yours; but all are buſy, except (dear Sir) your ſincere friend.

LETTER LXX.

Jan. 6, 1734.

I Never think of you and can never write to you, now, without drawing many of thoſe ſhort ſighs of which we have formerly talk'd: The reflection both of the friends we have been depriv'd of by Death, and of thoſe from whom we are ſeparated almoſt as eternally by Abſence, checks me to that degree that it takes away in a manner the pleaſure (which yet I feel very ſenſibly too) of thinking I am now converſing with you. You have been ſilent to me as to your Works; whether thoſe printed here are, or are not genuine? but one, I am ſure, is yours, and your method of concealing yourſelf puts me in mind of the Indian bird I have read of, who hides his head in a hole, while all his feathers and tail ſtick out. You'll have immediately by ſeveral franks (even before 'tis here publiſhed) my Epiſtle to Lord Cobham, part of my *Opus Magnum*, and the laſt Eſſay on Man, both which, I conclude, will be grateful to your bookſeller, on whom you pleaſe to beſtow them ſo early. There is a woman's war declar'd againſt me by a certain Lord; his weapons are the ſame which women and children uſe, a pin to ſcratch, and a ſquirt to beſpatter: I writ a ſort of anſwer, but was aſhamed to enter the liſts with him, and after ſhewing it to ſome people, ſuppreſs'd it: otherwiſe it was ſuch as was worthy of him and worthy of me. I was three weeks this autumn with Lord Peterborow, who rejoices in your doings, and always ſpeaks with the greateſt affection of you. I need not tell you who elſe do the ſame; you may be ſure almoſt all thoſe whom I ever ſee, or deſire to ſee. I wonder not that B—— paid you no ſort of civility while he was in Ireland: he is too much a half-

wit to love a true wit, and too much half-honeſt, to eſteem any entire merit. I hope and think he hates me too, and I will do my beſt to make him: he is ſo inſupportably inſolent in his civility to me when he meets me at one third place, that I muſt affront him to be rid of it. That ſtrict neutrality as to public parties, which I have conſtantly obſerv'd in all my writings, I think gives me the more title to attack ſuch men, as ſlander and belye my character in private, to thoſe who know me not. Yet even this is a liberty I will never take, unleſs at the ſame time they are Peſts of private ſociety, or miſchievous members of the public, that is to ſay, unleſs they are enemies to all men as well as to me. — Pray write to me when you can: If ever I can come to you, I will: if not, may Providence be our friend and our guard through this ſimple world, where nothing is valuable but ſenſe and friendſhip. Adieu, dear Sir, may health attend your years, and then may many years be added to you.

P. S. I am juſt now told, a very curious Lady intends to write to you to pump you about ſome poems ſaid to be yours. Pray tell her, that you have not anſwered me on the ſame queſtion, and that I ſhall take it as a thing never to be forgiven from you, if you tell another what you have conceal'd from me.

LETTER LXXI.

Sept. 15, 1734.

I Have ever thought you as ſenſible as any man I knew, of all the delicacies of friendſhip, and yet I fear (from what Lord B. tells me you ſaid in your laſt letter) that

you did not quite underſtand the reaſon of my late ſilence. I aſſure you it proceeded wholly from the tender kindneſs I bear you. When the heart is full, it is angry at all words that cannot come up to it; and you are now the man in all the world I am moſt troubled to write to, for you are the friend I have left whom I am moſt grieved about. Death hath not done worſe to me in ſeparating poor Gay, or any other, than diſeaſe and abſenſe in dividing us. I am afraid to know how you do, ſince moſt accounts I have, give me pain for you, and I am unwilling to tell you the condition of my own health. If it were good, I would ſee you; and yet if I found you in that very condition of deafneſs, which made you fly from us while we were together, what comfort could we derive from it? In writing often I ſhould find great relief, could we write freely: and yet when I have done ſo, you ſeem by not anſwering in a very long time, to feel either the ſame uneaſineſs as I do, or to abſtain, from ſome prudential reaſon. Yet I am ſure, nothing that you and I wou'd ſay to each other, (tho' our own ſouls were to be laid open to the clerks of the poſt-office) could hurt either of us ſo much, in the opinion of any honeſt man or good ſubject, as the intervening, officious, impertinence of thoſe Goers between us, who in England pretend to intimacies with you, and in Ireland to intimacies with me. I cannot but receive any that call upon me in your name, and in truth they take it in vain too often. I take all opportunities of juſtifying you againſt theſe Friends, eſpecially thoſe who know all you think and write, and repeat your ſlighter verſes. It is generally on ſuch little ſcraps that Witlings feed, and 'tis hard the world ſhould judge of our houſekeeping from what we fling to our dogs, yet this is often the conſequence. But they treat you ſtill worſe, mix their own with yours, print them to get money, and lay

them at your door. This I am ſatisfied was the caſe in the Epiſtle to a Lady; it was juſt the ſame hand (if I have any judgment in ſtyle) which printed your Life and Character before, which you ſo ſtrongly diſavow'd in your letters to Lord Carteret, myſelf, and others. I was very well informed of another fact, which convinced me yet more; the ſame perſon who gave this to be printed, offer'd to a bookſeller a piece in proſe as yours, and as commiſſioned by you, which has ſince appear'd, and been own'd to be his own. I think (I ſay once more) that I know your hand, tho' you did not mine in the Eſſay on Man. I beg your pardon for not telling you, as I ſhould, had you been in England: but no ſecret can croſs your Iriſh Sea, and every clerk in the poſt-office had known it. I fancy, tho' you loſt ſight of me in the firſt of thoſe Eſſays, you ſaw me in the ſecond. The deſign of concealing myſelf was good, and had its full effect; I was thought a Divine, a Philoſopher, and what not; and my doctrine had a ſanction I could not have given to it. Whether I can proceed in the ſame grave march like Lucretius, or muſt deſcend to the gayeties of Horace, I know not, or whether I can do either? but be the future as it will, I ſhall collect all the paſt in one fair quarto this winter, and ſend it you, where you will find frequent mention of yourſelf. I was glad you ſuffer'd your writings to be collected more completely than hitherto, in the volumes I daily expect from Ireland; I wiſh'd it had been in more pomp, but that will be done by others: yours are beauties, that can never be too finely dreſt, for they will ever be young. I have only one piece of mercy to beg of you; do not laugh at my gravity, but permit me to wear the beard of a Philoſopher, till I pull it off, and make a jeſt of it myſelf. 'Tis juſt what my Lord B. is doing with Metaphyſics. I hope, you will live to ſee, and ſtare at

the learned figure he will make, on the ſame ſhelf with Locke and Malbranche.

You ſee how I talk to you (for this is not writing) if you like I ſhould do ſo, why not tell me ſo? if it be the leaſt pleaſure to you, I will write once a week moſt gladly; but can you abſtract the letters from the perſon who writes them, ſo far, as not to feel more vexation in the thought of our ſeparation, and thoſe misfortunes which occaſion it, than ſatisfaction in the Nothings he can expreſs? If you can, really and from my heart I cannot. I return again to melancholy. Pray, however, tell me, is it a ſatisfaction? that will make it one to me; and we will think alike, as friends ought, and you ſhall hear from me punctually juſt when you will.

P. S. Our friend, who is juſt returned from a progreſs of three months, and is ſetting out in three days with me for the Bath, where he will ſtay till towards the middle of October, left this letter with me yeſterday, and I cannot ſeal and diſpatch it till I have ſcribbled the remainder of this page full. He talks very pompouſly of my Metaphyſics, and places them in a very honourable ſtation. It is true, I have writ ſix letters and an half to him on ſubjects of that kind, and I propoſe a letter and an half more, which would ſwell the whole up to a conſiderable volume. But he thinks me fonder of the Name of an Author than I am. When he and you, and one or two other friends have ſeen them, *ſatis magnum Theatrum mihi eſtis*, I ſhall not have the itch of making them more public *. I know how little regard you pay to Writings of this kind. But I ima-

* His Lordſhip, as appears by his laſt will, altered his mind; and they have been ſince given to the world, to the admiration and aſtoniſhment of all the learned and the pious.

gine that if you can like any ſuch, it muſt be thoſe that ſtrip Metaphyſics of all their bombaſt, keep within the ſight of every well conſtituted Eye, and never bewilder themſelves whilſt they pretend to guide the reaſon of others. I writ to you a long letter ſome time ago, and ſent it by the poſt. Did it come to your hands? or did the inſpectors of private correſpondence ſtop it, to revenge themſelves of the ill ſaid of them in it? *Vale et me ama.*

LETTER LXXII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Nov. 1, 1734.

I Have yours with my Lord B———'s Poſtſcript of September 15: it was long on its way, and for ſome weeks after the date I was very ill with my two inveterate diſorders, giddineſs and deafneſs. The latter is pretty well off; but the other makes me totter towards evenings, and much diſpirits me. But I continue to ride and walk, both of which, although they be no cures, are at leaſt amuſements. I did never imagine you to be either inconſtant, or to want right notions of friendſhip, but I apprehend your want of health; and it hath been a frequent wonder to me how you have been able to entertain the world, ſo long, ſo frequently, ſo happily, under ſo many bodily diſorders. My Lord B. ſays you have been three months rambling, which is the beſt thing you can poſſibly do in a ſummer ſeaſon; and when the winter recalls you, we will, for our own intereſts, leave you to your ſpeculations. God be thanked, I have done with every thing, and of every kind that requires writing, except now and then a let-

ter, or, like a true old man, ſcribling trifles only fit for children or ſchool-boys of the loweſt claſs at beſt, which three or four of us read and laugh at to-day, and burn to-morrow. Yet, what is ſingular, I never am without ſome great work in view, enough to take up forty years of the moſt vigorous healthy man: although I am convinced that I ſhall never be able to finiſh three Treatiſes, that have lain by me ſeveral years, and want nothing but correction. My Lord B. ſaid in his poſtſcript, that you would go to Bath in three days: we ſince heard that you were dangerouſly ill there, and that the news-mongers gave you over. But a gentleman of this kingdom, on his return from Bath, aſſured me he left you well, and ſo did ſome others whom I have forgot. I am ſorry at my heart that you are peſtered with people who come in my name, and I profeſs to you, it is without my knowledge. I am confident I ſhall hardly ever have occaſion again to recommend, for my friends here are very few, and fixed to the freehold, from whence nothing but death will remove them. Surely I never doubted about your Eſſay on Man; and I would lay any odds, that I would never fail to diſcover you in ſix lines, unleſs you had a mind to write below or beſide yourſelf on purpoſe. I confeſs I did never imagine you were ſo deep in Morals, or that ſo many new and excellent rules could be produced ſo advantageouſly and agreeably in that ſcience, from any one head. I confeſs in ſome few places I was forced to read twice. I believe I told you before what the Duke of D— ſaid to me on that occaſion, How a judge here, who knows you, told him that on the firſt reading thoſe Eſſays, he was much pleaſed, but found ſome lines a little dark: On the ſecond moſt of them cleared up, and his pleaſure increaſed: On the third he had no doubt remained, and then he admired the whole. My

Lord B——'s attempt of reducing Metaphyſics to intelligible ſenſe and uſefulneſs, will be a glorious undertaking, and as I never knew him fail in any thing he attempted, if he had the ſole management, ſo I am confident he will ſucceed in this. I deſire you will allow that I write to you both at preſent, and ſo I ſhall while I live: It ſaves your money, and my time; and he being your Genius, no matter to which it is addreſſed. I am happy that what you write is printed in large letters; otherwiſe between the weakneſs of my eyes, and the thickneſs of my hearing, I ſhould loſe the greateſt pleaſure that is left me. Pray command my Lord B——— to follow that example, if I live to read his Metaphyſics. Pray God bleſs you both. I had a melancholy account from the Doctor of his health. I will anſwer his letter as ſoon as I can. I am ever entirely yours.

LETTER LXXIII.

Twickenham, Dec. 19, 1734.

I Am truly ſorry for any complaint you have, and it is in regard to the weakneſs of your eyes that I write (as well as print) in folio. You'll think (I know you will, for you have all the candour of a good underſtanding) that the thing which men of our age feel the moſt, is the friendſhip of our equals; and that therefore whatever affects thoſe who are ſtept a few years before us, cannot but ſenſibly affect us who are to follow. It troubles me to hear you complain of your memory, and if I am in any part of my conſtitution younger than you, it will be in my remembering every thing that has pleaſed me in you, longer than perhaps you will. The two ſummers we paſs'd together dwell always on my mind, like a viſion which gave me a glympſe of a better life and better

company, than this world otherwiſe afforded. I am now an individual, upon whom no other depends; and may go where I will, if the wretched carcaſe I am annex'd to did not hinder me. I rambled by very eaſy journeys this year to Lord Bathurſt and Lord Peterborow, who upon every occaſion commemorate, love, and wiſh for you. I now paſs my days between Dawley, London, and this place, not ſtudious, nor idle, rather poliſhing old works than hewing out new. I redeem now and then a paper that hath been abandon'd ſeveral years; and of this ſort you'll ſoon ſee one, which I inſcribe to our old friend Arbuthnot.

Thus far I had written, and thinking to finiſh my letter the ſame evening, was prevented by company, and the next morning found myſelf in a fever, highly diſorder'd, and ſo continued in bed for five days, and in my chamber till now; but ſo well recover'd as to hope to go abroad to-morrow, even by the advice of Dr. Arbuthnot. He himſelf, poor man, is much broke, tho' not worſe than for theſe two laſt months he has been. He took extremely kind your letter. I wiſh to God we could once meet again, before that ſeparation, which yet, I would be glad to believe, ſhall re-unite us: But he who made us, not for ours, but his purpoſes, knows only whether it be for the better or the worſe, that the affections of this life ſhould, or ſhould not continue into the other: and doubtleſs it is as it ſhould be. Yet I am ſure that while I am here, and the thing that I am, I ſhall be imperfect without the communication of ſuch friends as you; you are to me like a limb loſt, and buried in another country; tho' we ſeem quite divided, every accident makes me feel you were once a part of me. I always conſider you ſo much as a friend, that I forget you are an author, perhaps too much, but 'tis as much as I would deſire you would do to me. However, if I could inſpirit you to be-

ſtow correction upon thoſe three Treatiſes, which you ſay are ſo near compleated, I ſhould think it a better work than any I can pretend to of my own. I am almoſt at the end of my Morals, as I've been, long ago, of my Wit; my ſyſtem is a ſhort one, and my circle narrow. Imagination has no limits, and that is a ſphere in which you may move on to eternity; but where one is confined to Truth (or to ſpeak more like a human creature, to the appearances of Truth) we ſoon find the ſhortneſs of our Tether. Indeed by the help of a metaphyſical chain of Ideas, one may extend the circulation, go round and round for ever, without making any progreſs beyond the point to which providence has pinn'd us: But this does not ſatisfy me, who would rather ſay a little to no purpoſe, than a great deal. Lord B. is voluminous, but he is voluminous only to deſtroy volumes. I ſhall not live, I fear, to ſee that work printed; he is ſo taken up ſtill (in ſpite of the monitory hint given in the firſt line of my Eſſay) with particular Men, that he neglects mankind, and is ſtill a creature of this World, not of the Univerſe: This World, which is a name we give to Europe, to England, to Ireland, to London, to Dublin, to the Court, to the Caſtle, and ſo diminiſhing till it comes to our own affairs, and to our own perſons. When you write (either to him or to me, for we accept it all as one) rebuke him for it, as a Divine if you like it, or as a Badineur, if you think that more effectual.

What I write will ſhow you that my head is yet weak. I had written to you by that gentleman from the Bath, but I did not know him, and every body that comes from Ireland pretends to be a friend of the Dean's. I am always glad to ſee any that are truly ſo, and therefore do not miſtake any thing I ſaid, ſo as to diſcourage your ſending any ſuch to me. Adieu.

LETTER LXXIV.

From Dr. SWIFT.

May 12, 1735.

YOUR letter was ſent me yeſterday by Mr. Stopford, who landed the ſame day, but I have not yet ſeen him. As to my ſilence, God knows it is my great misfortune. My little domeſtic affairs are in great confuſion, by the villainy of agents, and the miſeries of this kingdom, where there is no money to be had: nor am I unconcern'd to ſee all things tending towards abſolute power, in both nations * (it is here in perfection already) although I ſhall not live to ſee it eſtabliſhed. This condition of things, both public and perſonal to myſelf, hath given me ſuch a kind of deſpondency, that I am almoſt unqualified for any company, diverſion, or amuſement. The death of Mr. Gay and the Doctor, hath been terrible wounds near my heart. Their living would have been a great comfort to me, although I ſhould never have ſeen them; like a ſum of money in a bank, from which I ſhould receive at leaſt annual intereſt, as I do from you, and have done from my Lord Bolingbroke. To ſhew in how much ignorance I live, it is hardly a fortnight ſince I heard of the death of my Lady Maſham, my conſtant friend in all changes of times. God forbid that I ſhould expect you to make a voyage that would in the leaſt affect your health: but in the mean time how unhappy am I, that my beſt friend ſhould have perhaps the only kind of diſorder for which a ſea-voyage is not in ſome degree a remedy? The old Duke of Ormond ſaid, he would not change his dead ſon (Oſſory) for the beſt living ſon

* The Dean was frequently troubled, he tells us, with a *giddineſs* in his head.

in Europe. Neither would I change you my abſent friend for the beſt preſent friend round the Globe.

I have lately read a book imputed to Lord B. called a Diſſertation on Parties. I think it very maſterly written.

Pray God reward you for your kind prayers: I believe your prayers will do me more good than thoſe of all the Prelates in both kingdoms, or any Prelates in Europe, except the Biſhop of Marſeilles *. And God preſerve you for contributing more to mend the world, than the whole pack of (modern) Parſons in a lump.

I am ever intirely yours.

LETTER LXXV.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Sept. 3, 1735.

THIS letter will be delivered to you by Faulkner the printer, who goes over on his private affairs. This is an anſwer to yours of two months ago, which complains of that profligate fellow Curl. I heartily wiſh you were what they call diſaffected, as I am. I may ſay as David did, I have ſinned greatly, but what have theſe ſheep done? You have given no offence to the Miniſtry, nor to the Lords, nor Commons, nor Queen, nor the next in power. For you are a man of virtue, and therefore muſt abhor vice and all corruption, although your diſcretion holds the reins. "You need not fear any conſe-"quence in the commerce that hath ſo long paſſed "between us; although I never deſtroy'd one of your

* Who continued there with his flock all the time a dreadful peſtilence deſolated that city.

" letters. But my Executors are men of honour and " virtue, who have ſtrict orders in my will to burn every " letter left behind me." Neither did our letters contain any Turns of Wit, or Fancy, or Politics, or Satire, but mere innocent Friendſhip: yet I am loth that any letters, from you and a very few other friends, ſhould die before me; I believe we neither of us ever leaned our head upon our left hand to ſtudy what we ſhould write next; yet we have held a conſtant intercourſe from your youth and my middle age, and from your middle age it muſt be continued till my death, which my bad ſtate of health makes me expect every month. I have the ambition, and it is very earneſt as well as in haſte, to have one Epiſtle inſcribed to me while I am alive, and you juſt in the time when wit and wiſdom are in the height. I muſt once more repeat Cicero's deſire to a friend; *Orna me.* A month ago were ſent me over by a friend of mine, the works of John Hughes, Eſq. They are in verſe and proſe. I never heard of the man in my life, yet, I find your name as a ſubſcriber too. He is too grave a Poet for me, and, I think, among the *mediocribus* in proſe as well as verſe. I have the honour to know Dr. Rundle; he is indeed worth all the reſt you ever ſent us, but that is ſaying nothing, for he anſwers your character; I have dined thrice in his company. He brought over a worthy clergyman of this kingdom as his chaplain, which was a very wiſe and popular action. His only fault, is, that he drinks no wine, and I drink nothing elſe.

This kingdom is now abſolutely ſtarving, by the means of every oppreſſion that can be inflicted on mankind—Shall I not viſit for theſe things? ſaith the Lord. You adviſe me right, not to trouble myſelf about the world: But, oppreſſion tortures me, and I cannot live without meat and drink, nor get either without money;

and money is not to be had, except they will make me a Biſhop, or a Judge, or a Colonel, or a Commiſſioner of the Revenues. Adieu.

LETTER LXXVI.

TO anſwer your queſtion as to Mr. Hughes, what he wanted as to genius he made up as an honeſt man: but he was of the claſs you think him.

I am glad you think of Dr. Rundle as I do. He will be an honour to the Biſhops and a diſgrace to one Biſhop, two things you will like: But what you will like more particularly, he will be a friend and benefactor even to your un-friended, un-benefited Nation; he will be a friend to human race, wherever he goes. Pray tell him my beſt wiſhes for his health and long life: I wiſh you and he came over together, or that I were with you. I never ſaw a man ſo ſeldom whom I liked ſo much as Dr. Rundle.

Lord Peterborow I went to take a laſt leave of at his ſetting ſail for Liſbon: No Body can be more waſted, no Soul can be more alive. Immediately after the ſevereſt operation of being cut into the bladder for a ſuppreſſion of urine, he took coach, and got from Briſtol to Southampton. This is a man that will neither live nor die like any other mortal.

Poor Lord Peterborow! there is another ſtring loſt, that wou'd have help'd to draw you hither! He order'd on his death-bed his Watch to be given me (that which had accompanied him in all his travels) with this reaſon, "That I might have ſomething to put me every day in "mind of him." It was a preſent to him from the King of Sicily, whoſe arms and *Inſignia* are graved on the inner-caſe; on the outer, I have put this inſcription.

Victor Amadeus, Rex Siciliae, Dux Sabaudiae, etc. etc. Carolo Mordaunt, Comiti de Peterborow, D. D. Car. Mor. Com de Pet. Alexandro Pope moriens legavit, 1735.

Pray write to me a little oftner: and if there be a thing left in the world that pleaſes you, tell it one who will partake of it. I hear with approbation and pleaſure, that your preſent care is to relieve the moſt helpleſs of this world, thoſe objects * which moſt want our compaſſion, tho' generally made the ſcorn of their fellow-creatures, ſuch as are leſs innocent than they. You always think generouſly; and of all charities, this is the moſt diſintereſted, and leaſt vain-glorious, done to ſuch as never will thank you, or can praiſe you for it.

God bleſs you with eaſe, if not with pleaſure; with a tolerable ſtate of health, if not with its full enjoyment; with a reſign'd temper of mind, if not a very chearful one. It is upon theſe terms I live myſelf, tho' younger than you, and I repine not at my lot, could but the preſence of a few that I love be added to theſe. Adieu.

LETTER LXXVII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Oct. 21, 1735.

I Anſwer'd your letter relating to Curl, etc. I believe my letters have eſcap'd being publiſh'd, becauſe I writ nothing but Nature and Friendſhip, and particular incidents which could make no figure in writing. I have obſerv'd that not only Voiture, but likewiſe Tully and Pliny writ their letters for the public view, more than for the ſake of their correſpondents; and I am glad

* Idiots.

of it, on account of the Entertainment they have given me. Balſac did the ſame thing, but with more ſtiffneſs, and conſequently leſs diverting: Now I muſt tell you, that you are to look upon me as one going very faſt out of the world; but my fleſh and bones are to be carried to Holy-head, for I will not lie in a Country of ſlaves. It pleaſeth me to find that you begin to diſlike things in ſpite of your Philoſophy; your Muſe cannot forbear her hints to that purpoſe. I cannot travel to ſee you; otherwiſe, I ſolemnly proteſt I would do it. I have an intention to paſs this winter in the country with a Friend forty miles off, and to ride only ten miles a day; yet is my health ſo uncertain, that I fear it will not be in my power. I often ride a dozen miles, but I come to my own bed at night: My beſt way would be to marry, for in that caſe any bed would be better than my own. I found you a very young man, and I left you a middle-aged one; you knew me a middle-aged man, and now I am an old one. Where is my Lord ——? methinks I am enquiring after a Tulip of laſt year. — "You need not apprehend any Curls med-"dling with your letters to me; I will not deſtroy "them, but have order'd my Executors to do that "office." I have a thouſand things more to ſay, *longævitas eſt garrula*, but I muſt remember I have other letters to write if I have time, which I ſpend to tell you ſo. I am ever, deareſt Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER LXXVIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Feb. 9, 1735-6.

I Cannot properly call you my beſt friend, becauſe I have not another left who deſerves the name, ſuch a havock have Time, Death, Exile, and Oblivion made. Perhaps you would have fewer complaints of my ill health and lowneſs of ſpirits, if they were not ſome excuſe for my delay of writing even to you. It is perfectly right what you ſay of the indifference in common friends, whether we are ſick or well, happy or miſerable. The very maid-ſervants in a family have the ſame notion: I have heard them often ſay, Oh, I am very ſick, if any body cared for it! I am vexed when my viſitors come with the compliment uſual here, Mr. Dean, I hope you are very well. My popularity that you mention, is wholly confined to the common people, who are more conſtant than thoſe we miſ-call their betters. I walk the ſtreets, and ſo do my lower friends, from whom, and from whom alone, I have a thouſand hats and bleſſings upon old ſcores, which thoſe we call the Gentry have forgot. But I have not the love, or hardly the civility, of any one man in power or ſtation; and I can boaſt that I neither viſit nor am acquainted with any Lord, Temporal or Spiritual, in the whole kingdom; nor am able to do the leaſt good office to the moſt deſerving man, except what I can diſpoſe of in my own Cathedral upon a vacancy. What hath ſunk my ſpirits more than even years and ſickneſs, is reflecting on the moſt execrable Corruptions than run through every branch of public management.

I heartily thank you for thoſe lines tranſlated, *Singula de nobis anni*, etc. You have put them in a ſtrong and

admirable light; but however, I am ſo partial, as to be more delighted with thoſe which are to do me the greateſt honour I ſhall ever receive from poſterity, and will outweigh the malignity of ten thouſand enemies. I never ſaw them before, by which it is plain that the letter you ſent me miſcarry'd.—I do not doubt that you have choice of new acquaintance, and ſome of them may be deſerving: For youth is the ſeaſon of Virtue; Corruptions grow with years, and I believe the oldeſt rogue in England is the greateſt. You have years enough before you to watch whether theſe new acquaintance will keep their Virtue, when they leave you and go into the world; how long will their ſpirit of independency laſt againſt the temptations of future Miniſters, and future Kings.—As to the new Lord Lieutenant, I never knew any of the family; ſo that I ſhall not be able to get any jobb done by him for any deſerving friend.

LETTER LXXIX.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Feb. 7, 1735-6.

IT is ſome time ſince I dined at the Biſhop of Derry's, where Mr. Secretary Cary told me with great concern, that you were taken very ill. I have heard nothing ſince, only I have continued in great pain of mind, yet for my own ſake and the world's more than for yours; becauſe I well know how little you value life both as a philoſopher and a Chriſtian, particularly the latter, wherein hardly one in a million of us heretics can equal you. If you are well recover'd, you ought to be

reproached for not putting me eſpecially out of pain, who could not bear the loſs of you; although we muſt be for ever diſtant as much as if I were in the grave, for which my years and continual indiſpoſition are preparing me every ſeaſon. I have ſtaid too long from preſſing you to give me ſome eaſe by an account of your health; pray do not uſe me ſo ill any more. I look upon you as an eſtate from which I receive my beſt annual rents, although I am never to ſee it. Mr. Tickel was at the ſame meeting under the ſame real concern; and ſo were a hundred others of this town who had never ſeen you.

I read to the Biſhop of Derry the paragraph in your letter which concern'd him, and his Lordſhip expreſs'd his thankfulneſs in a manner that became him. He is eſteemed here as a perſon of learning and converſation and humanity, but he is beloved by all people.

I have nobody now left but you: Pray be ſo kind to out-live me, and then die as ſoon as you pleaſe, but without pain; and let us meet in a better place, if my Religion will permit, but rather my Virtue, altho' much unequal to yours. Pray, let my Lord Bathurſt know how much I love him; I ſtill inſiſt on his remembering me, although he is too much in the world to honour an abſent friend with his letters. My ſtate of health is not to boaſt of; my giddineſs is more or leſs too conſtant: I ſleep ill, and have a poor appetite. I can as eaſily write a Poem in the Chineſe-language as my own: I am as fit for Matrimony as invention; and yet I have daily ſchemes for innumerable Eſſays in proſe, and proceed ſometimes to no leſs than half a dozen lines, which the next morning become waſte paper. What vexes me moſt is, that my female friends, who could bear me very well a dozen years ago, have now forſaken me, altho' I am not ſo old in proportion to them, as I formerly was: which I can prove by Arithmetic, for

then I was double their age, which now I am not. Pray, put me out of fear as ſoon as you can, about that ugly report of your illneſs; and let me know who this Cheſelden is, that hath ſo lately ſprung up in your favour? Give me alſo ſome account of your neighbour who writ to me from Bath: I hear he reſolves to be ſtrenuous for taking off the Teſt; which grieves me extremely, from all the unprejudiced Reaſons I ever was able to form, and againſt the maxims of all wiſe Chriſtian governments *, which always had ſome eſtabliſh'd Religion, leaving at beſt a toleration to others.

Farewel, my deareſt friend! ever, and upon every account that can create friendſhip and eſteem.

LETTER LXXX.

March 25, 1736.

IF ever I write more Epiſtles in Verſe, one of them ſhall be addreſs'd to you. I have long concerted it, and begun it, but I would make what bears your name as finiſhed as my laſt work ought to be, that is to ſay, more finiſhed than any of the reſt. The ſubject is large, and will divide into four Epiſtles, which naturally follow the Eſſay on Man, *viz.* 1. Of the Extent and Limits of Human Reaſon and Science. 2. A view of the uſeful and therefore attainable, and of the un-uſeful and therefore unattainable Arts. 3. Of the Nature, Ends, Application, and Uſe of different Capacities. 4. Of the Uſe of *Learning*, of the *Science* of the *World*, and of *Wit*. It will conclude with a Satire againſt the miſ-application

* The Author of the *Diſſertation on Parties* appears to have been of the ſame Opinion: But the Author of the Book of *Fragments* is of another mind.

of all theſe, exemplify'd by pictures, characters, and examples.

But alas! the taſk is great, and *non ſum qualis eram!* My underſtanding indeed, ſuch as it is, is extended rather than diminiſh'd: I ſee things more in the whole, more conſiſtent, and more clearly deduced from, and related to, each other. But what I gain on the ſide of philoſophy, I loſe on the ſide of poetry: the flowers are gone, when the fruits begin to ripen, and the fruits perhaps will never ripen perfectly. The climate (under our Heaven of a Court) is but cold and uncertain; the winds riſe, and the winter comes on. I find myſelf but little diſpoſed to build a new houſe; I have nothing left but to gather up the reliques of a wreck, and look about me to ſee how few friends I have left. Pray, whoſe eſteem or admiration ſhould I deſire now to procure by my writings? whoſe friendſhip or converſation to obtain by them? I am a man of deſperate fortunes, that is, a man whoſe friends are dead: for I never aim'd at any other fortune than in friends. As ſoon as I had ſent my laſt letter, I receiv'd a moſt kind one from you, expreſſing great pain for my late illneſs at Mr. Cheſelden's. I conclude you was eaſed of that friendly apprehenſion in a few days after you had diſpatched yours, for mine muſt have reached you then. I wondered a little at your quære, who Cheſelden was? It ſhews that the trueſt merit does not travel ſo far any way as on the wings of Poetry; he is the moſt noted, and moſt deſerving man, in the whole profeſſion of Chirurgery; and has ſav'd the lives of thouſands by his manner of cutting for the ſtone. — I am now well, or what I muſt call ſo.

I have lately ſeen ſome writings of Lord B.'s ſince he went to France. Nothing can depreſs his Genius: Whatever befals him, he will ſtill be the greateſt man in the world, either in his own time, or with poſterity.

Every man you know or care for here, enquires of you, and pays you the only devoir he can, that of drinking your health. I wiſh you had any motive to ſee this kingdom. I could keep you, for I am rich, that is, I have more than I want. I can afford room for yourſelf and two ſervants; I have indeed room enough, nothing but myſelf at home; the kind and hearty houſe-wife is dead! the agreeable and inſtructive neighbour is gone; yet my houſe is inlarg'd, and the gardens extend and flouriſh, as knowing nothing of the gueſts they have loſt. I have more fruit-trees and kitchen-garden than you have any thought of; nay I have good Melons and Pine-apples of my own growth. I am as much a better Gardener, as I am a worſe Poet, than when you ſaw me: But Gardening is near a-kin to Philoſophy, for Tully ſays, *Agricultura proxima ſapientiae.* For God's ſake, why ſhould not you (that are a ſtep higher than a Philoſopher, a Divine, yet have too much grace and wit to be a Biſhop) e'en give all you have to the Poor of Ireland (for whom you have already done every thing elſe) ſo quit the place, and live and die with me? And let *Tales animae concordes* be our Motto and our Epitaph.

LETTER LXXXI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, April 22, 1736.

MY common illneſs is of that kind which utterly diſqualifies me for all converſation; I mean my Deafneſs; and indeed it is that only which diſcourageth me from all thoughts of coming to England; becauſe I am never ſure that it may not return in a week. If it were a good honeſt Gout, I could catch an interval, to take

a voyage, and in a warm lodging get an eaſy chair, and be able to hear and roar among my friends. "As to "what you ſay of your Letters, ſince you have many "years of life more than I, my reſolution is to direct "my Executors to ſend you all your letters, well ſealed "and pacqueted, along with ſome legacies mentioned "in my will, and leave them entirely to your diſpoſal: "Thoſe things are all tied up, endors'd and locked in "a cabinet, and I have not one ſervant who can pro-"perly be ſaid to write or read: No mortal ſhall copy "them, but you ſhall ſurely have them when I am no "more." I have a little repined at my being hitherto ſlipped by you in your Epiſtles, not from any other ambition than the Title of a Friend, and in that ſenſe I expect you ſhall perform your promiſe, if your health and leiſure and inclination will permit. I deny your loſing on the ſide of poetry; I could reaſon againſt you a little from experience; you are, and will be ſome years to come, at the age when Invention ſtill keeps its ground, and Judgment is at full maturity; but your ſubjects are much more difficult when confin'd to Verſe. I am amazed to ſee you exhauſt the whole ſcience of Morality in ſo maſterly a manner. Sir W. Temple ſaid, that the loſs of Friends was a Tax upon long life: It need not be very long, ſince you have had ſo great a ſhare, but I have not above one left: and in this Country I have only a few general companions of good-nature and middling underſtandings. How ſhould I know Cheſelden? On your ſide, men of fame ſtart up and die before we here (at leaſt I) know any thing of the matter. I am a little comforted with what you ſay of Lord B.'s Genius ſtill keeping up, and preparing to appear by effects worthy of the author, and uſeful to the world. — Common reports have made me very uneaſy about your neighbour Mr. P. It is affirmed that

he hath been very near death: I love him for being a Patriot in moſt corrupted times, and highly eſteem his excellent underſtanding. Nothing but the perverſe nature of my diſorders, as I have above deſcribed them, and which are abſolute diſqualifications for converſe, could hinder me from waiting on you at Twickenham, and nurſing you to Paris. In ſhort, my ailments amount to a prohibition, although I am, as you deſcribe yourſelf, what *I muſt call well*, yet I have not ſpirits left to ride out, which (excepting walking) was my only diverſion. And I muſt expect to decline every month, like one who lives upon his principal ſum which muſt leſſen every day; and indeed I am likewiſe literally almoſt in the ſame caſe, while every body owes me, and no-body pays me. Inſtead of a young race of Patriots on your ſide, which gives me ſome glympſe of joy, here we have the direct contrary, a race of young Dunces and Atheiſts, or old Villains and Monſters, whereof four fifths are more wicked and ſtupid than Chartres. Your wants are ſo few, that you need not be rich to ſupply them; and my wants are ſo many, that a King's ſeven millions of guineas would not ſupport me.

LETTER LXXXII.

Aug. 17, 1736.

I Find, tho' I have leſs experience than you, the truth of what you told me ſome time ago, that increaſe of years makes men more talkative but leſs writative: to that degree, that I now write no letters but of plain buſineſs, or plain how-d'ye's, to thoſe few I am forced to correſpond with, either out of neceſſity, or love: And I grow Laconic even beyond Laconiciſme; for ſometimes

I return only Yes, or No, to queſtionary or petitionary Epiſtles of half a yard long. You and Lord Bolingbroke are the only men to whom I write, and always in folio. You are indeed almoſt the only men I know, who either can write in this age, or whoſe writings will reach the next: Others are mere mortals. Whatever failings ſuch men may have, a reſpect is due to them, as Luminaries whoſe exaltation renders their motion a little irregular, or rather cauſes it to ſeem ſo to others. I am afraid to cenſure any thing I hear of Dean Swift, becauſe I hear it only from mortals, blind and dull: And you ſhould be cautious of cenſuring any action or motion of Lord B. becauſe you hear it only from ſhallow, envious, or malicious reporters. What you writ to me about him I find to my great ſcandal repeated in one of yours to ——. Whatever you might hint to me, was this for the prophane? the thing, if true, ſhould be concealed; but it is, I aſſure you, abſolutely untrue, in every circumſtance. He has fixed in a very agreeable retirement near Fontainbleau, and makes it his whole buſineſs *vacare literis*. But tell me the truth, were you not angry at his omitting to write to you ſo long? I may, for I hear from him ſeldomer than from you, that is twice or thrice a year at moſt. Can you poſſibly think he can neglect you, or diſregard you? If you catch yourſelf at thinking ſuch nonſenſe, your parts are decay'd: For, believe me, great Geniuſes muſt and do eſteem one another, and I queſtion if any others can eſteem or comprehend uncommon merit. Others only gueſs at that merit, or ſee glimmerings of their minds: A genius has the intuitive faculty: Therefore, imagine what you will, you cannot be ſo ſure of any man's eſteem as of his. If I can think that neither he nor you deſpiſe me, it is a greater honour to me by far, and will be thought ſo by poſterity, than if all the Houſe

of Lords writ Commendatory Verſes upon me, the Commons order'd me to print my Works, the Univerſities gave me public thanks, and the King, Queen, and Prince crown'd me with Laurel. You are a very ignorant man; you don't know the figure his name and yours will make hereafter: I do, and will preſerve all the memorials I can, that I was of your intimacy; *longo, ſed proximus, intervallo.* I will not quarrel with the preſent age; it has done enough for me, in making and keeping you two my friends. Do not you be too angry at it, and let not him be too angry at it; it has done and can do neither of you any manner of harm, as long as it has not, and cannot burn your works: while thoſe ſubſiſt, you'll both appear the greateſt men of the time, in ſpite of Princes and Miniſters; and the wiſeſt, in ſpite of all the little Errors you may pleaſe to commit.

Adieu. May better health attend you, than, I fear, you poſſeſs; may but as good health attend you always as mine is at preſent, tolerable, when an eaſy mind is join'd with it.

LETTER LXXXIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dec. 2, 1736.

I Think you owe me a letter, but whether you do or not, I have not been in a condition to write. Years and Infirmities have quite broke me; I mean that odious continual diſorder in my head. I neither read, nor write, nor remember, nor converſe. All I have left is to walk and ride; the firſt I can do tolerably; but the latter, for want of good weather at this ſeaſon, is ſeldom

in my power; and having not an ounce of fleſh about me, my ſkin comes off in ten miles riding, becauſe my ſkin and bone cannot agree together. But I am angry, becauſe you will not ſuppoſe me as ſick as I am, and write to me out of perfect charity, although I ſhould not be able to anſwer. I have too many vexations by my ſtation and the impertinence of people, to be able to bear the mortification of not hearing from a very few diſtant friends that are left; and, conſidering how time and fortune have ordered matters, I have hardly one friend left but yourſelf. What Horace ſays, *Singula de nobis anni praedantur*, I feel every month, at fartheſt; and by this computation, if I hold out two years, I ſhall think it a miracle. My comfort is, you begun to diſtinguiſh ſo confounded early, that your acquaintance with diſtinguiſh'd men of all kinds was almoſt as ancient as mine. I mean Wycherley, Rowe, Prior, Congreve, Addiſon, Parnel, etc. and in ſpite of your heart you have owned me a Cotemporary. Not to mention Lords Oxford, Bolingbroke, Harcourt, Peterborow: In ſhort, I was t'other day recollecting twenty-ſeven great Miniſters, or Men of Wit and Learning, who are all dead, and all of my acquaintance, within twenty years paſt: neither have I the grace to be ſorry, that the preſent times are drawn to the dregs as well as my own life.—May my friends be happy in this and a better life, but I value not what becomes of Poſterity when I conſider from what Monſters they are to ſpring.—My Lord Orrery writes to you to-morrow, and you ſee I ſend this under his cover, or at leaſt franked by him. He has 3000 *l.* a year about Cork, and the neighbourhood, and has more than three years rent unpaid: This is our condition, in theſe bleſſed times. I writ to your neighbour about a month ago, and ſubſcribed my name: I fear he hath not received my letter, and wiſh you would

aſk him; but perhaps he is ſtill a rambling; for we hear of him at Newmarket, and that Boerhaave hath reſtor'd his health. — How my ſervices are leſſened of late with the number of my friends on your ſide! yet, my Lord Bathurſt and Lord Maſham and Mr. Lewis remain, and being your acquaintance I deſire when you ſee them to deliver my compliments; but chiefly to Mrs. P. B. and let me know whether ſhe be as young and agreeable as when I ſaw her laſt? Have you got a ſupply of new friends to make up for thoſe who are gone? and are they equal to the firſt? I am afraid it is with friends as with times; and that the *laudator temporis acti ſe puero*, is equally applicable to both. I am leſs grieved for living here, becauſe it is a perfect retirement, and conſequently fitteſt for thoſe who are grown good for nothing: for this town and kingdom are as much out of the world as North-Wales. — My head is ſo ill that I cannot write a paper full as I uſed to do; and yet I will not forgive a blank of half an inch from you. — I had reaſon to expect from ſome of your letters, that we were to hope for more Epiſtles of Morality; and, I aſſure you, my acquaintance reſent that they have not ſeen my name at the head of one. The ſubjects of ſuch Epiſtles are more uſeful to the public, by your manner of handling them, than any of all your writings: and although, in ſo profligate a world as ours, they may poſſibly not much mend our manners, yet poſterity will enjoy the benefit, whenever a Court happens to have the leaſt reliſh for Virtue and Religion.

LETTER LXXXIV.

To Dr. Swift.

Decemb. 30, 1736.

YOUR very kind letter has made me more melancholy, than almoſt any thing in this world now can do. For I can bear every thing in it, bad as it is, better than the complaints of my friends. Tho' others tell me you are in pretty good health, and in good ſpirits, I find the contrary when you open your mind to me: And indeed it is but a prudent part, to ſeem not ſo concern'd about others, nor ſo crazy ourſelves as we really are: for we ſhall neither be beloved nor eſteemed the more, by our common acquaintance, for any affliction or any infirmity. But to our true friend we may, we muſt complain, of what ('tis a thouſand to one) he complains with us; for if we have known him long, he is old, and if he has known the world long, he is out of humour at it. If you have but as much more health than others at your age, as you have more wit and good temper, you ſhall not have much of my Pity: But if you ever live to have leſs, you ſhall not have leſs of my Affection. A whole people will rejoice at every year that ſhall be added to you, of which you have had a late inſtance in the public rejoicings on your birth-day. I can aſſure you ſomething better and greater than high birth and quality muſt go toward acquiring thoſe demonſtrations of public eſteem and love. I have ſeen a royal birth-day uncelebrated, but by one vile Ode, and one hired bonefire. Whatever years may take away from you, they will not take away the general eſteem, for your Senſe, Virtue, and Charity.

The moſt melancholy effect of years is that you mention, the catalogue of thoſe we lov'd and have loſt,

perpetually increaſing. How much that Reflection ſtruck me, you'll ſee from the Motto I have perfix'd to my Book of Letters, which ſo much againſt my inclination has been drawn from me. It is from Catullus:

Quo deſiderio veteres revocamus Amores,
Atque olim amiſſas flemus Amicitias!

I detain this letter till I can find ſome ſafe conveyance; innocent as it is, and as all letters of mine muſt be, of any thing to offend my ſuperiors, except the reverence I bear to true merit and virtue: "But I have much reaſon "to fear, thoſe which you have too partially kept in "your hands will get out in ſome very diſagreeable "ſhape, in caſe of our mortality: and the more reaſon "to fear it, ſince this laſt month Curl has obtain'd from "Ireland two letters, (one of Lord Bolingbroke and one "of mine, to you, which we wrote in the year 1723) "and he has printed them, to the beſt of my memory, "rightly, except one paſſage concerning Dawley, which "muſt have been ſince inſerted, ſince my Lord had not "that place at that time. Your anſwer to that letter "he has not got; it has never been out of my cuſtody; "for whatever is lent is loſt (Wit as well as Money) to "theſe needy poetical Readers."

The world will certainly be the better for his change of life. He ſeems in the whole turn of his letters, to be a ſettled and principled Philoſopher, thanking Fortune for the Tranquillity he has been led into by her averſion, like a man driven by a violent wind, from the ſea into a calm harbour. You aſk me, if I have got any ſupply of new Friends to make up for thoſe that are gone? I think that impoſſible, for not our friends only, but ſo much of ourſelves is gone by the mere flux and courſe of years, that, were the ſame Friends to be reſtored to us,

we could not be reſtored to ourſelves, to enjoy them. But as when the continual waſhing of a river takes away our flowers and plants, it throws weeds and ſedges in their room *; ſo the courſe of time brings us ſomething, as it deprives us of a great deal; and inſtead of leaving us what we cultivated, and expected to flouriſh and adorn us, gives us only what is of ſome little uſe, by accident. Thus I have acquired, without my ſeeking, a few chance-acquaintance, of young men, who look rather to the paſt age than the preſent, and therefore the future may have ſome hopes of them. If I love them, it is becauſe they honour ſome of thoſe whom I, and the world, have loſt, or are loſing. Two or three of them have diſtinguiſh'd themſelves in Parliament, and you will own in a very uncommon manner, when I tell you it is by their aſſerting of Independency, and contempt of Corruption. One or two are link'd to me by their love of the ſame ſtudies and the ſame authors: but I will own to you, my moral capacity has got ſo much the better of my poetical, that I have few acquaintance on the latter ſcore, and none without a caſting weight on the former. But I find my heart harden'd and blunt to new impreſſions; it will ſcarce receive or retain affections of yeſterday; and thoſe friends who have been dead theſe twenty years, are more preſent to me now, than theſe I ſee daily. You, dear Sir, are one of the former ſort to me in all reſpects, but that we can, yet, correſpond together. I don't know whether 'tis not more vexatious, to know we are both in one world, without any further

* There are ſome ſtrokes in this letter, which can be accounted for no otherwiſe than by the Author's extreme compaſſion and tenderneſs of heart, too much affected by the complaints of a peeviſh old man, (labouring and impatient under his infirmities) and too intent in the friendly office of mollifying them.

intercourſe. Adieu, I can ſay no more, I feel ſo much: Let me drop into common things. — Lord Maſham has juſt married his ſon. Mr. Lewis has juſt buried his wife. Lord Oxford wept over your letter in pure kindneſs. Mrs. B. ſighs more for you than the loſs of youth. She ſays, ſhe will be agreeable many years hence, for ſhe has learn'd that ſecret from ſome receipts of your writing. — Adieu.

LETTER LXXXV.

March 23, 1736-7.

THOUGH you were never to write to me, yet what you deſired in your laſt, that I would write often to you, would be a very eaſy taſk; for every day I talk with you, and of you, in my heart; and I need only ſet down what that is thinking of. The nearer I find myſelf verging to that period of life which is to be labour and ſorrow, the more I prop myſelf upon thoſe few ſupports that are left me. People in this ſtate are like props indeed, they cannot ſtand alone, but two or more of them can ſtand, leaning and bearing upon one another. I wiſh you and I might paſs this part of life together. My only neceſſary care is at an end. I am now my own maſter too much; my houſe is too large; my gardens furniſh too much wood and proviſion for my uſe. My ſervants are ſenſible and tender of me; they have intermarried, and are become rather low friends than ſervants: and to all thoſe that I ſee here with pleaſure, they take a pleaſure in being uſeful. I conclude this is your caſe too in your domeſtic life, and I ſometimes think of your old houſe-keeper as my nurſe; tho' I tremble at the ſea, which only divides us. As your fears are not ſo

great as mine, and, I firmly hope, your ſtrength ſtill much greater, is it utterly impoſſible, it might once more be ſome pleaſure to you to ſee England? My ſole motive in propoſing France to meet in, was the narrowneſs of the paſſage by ſea from hence, the Phyſicians having told me the weakneſs of my breaſt, etc. is ſuch, as a ſea-ſickneſs might endanger my life. Tho' one or two of our friends are gone, ſince you ſaw your native country, there remain a few more who will laſt ſo till death, and who, I cannot but hope, have an attractive power to draw you back to a Country, which cannot quite be ſunk or enſlaved, while ſuch ſpirits remain. And let me tell you there are a few more of the ſame ſpirit, who would awaken all your old Ideas, and revive your hopes of her future recovery and Virtue. Theſe look up to you with reverence, and would be animated by the ſight of him at whoſe ſoul they have taken fire, in his writings, and deriv'd from thence as much love of their ſpecies as is conſiſtent with a contempt for the knaves of it.

I could never be weary, except at the eyes, of writing to you; but my real reaſon (and a ſtrong one it is) for doing it ſo ſeldom, is Fear; Fear of a very great and experienc'd evil, that of my letters being kept by the partiality of friends, and paſſing into the hands, and malice of enemies; who publiſh them with all their Imperfections on their head; ſo that I write not on the common terms of honeſt men.

Would to God you would come over with Lord Orrery, whoſe care of you in the voyage I could ſo certainly depend on; and bring with you your old houſekeeper, and two or three ſervants. I have room for all, a heart for all, and (think what you will) a fortune for all. We could, were we together, contrive to make our laſt days eaſy, and leave ſome ſort of Monument,

what Friends two Wits could be in ſpite of all the fools in the world. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXVI.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, May 31, 1737.

IT is true I owe you ſome letters, but it has pleaſed God, that I have not been in a condition to pay you. When you ſhall be at my age, perhaps you may lie under the ſame diſability to your preſent or future friends. But my age is not my diſability, for I can walk ſix or ſeven miles, and ride a dozen. But I am deaf for two months together; this deafneſs unqualifies me for all company, except a few friends with counter-tenor voices, whom I can call names, if they do not ſpeak loud enough for my ears. It is this evil that hath hindered me from venturing to the Bath, and to Twickenham; for deafneſs being not a frequent diſorder, hath no allowance given it; and the ſcurvy figure a man affected that way makes in company, is utterly inſupportable.

It was I began with the petition to you of *Orna me*, and now you come like an unfair merchant, to charge me with being in your debt; which by your way of reckoning I muſt always be, for yours are always guineas, and mine farthings; and yet I have a pretence to quarrel with you, becauſe I am not at the head of any one of your epiſtles. I am often wondering how you come to excel all mortals on the ſubject of Morality, even in the poetical way; and ſhould have wondered more, if Nature and Education had not made you a profeſſor of it from your infancy. "All the letters I can find of "yours, I have faſtened in a folio cover, and the reſt

" in bundles endors'd: But, by reading their dates, I " find a chaſm of ſix years, of which I can find no co- " pies; and yet I keep them with all poſſible care: But, " I have been forced, on three or four occaſions, to ſend " all my papers to ſome friends; yet thoſe papers were " all ſent ſealed in bundles, to ſome faithful friends; " however, what I have are not much above ſixty." I found nothing in any one of them to be left out: None of them have any thing to do with Party, of which you are the cleareſt of all men by your Religion, and the whole tenour of your life; while I am raging every moment againſt the Corruption of both kingdoms, eſpecially of this; ſuch is my weakneſs.

I have read your Epiſtle of Horace to Auguſtus: it was ſent me in the Engliſh Edition, as ſoon as it could come. They are printing it in a ſmall octavo. The curious are looking out, ſome for Flattery, ſome for Ironies in it; the ſour folks think they have found out ſome: But your admirers here, I mean every man of taſte, affect to be certain, that the profeſſion of friendſhip to Me in the ſame poem, will not ſuffer you to be thought a Flatterer. My happineſs is that you are too far engaged, and in ſpite of you the ages to come will celebrate me, and know you were a friend who loved and eſteemed me, although I died the object of Court and Party hatred.

Pray, who is that Mr. Glover, who writ the Epic Poem call'd Leonidas, which is reprinting here, and hath great vogue? We have frequently good Poems of late from London. I have juſt read one upon Converſation, and two or three others. But the croud do not incumber you, who, like the Orator or Preacher, ſtand aloft, and are ſeen above the reſt, more than the whole aſſembly below.

I am able to write no more; and this is my third endeavour, which is too weak to finiſh the paper. I am,

my deareſt friend, yours entirely, as long as I can write, or ſpeak, or think.

J. SWIFT.

LETTER LXXXVII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

Dublin, July 23, 1737.

I Sent a letter to you ſome weeks ago, which my Lord Orrery incloſed in one of his, to which I receiv'd as yet no anſwer, but it will be time enough when his Lordſhip goes over, which will be, as he hopes, in about ten days, and then he will take with him "all the "letters I preſerved of yours, which are not above "twenty-five. I find there is a great chaſm of ſome "years, but the dates are more early than my two laſt "journeys to England, which makes me imagine, that "in one of thoſe journeys I carried over another cargo." But I cannot truſt my memory half an hour; and my diſorders of deafneſs and giddineſs increaſe daily. So that I am declining as faſt as it is eaſily poſſible for me, if I were a dozen years older.

We have had your volume of letters, which, I am told, are to be printed here: Some of thoſe who highly eſteem you, and a few who know you perſonally, are grieved to find you make no diſtinction between the Engliſh Gentry of this Kingdom, and the ſavage old Iriſh (who are only the vulgar, and ſome Gentlemen who live in the Iriſh parts of the kingdom) but the Engliſh Colonies, who are three parts in four, are much more civilized than many Counties in England, and ſpeak better Engliſh, and are much better bred. And they think it very hard, that an American who is of the fifth gene-

ration from England, ſhould be allowed to preſerve that title, only becauſe we have been told by ſome of them that their names are entered in ſome pariſh in London. I have three or four Couſins here who were born in Portugal, whoſe parents took the ſame care, and they are all of them Londoners. Dr. Delany, who, as I take it, is of an Iriſh family, came to viſit me three days ago, on purpoſe to complain of thoſe paſſages in your Letters; he will not allow ſuch a difference between the two climates, but will aſſert that North-Wales, Northumberland, Yorkſhire, and the other Northern Shires, have a more cloudy ungenial air than any part of Ireland. In ſhort, I am afraid your friends and admirers here will force you to make a Palinody.

As for the other parts of your volume of Letters, my opinion is, that there might be collected from them the beſt Syſtem that ever was wrote for the Conduct of human life, at leaſt to ſhame all reaſonable men out of their Follies and Vices. It is ſome recommendation of this Kingdom, and of the taſte of the people, that you are at leaſt as highly celebrated here as you are at home. If you will blame us for Slavery, Corruption, Atheiſm, and ſuch trifles, do it freely, but include England, only with an addition of every other Vice. — I wiſh you would give orders againſt the corruption of Engliſh by thoſe Scriblers, who ſend us over their traſh in Proſe and Verſe, with abominable curtailings and quaint moderniſms. — I am now daily expecting an end of life I have loſt all ſpirit, and every ſcrap of health; I ſometimes recover a little of my hearing, but my head is ever out of order. While I have any ability to hold a commerce with you, I will never be ſilent, and this chancing to be a day that I can hold a pen, I will drag it as long as I am able. Pray let my Lord Orrery ſee you often: next to yourſelf I love no man ſo well; and

tell him what I ſay, if he viſits you. I have now done, for it is evening, and my head grows worſe. May God always protect you, and preſerve you long for a pattern of Piety and Virtue.

Farewel, my deareſt and almoſt only conſtant friend. I am ever, at leaſt in my eſteem, honour and affection to you, what I hope you expect me to be,

Yours, etc.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

From Dr. SWIFT.

My dear Friend, Dublin, Aug. 8, 1738.

I Have yours of July 25, and firſt I deſire you will look upon me as a man worn with years, and ſunk by public as well as perſonal vexations. I have entirely loſt my memory, uncapable of converſation by a cruel deafneſs, which has laſted almoſt a year, and I deſpair of any cure. I ſay not this to increaſe your compaſſion (of which you have already too great a part) but as an excuſe for my not being regular in my letters to you, and ſome few other friends. I have an ill name in the Poſt-office of both Kingdoms, which makes the letters addreſſed to me not ſeldom miſcarry, or be opened and read, and then ſealed in a bungling manner before they come to my hands. Our Friend Mrs. B. is very often in my thoughts, and high in my eſteem; I deſire, you will be the meſſenger of my humble thanks and ſervice to her. That ſuperior univerſal Genius you deſcribe, whoſe hand-writing I know towards the end of your Letter, hath made me both proud and happy; but by what he writes I fear he will be too ſoon gone to his

foreſt abroad. He began in the Queen's time to be my Patron, and then deſcended to be my Friend.

It is a great favour of Heaven, that your health grows better by the addition of years. I have abſolutely done with Poetry for ſeveral years paſt, and even at my beſt times I could produce nothing but trifles: I therefore reject your compliments on that ſcore, and it is no compliment in me; for I take your ſecond Dialogue that you lately ſent me, to equal almoſt any thing you ever writ; although I live ſo much out of the world, that I am ignorant of the facts and perſons, which, I preſume, are very well known from Temple-bar to St. James's: (I mean the Court excluſive.)

"I can faithfully aſſure you, that every letter you "have favour'd me with, theſe twenty years and more, "are ſealed up in bundles, and delivered to Mrs. W—, "a very worthy, rational, and judicious Couſin of "mine, and the only relation whoſe viſits I can ſuffer: "All theſe Letters ſhe is directed to ſend ſafely to you "upon my deceaſe."

My Lord Orrery is gone with his Lady to a part of her eſtate in the North: She is a perſon of very good underſtanding as any I know of her ſex. Give me leave to write here a ſhort anſwer to my Lord B's letter in the laſt page of yours.

My dear Lord,

I am infinitely obliged to your Lordſhip for the honour of your letter, and kind remembrance of me. I do here confeſs, that I have more obligations to your Lordſhip than to all the world beſides. You never deceived me, even when you were a great Miniſter of State: and yet I love you ſtill more, for your condeſcending to write to me, when you had the honour to be an Exile. I can hardly hope to live till you publiſh

your Hiſtory, and am vain enough to wiſh that my name could be ſqueez'd in among the few Subalterns, *quorum pars parva fui:* If not, I will be revenged, and contrive ſome way to be known to futurity, that I had the honour to have your Lordſhip for my beſt Patron; and I will live and die, with the higheſt veneration and gratitude, your moſt obedient, etc.

P. S. I will here in a Poſtſcript correct (if it be poſſible) the blunders I have made in my letter. I ſhewed my Couſin the above letter, and ſhe aſſures me, that a great Collection of * $\begin{matrix}\text{your}\\\text{my}\end{matrix}$ letters to $\begin{matrix}\text{me,}\\\text{you,}\end{matrix}$ are put up and ſealed, and in ſome very ſafe hand †. I am, my moſt dear and honoured Friend, entirely yours,

J. SWIFT.

It is now *Aug.* 24,
1738.

* 'Tis written juſt thus in the Original. The Book that is now printed ſeems to be part of the Collection here ſpoken of, as it contains not only the Letters of Mr. Pope but of Dr. Swift, both to him and Mr. Gay, which were return'd him after Mr. Gay's death: tho' any mention made by Mr. P. of the Return or Exchange of Letters has been induſtriouſly ſuppreſt in the Publication, and only appears by ſome of the Anſwers.

† The Earl of ORRERY to Mr. POPE.

SIR,

I am more and more convinced that your letters are neither loſt nor burnt; but who the Dean means by a ſafe hand *in Ireland, is beyond my power of gueſſing, tho' I am particularly acquainted with moſt, if not all, of his friends. As I knew you had the recovery of thoſe Letters at heart, I took more than ordinary pains, to find out where they were: but my enquiries were to no purpoſe, and, I fear, whoever has them is too tenacious of them to diſcover where they lie.* "*Mrs. W— did aſſure* "*me ſhe had not one of them, and* "*ſeem'd to be under great uneaſi-*"*neſs that you ſhould imagine they* "*were left with her. She like-*"*wiſe told me ſhe had ſtop'd the* "*Dean's letter which gave you* "*that information; but believed* "*he would write ſuch another;* "*and therefore deſir'd me to aſ-*

" ſure you, from her, that ſhe " was totally ignorant where they " were."

*You may make what uſe you pleaſe, either to the Dean or any other perſon, of what I have told you. I am ready to teſtify it; and I think it ought to be known, " That the Dean ſays they are " deliver'd into a ſafe hand, and " * Mrs. W— declares ſhe has " them not. The Conſequence of " their being hereafter publiſh'd " may give uneaſineſs to ſome of " your Friends, and of courſe to " you: ſo I would do all in my " power to make you entirely eaſy " in that point."*

This is the firſt time I have put pen to paper ſince my late misfortune, and I ſhould ſay (as an excuſe for this letter) that it has coſt me ſome pain, did it not allow me an opportunity to aſſure you, that I am,

Dear Sir,

With the trueſt eſteem,

Your very faithful and obedient Servant,

Marſton, Oct. 4, 1738. ORRERY.

* This Lady ſince gave Mr. Pope the ſtrongeſt Aſſurances that ſhe had uſed her utmoſt Endeavours to prevent the Publication; nay, went ſo far as to *ſecrete* the Book, till it was commanded from her, and delivered to the Dublin Printer: Whereupon her Son-in-law, D. Swift, Eſq; inſiſted upon writing a Preface, to juſtify Mr. P. from having any Knowledge of it, and to lay it upon the corrupt Practices of the Printers in London; but this he would not agree to, as not knowing the Truth of the Fact.

LETTERS

TO

RALPH ALLEN, Eſq.

LETTER I.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ALLEN.

Twitnam, April 30, 1736.

I Saw Mr. M. yeſterday, who has readily allowed Mr. V. to copy the Picture. I have enquired for the beſt Originals of thoſe two ſubjects, which, I found, were favourite ones with you, and well deſerve to be ſo, the Diſcovery of Joſeph to his Brethren, and the Reſignation of the Captive by Scipio. Of the latter, my Lord Burlington has a fine one done by Ricci, and I am promiſed the other in a good Print from one of the chief Italian Painters. That of Scipio is of the exact ſize one would wiſh for a Baſſo Relievo, in which manner, in my opinion, you would beſt ornament your Hall, done in Chiaro oſcuro.

A man not only ſhews his Taſte, but his Virtue, in the choice of ſuch ornaments: And whatever example moſt ſtrikes us, we may reaſonably imagine, may have an influence upon others. So that the Hiſtory itſelf, if well choſen, upon a rich man's walls, is very often a better leſſon than any he could teach by his converſation.

In this ſenſe, the Stones may be ſaid to ſpeak when Men cannot, or will not. I can't help thinking (and I know you'll join with me, you who have been making an Altar-piece) that the zeal of the firſt reformers was ill-placed, in removing *Pictures* (that is to ſay, examples) out of Churches; and yet ſuffering *Epitaphs* (that is to ſay, flatteries and falſe hiſtory) to be the burthen of Church-walls, and the ſhame, as well as deriſion, of all honeſt men.

I have heard little yet of the ſubſcription *. I intend to make a viſit for a fortnight from home to Lady Peterborow at Southampton, about the middle of May. After my return I will enquire what has been done; and I really believe, what I told you will prove true, and I ſhall be honourably acquitted of a taſk I am not fond of †. I have run out my leaf, and will only add my ſincere wiſhes for your happineſs of all kinds. I am, etc.

LETTER II.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ALLEN.

Southampton, June 5, 1736.

I Need not ſay I thank you for a Letter, which proves ſo much friendſhip for me. I have much more to ſay upon it than I can, till we meet. But, in a word, I think your notion of the value of thoſe things ‡ is greatly too high, as to any ſervice they can do to the public; and, as to any advantage they may do to my own

* For his own Edit. of the 1ſt Vol. of his Letters; undertaken at Mr. Allen's requeſt.

† The printing his Letters by Subſcription.

‡ His Letters.

character, I ought to be content with what they have done already. I aſſure you I do not think it the leaſt of thoſe advantages that they have occaſioned me the good-will (in ſo great a degree) of ſo worthy a man *. I fear (as I muſt rather retrench than add to their number, unleſs I would publiſh my own commendations) that the common run of Subſcribers would think themſelves injured by not having every thing, which diſcretion muſt ſuppreſs; and this, they (without any other conſideration than as buyers of a book) would call giving them an imperfect collection; whereas the only uſe to my own character, as an Author, of ſuch a publication, would be the ſuppreſſion of many things: and as to my character as a Man, it would be but juſt where it is; unleſs I could be ſo vain, for it could not be virtuous, to add more and more honeſt ſentiments; which, when done *to be printed*, would ſurely be wrong and weak alſo.

I do grant it would be ſome pleaſure to me to expunge ſeveral idle paſſages, which will otherwiſe, if not go down to the next age, paſs at leaſt, in this, for mine; although many of them were not, and, God knows, none of them are my preſent ſentiments, but, on the contrary, wholly diſapproved by me.

And I do not flatter you when I ſay, that pleaſure would be increaſed to me, in knowing I ſhould do what would pleaſe *you*. But I cannot perſuade myſelf to let the whole burden, even tho' it were a public good, lie upon you, much leſs to ſerve my private fame entirely at another's expence †.

But, underſtand me rightly: Did I believe half ſo well of them as you do, I would not ſcruple your aſſiſtance;

* Mr. Allen's friendſhip with the Author was contracted on the reading his Vol. of Letters, which gave the former the higheſt opinion of the other's general benevolence and goodneſs of heart.

† Mr. A. offered to print the Letters at his own expence.

becauſe I am ſure, that to occaſion you to contribute to a real good would be the greateſt benefit I could oblige you in. And I hereby promiſe you, if ever I am ſo happy as to find any juſt occaſion where your generoſity and goodneſs may unite for ſuch a worthy end, I will not ſcruple to draw upon you for any ſum to effect it.

As to the preſent affair; that you may be convinced what weight your opinion and your deſires have with me, I will do what I have not yet done: I will tell my Friends I am as willing to publiſh this book as to let it alone. And, rather than ſuffer you to be taxed at your own rate, will publiſh, in the News, next winter, the Propoſals, etc.

I tell you all theſe particulars to ſhew you how willing I am to follow your advice, nay, to accept your aſſiſtance in any moderate degree. But I think you ſhould reſerve ſo great a proof of your benevolence to a better occaſion.

Since I wrote laſt, I have found, on further inquiry, that there is another fine picture on the ſubject of Scipio and the Captive, by Pietro da Cortona, which Sir Paul Methuen has a ſketch of: and, I believe, is more expreſſive than that of Ricci, as Pietro is famous for expreſſion. I have alſo met with a fine Print of the diſcovery of Joſeph to his Brethren, a deſign, which, I fancy, is of La Sueur, and will do perfectly well.

I am, etc.

LETTER III.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ALLEN.

Nov. 6, 1736.

I Do not write too often to you for many reaſons; but one, which I think a good one, is, that Friends ſhould be left to think of one another for certain intervals without too frequent memorandums: it is an exerciſe of their friendſhip, and a trial of their memory: and moreover to be perpetually repeating aſſurances, is both a needleſs and ſuſpicious kind of treatment with ſuch as are ſincere: not to add the tautology one muſt be guilty of, who can make out ſo many idle words as to fill pages with ſaying one thing. For all is ſaid in this word, *I am truly yours.*

I am now as buſy in planting for myſelf as I was lately in planting for another. And I thank God for every wet Day and for every Fog, that gives me the headach, but proſpers my works. They will indeed outlive me (if they do not die in their Travels from place to place; for my Garden, like my Life, ſeems, to me, every day to want correction, I hope, at leaſt, for the better) but I am pleaſed to think my Trees will afford ſhade and fruit to others, when I ſhall want them no more. And it is no ſort of grief to me, that thoſe others will not be Things of my own poor body: But it is enough, they are Creatures of the ſame Species, and made by the ſame hand that made me. I wiſh (if a wiſh would tranſport me) to ſee you in the ſame employment: and it is no partiality even to you, to ſay it would be as pleaſing to the full to me, if I could improve your works as my own.

Talking of works, mine in proſe are above three quarters printed, and will be a book of fifty and more ſheets in quarto. As I find, what I imagined, the ſlowneſs of ſubſcribers, I will do all I can to diſappoint *you* in particular, and intend to publiſh in January, when the Town fills, an Advertiſement, that the book will be delivered by Lady-day, to oblige all that will ſubſcribe, to do it. In the mean time, I have printed Receipts, which put an end to any perſon's delaying upon pretence of *doubt*, by determining that time. I ſend you a few that you may ſee I am in earneſt, endeavouring all I can to ſave your money, at the ſame time that nothing can leſſen the obligation to me.

I thank God for your health and for my own, which is better than uſual.

I am, etc.

LETTER IV.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ALLEN.

June 8, 1737.

I Was very ſorry to hear how much concern your humanity and friendſhip betrayed you into upon the falſe report which occaſioned your grief. I am now ſo well, that I ought not to conceal it from you, as the juſt reward of your goodneſs which made you ſuffer for me. Perhaps when a Friend is really dead (if he knows our concern for him) he knows us to be as much miſtaken in our ſorrow as you now were: ſo that, what we think a real evil is, to ſuch ſpirits as ſee things truly, no more of moment than a mere imaginary one. It is equally as God pleaſes; let us think or call it good or evil.

I wiſh the world would let me give myſelf more to

ſuch people in it as I like, and diſcharge me of half the honours which perſons of higher rank beſtow on me; and for which one generally pays a little too much of what they cannot beſtow, Time and Life. Were I arrived to that happier circumſtance, you would ſee me at Widcombe, and not at Bath. But whether it will be as much in my power as in my wiſh, God knows. I can only ſay, I think of it with the pleaſure and ſincerity becoming one who is, etc.

LETTER V.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ALLEN.

Nov. 24, 1737.

THE event* of this week or fortnight has filled every body's mind, and mine ſo much that I could not get done what you deſired as to Dr. P. but as ſoon as I can get home, where my books lie, I will ſend them to Mr. K. The death of great perſons is ſuch a ſort of ſurpriſe to *all*, as every one's death is to himſelf, tho' both ſhould equally be expected and prepared for. We begin to eſteem and commend our ſuperiors, at the time that we pity them, becauſe then they ſeem not above ourſelves. The Queen ſhewed, by the confeſſion of all about her, the utmoſt firmneſs and temper to her laſt moments, and thro' the courſe of great torments. What character hiſtorians will allow her, I do not know; but all her domeſtic ſervants, and thoſe neareſt her, give her the beſt teſtimony, that of ſincere tears. But the public is always hard; rigid at beſt, even when juſt, in its opinion of any one. The only pleaſure which any one, either of high or low rank, muſt depend upon receiving, is in the

* The Queen's death.

candour or partiality of friends, and that ſmall circle we are converſant in: and it is therefore the greateſt ſatisfaction to ſuch as wiſh us well, to know we enjoy that. I therefore thank you particularly for telling me of the continuance, or rather increaſe of thoſe bleſſings which make your domeſtic life happy. I have nothing ſo good to add, as to aſſure you I pray for it, and am always faithfully and affectionately, etc.

LETTER VI.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ALLEN.

Twickenham, April 28, 1738.

IT is a pain to me to hear your old complaint ſo troubleſome to you; and the ſhare I have borne and ſtill bear too often, in the ſame complaint, gives me a very feeling ſenſe of it. I hope we agree in every other ſenſation beſides this; for your *heart* is always right, whatever your body may be. I will venture too to ſay, my body is the worſt part of me, or God have mercy on my ſoul. I can't help telling you the rapture you accidentally gave the poor woman (for whom you left a Guinea, on what I told you of my finding her at the end of my garden). I had no notion of her want being ſo great, as I then told you, when I gave her half a one. But I find I have a pleaſure to come, for I will allow her ſomething yearly, and that may be but one year, for, I think, by her looks, ſhe is not leſs than eighty. I am determined to take this charity out of your hands, which, I know, you'll think hard upon you, but ſo it ſhall be.

Pray tell me if you have any objection to my putting your name into a poem of mine (incidentally, not at all

going out of the way for it) provided I ſay ſomething of you, which moſt people would take ill, for example, that you are no man of high birth or quality? You muſt be perfectly free with me on this, as on any, nay, on every other occaſion.

I have nothing to add but my wiſhes for your health: every other enjoyment you will provide for yourſelf, which becomes a reaſonable man. Adieu.

I am, etc.

LETTER VII.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ALLEN.

Jan. 20.

I Ought ſooner to have acknowledged yours; but I have been ſeverely handled by my aſthma, and, at the ſame time, hurried by buſineſs that gave an increaſe to it by catching cold. I am truly ſorry to find that neither yours nor Mrs. A's diſorder is totally removed: but God forbid your pain ſhould continue to return every day, which is worſe by much than I expected to hear. I hope your next will give me a better account. Poor Mr. Bethel too is very ill in Yorkſhire. And, I do aſſure you, there are no two men I wiſh better to. I have known and eſteemed him for every moral virtue theſe twenty years and more. He has all the charity, without any of the weakneſs of ——; and, I firmly believe, never ſaid a thing he did not think, nor did a thing he could not tell. I am concerned he is in ſo cold and remote a place, as in the Wolds of Yorkſhire, at a hunting-ſeat. If he lives till ſpring, he talks of returning to London, and, if I poſſibly can, I would get him to lie

out of it at Twickenham, tho' we went backward and forward every day in a warm coach, which would be the propereſt exerciſe for both of us, ſince he is become ſo weak as to be deprived of riding a horſe.

L. Bolingbroke ſtays a month yet, and I hope Mr. Warburton will come to town before he goes. They will both be pleaſed to meet each other; and nothing in all my life, has been ſo great a pleaſure to my nature, as to bring deſerving and knowing men together. It is the greateſt favour that can be done, either to great geniuſes or uſeful men. I wiſh too, he were a while in town, if it were only to lie a little in the way of ſome proud and powerful perſons, to ſee if they have any of the beſt ſort of pride left, namely, to ſerve learning and merit, and by that means diſtinguiſh themſelves from their predeceſſors.

I am, etc.

LETTER VIII.

Mr. POPE to Mr. ALLEN.

March 6.

I Thank you very kindly for yours. I am ſure we ſhall meet with the ſame hearts we ever met; and I could wiſh it were at Twickenham, tho' only to ſee you and Mrs. Allen twice there inſtead of once. But, as matters have turned out, a decent obedience to the government has ſince obliged me to reſide here, ten miles out of the capital; and therefore I muſt ſee you here or no where. Let that be an additional reaſon for your coming and ſtaying what time you can.

The utmoſt I can do, I will venture to tell you in your ear. I may ſlide along the Surrey ſide (where no Mid-

dleſex juſtice can pretend any cognizance) to Batterſea, and thence croſs the water for an hour or two, in a cloſe chair, to dine with you or ſo. But to be in town, I fear, will be imprudent, and thought inſolent. At leaſt, hitherto, all comply with the proclamation *.

I write thus early, that you may let me know if your day continues, and I will have every room in my houſe as warm for you as the owner always would be. It may poſſibly be that I ſhall be taking the ſecret flight I ſpeak of to Batterſea, before you come, with Mr. Warburton, whom I have promiſed to make known to the only great man in Europe, who knows as much as He. And from thence we may return the 16th, or any day, hither, and meet you, without fail, if you fix your day.

I would not make ill health come into the ſcale, as to keeping me here (tho', in truth, it now bears very hard upon me again, and the leaſt accident of cold, or motion almoſt, throws me into a very dangerous and ſuffering condition.) God ſend you long life, and an eaſier enjoyment of your breath than I now can expect, I fear, etc.

* On the Invaſion, at that time threatened from France and the Pretender.

LETTERS

OF

Mr. POPE

TO

Mr. WARBURTON.

LETTER I.

April 11, 1739.

I Have juſt received from Mr. R. two more of your *Letters* *. It is in the greateſt hurry imaginable that I write this, but I cannot help thanking you in particular for your Third *Letter*, which is ſo extremely clear, ſhort, and full, that I think Mr. Crouzaz † ought never to have another anſwer, and deſerved not ſo good an one. I can only ſay, you do him too much honour, and me too much right, ſo odd as the expreſſion ſeems, for you have made my ſyſtem as clear as I ought to have done and could not. It is indeed the ſame ſyſtem as mine, but illuſtrated with a ray of your own, as they ſay our natural body is the ſame ſtill when it is glorified. I am

* Commentaries on the *Eſſay on Man*.

† A German profeſſor, who wrote remarks upon the philoſophy of that *Eſſay*.

ſure I like it better than I did before, and ſo will every man elſe. I know I meant juſt what you explain, but I did not explain my own meaning ſo well as you. You underſtand me as well as I do myſelf, but you expreſs me better than I could expreſs myſelf. Pray accept the ſincereſt acknowledgments. I cannot but wiſh theſe letters were put together in one book, and intend (with your leave) to procure a tranſlation of part, at leaſt, or of all of them, into French *; but I ſhall not proceed a ſtep without your conſent and opinion, etc.

LETTER II.

May 26, 1739.

THE diſſipation in which I am obliged to live through many degrees of civil obligation, which ought not to rob a man of himſelf who paſſes for an independent one, and yet make me every body's ſervant more than my own: This, Sir, is the occaſion of my ſilence to you, to whom I really have more obligation than to almoſt any man. By writing, indeed, I propoſed no more than to tell you my ſenſe of it: As to any corrections of your *Letters* I could make none, but what reſulted from inverting the Order of them, and thoſe expreſſions relating to myſelf which I thought exaggerated. I could not find a word to alter in the laſt letter, which I returned immediately to the bookſeller. I muſt particularly thank you for the mention you have made of me in your Poſtſcript to the laſt Edition of the *Legation of Moſes*. I am much more pleaſed with a compliment that links me to a virtuous Man, and by the beſt ſimili-

* They were all tranſlated into that language by a French gentleman of condition, who is now in an eminent ſtation in his own country.

tude, that of a good mind (even a better and ſtronger tye than the ſimilitude of ſtudies) than I could be proud of any other whatſoever. May that independency, charity, and competency attend you, which ſets a good prieſt above a biſhop, and truly makes his Fortune; that is, his happineſs in this life as well as in the other.

LETTER III.

Twitenham, Sept. 20, 1739.

I Received with great pleaſure the paper you ſent me; and yet with greater, the proſpect you give me of a nearer acquaintance with you when you come to Town. I ſhall hope what part of your time you can afford me, amongſt the number of thoſe who eſteem you, will be paſt rather in this place than in London; ſince it is here only I live as I ought, *mihi et amicis.* I therefore depend on your promiſe; and ſo much as my conſtitution ſuffers by the winter, I yet aſſure you ſuch an acquiſition will make the ſpring much the more welcome to me, when it is to bring you hither, *cum zephyris et hirundine prima.*

As ſoon as Mr. R. can tranſmit to me an entire copy of your *Letters*, I wiſh he had your leave ſo to do; that I may put the book into the hands of a French gentleman to tranſlate, who, I hope, will not ſubject your work to as much ill-grounded criticiſm, as my French tranſlator * has ſubjected mine. In earneſt, I am extremely obliged to you, for thus eſpouſing the cauſe of a ſtranger whom you judged to be injured; but my part, in this ſentiment, is the leaſt. The generoſity of your

* *Reſnel*, on whoſe very faulty and abſurd tranſlation Crouzaz founded his only plauſible objections.

conduct deſerves eſteem, your zeal for truth deſerves affection from every candid man: And as ſuch, were I wholly out of the caſe, I ſhould eſteem and love you for it. I will not therefore uſe you ſo ill as to write in the general ſtyle of compliment; it is below the dignity of the occaſion: and I can only ſay (which I ſay with ſincerity and warmth) that you have made me, etc.

LETTER IV.

Jan. 4, 1739.

IT is a real truth that I ſhould have written to you oftener, if I had not a great reſpect for you, and owed not a great debt to you. But it may be no unneceſſary thing to let you know that moſt of my friends alſo pay you their thanks; and ſome of the moſt knowing, as well as moſt candid judges think me as much beholden to you as I think myſelf. Your *Letters* * meet from ſuch with the Approbation they merit, and I have been able to find but two or three very ſlight Inaccuracies in the whole book, which I have, upon their obſervation, altered in an exemplar which I keep againſt a ſecond Edition. My very uncertain ſtate of health, which is ſhaken more and more every winter, drove me to Bath and Briſtol two months ſince; and I ſhall not return towards London till February. But I have received nine or ten Letters from thence on the ſucceſs of your book †, which they are earneſt to have tranſlated. One of them is begun in France. A French gentleman, about Monſieur Cambis the Ambaſſador, hath done the greateſt part of it here. But I will retard the Impreſſion till I have your directions, or till I can have

* On the *Eſſay on Man*.

† The Commentary on the Eſſay on Man.

a pleaſure I earneſtly wiſh for, to meet you in town; where you gave me ſome hopes you ſometimes paſs'd a part of the ſpring, for the beſt reaſon, I know, of ever viſiting it, the converſation of a few Friends. Pray, ſuffer me to be what you have made me, one of them, and let my houſe have its ſhare of you; or, if I can any way be inſtrumental in accommodating you in town during your ſtay, I have lodgings and a library or two in my diſpoſal; which, I believe, I need not offer to a man to whom all libraries ought to be open, or to one who wants them ſo little, but that 'tis poſſible you may be as much a ſtranger to this town, as I wiſh with all my heart I was. I ſee by certain ſquibs in the *Miſcellanies* *, that you have as much of the uncharitable ſpirit pour'd out upon you, as the Author you defended from Crouzaz. I only wiſh you gave them no other anſwer than that of the ſun to the frogs, ſhining out, in your ſecond book, and the completion of your argument. No man is, as he ought to be, more, or ſo much a friend to your merit and character, as, Sir,

Your, etc.

LETTER V.

Jan. 17, 1739-40.

THough I writ to you two poſts ago, I ought to acknowledge now a new and unexpected favour of the Remarks on the fourth epiſtle †; which (though I find by yours, attending them, they were ſent laſt month) I received but this morning. This was occaſioned by no fault of Mr. R. but the neglect, I believe, of the

* The Weekly Miſcellany, by Dr. Webſter, Dr. Waterland, Dr. Stebbing, Mr. Venn, and others.

† Of the *Eſſay on Man*.

perſon to whoſe care he conſigned them. I have been full three months about Bath and Briſtol, endeavouring to amend a complaint which more or leſs has troubled me all my life: I hope the regimen this has obliged me to, will make the remainder of it more philoſophical, and improve my reſignation to part with it at laſt. I am preparing to return home, and ſhall then reviſe what my French gentleman has done, and add *this* to it. He is the ſame perſon who tranſlated the *Eſſay* into proſe, which Mr. Crouzaz ſhould have profited by, who, I am really afraid, when I lay the circumſtances all together, was moved to his proceeding in ſo very unreaſonable a way, by ſome malice either of his own, or ſome other's: tho' I was very willing, at firſt, to impute it to ignorance or prejudice. I ſee nothing to be added to your work; only ſome commendatory Deviations from the Argument itſelf, in my favour, I ought to think might be omitted.

I muſt repeat my urgent deſire to be previouſly acquainted with the preciſe time of your viſit to London; that I may have the pleaſure to meet a man in the manner I would, whom I muſt eſteem one of the greateſt of my Benefactors. I am, with the moſt grateful and affectionate regard, etc.

LETTER VI.

April 16, 1740.

YOU could not give me more pleaſure than by your ſhort letter, which acquaints me that I may hope to ſee you ſo ſoon. Let us meet like men who have been many years acquainted with each other, and whoſe friendſhip is not to begin, but continue. All forms ſhould be paſt, when people know each other's mind ſo well: I

flatter myſelf you are a man after my own heart, who ſeeks content only from within, and ſays to greatneſs, *Tuas habeto tibi res, egomet habebo meas.* But as it is but juſt your other friends ſhould have ſome part of you, I inſiſt on my making you the firſt viſit in London; and thence, after a few days, to carry you to Twitenham, for as many as you can afford me. If the preſs be to take up any part of your time, the ſheets may be brought you hourly thither by my waterman: and you will have more leiſure to attend to any thing of that ſort than in town. I believe alſo I have moſt of the Books you can want, or can eaſily borrow them. I earneſtly deſire a line may be left at Mr. R's, where and when I ſhall call upon you, which I will daily enquire for, whether I chance to be here, or in the country. Believe me, Sir, with the trueſt regard, and the ſincereſt wiſh to deſerve

Yours, etc.

LETTER VII.

Twitenham, June 24, 1740.

I TIs true that I am a very unpunctual correſpondent, tho' no unpunctual agent or friend; and that in the commerce of words, I am both poor and lazy. Civility and Compliment generally are the goods that letter-writers exchange, which, with honeſt men, ſeems a kind of illicit trade, by having been, for the moſt part, carried on, and carried furtheſt by deſigning men. I am therefore reduced to plain enquiries, how my friend does, and what he does? and to repetitions, which I am afraid to tire him with, *how much I love him.* Your two kind letters gave me real ſatisfaction, in hearing you were ſafe and well; and in ſhewing me you took kindly my

unaffected endeavours to prove my eſteem for you, and delight in your converſation. Indeed my languid ſtate of health, and frequent deficiency of ſpirits, together with a number of diſſipations, *et aliena negotia centum*, all conſpire to throw a faintneſs and cool appearance over my conduct to thoſe I beſt love; which I perpetually feel, and grieve at: But in earneſt, no man is more deeply touched with merit in general, or with particular merit towards me, in any one. You ought therefore in both views to hold yourſelf what you are to me in my opinion and affection; ſo high in each, that I may perhaps ſeldom attempt to tell it you. The greateſt Juſtice, and favour too that you can do me, is to take it for granted.

Do not therefore commend my talents, but inſtruct me by your own. I am not really learned enough to be a judge in works of the nature and depth of yours. But I travel thro' your book as thro' an amazing ſcene of ancient Egypt or Greece; ſtruck with veneration and wonder; but at every ſtep wanting an inſtructor to tell me all I wiſh to know. Such you prove to me in the walks of antiquity; and ſuch you will prove to all mankind: but with this additional character, more than any other ſearcher into antiquities, that of a genius equal to your pains, and of a taſte equal to your learning.

I am obliged greatly to you, for what you have projected at Cambridge, in relation to my Eſſay *; but more for the motive which did originally, and does conſequentially in a manner, animate all your goodneſs to me, the opinion you entertain of my honeſt intention in that piece, and your zeal to demonſtrate me no irreligious man. I was very ſincere with you in what I told

* Mr. Pope deſired the editor to procure a good tranſlation of the *Eſſay on Man* into Latin proſe.

you of my own opinion of my own character as a poet *, and, I think I may conſcientiouſly ſay, I ſhall die in it. I have nothing to add, but that I hope ſometimes to hear you are well, as you certainly ſhall now and then hear the beſt I can tell you of myſelf.

LETTER VIII.

Oct. 27, 1740.

I Am grown ſo bad a correſpondent, partly thro' the weakneſs of my eyes, which has much increaſed of late, and partly thro' other diſagreeable accidents (almoſt peculiar to me) that my oldeſt as well as beſt friends are reaſonable enough to excuſe me. I know you are of the number who deſerve all the teſtimonies of any ſort, which I can give you of eſteem and friendſhip; and I confide in you, as a man of candour enough, to know it cannot be otherwiſe, if I am an honeſt one. So I will ſay no more on this head, but proceed to thank you for your conſtant memory of whatever may be ſerviceable or reputable to me. The tranſlation † you are a much better judge of than I, not only becauſe you underſtand my work better than I do myſelf, but as your continued familiarity with the learned languages, makes you infinitely more a maſter of them. I would only recommend that the Tranſlator's attention to Tully's Latinity may not preclude his uſage of ſome *Terms* which may be more *preciſe* in modern philoſophy than ſuch as he could ſerve himſelf of, eſpecially in matters metaphyſical. I think this ſpecimen cloſe enough, and clear alſo, as far as the claſſical phraſes allow; from which yet I would

* See his Life.

† Of his *Eſſay on Man* into Latin proſe.

rather he ſometimes deviated, than ſuffered the ſenſe to be either dubious or clouded too much. You know my mind perfectly as to the intent of ſuch a verſion, and I would have it accompanied with your own remarks tranſlated, ſuch only I mean as are general, or explanatory of thoſe paſſages, which are conciſe to any degree of obſcurity, or which demand perhaps too minute an attention in the reader.

I have been unable to make the Journey I deſigned to Oxford, and Lord Bathurſt's, where I hoped to have made you of the party. I am going to Bath for near two months. Yet pray let nothing hinder me ſometimes from hearing you are well. I have had that contentment from time to time from Mr. G.

Scriblerus * will or will not be publiſhed, according to the event of ſome other papers coming, or not coming out, which it will be my utmoſt endeavour to hinder †. I will not give you the pain of acquainting you what they are. You ſimile of B. and his nephew, would make an excellent epigram. But all Satire is become ſo ineffectual (when the laſt ſtep that Virtue can ſtand upon, *ſhame*, is taken away) that Epigram muſt expect to do nothing even in its own little province, and upon its own little ſubjects. Adieu. Believe I wiſh you nearer us; the only power I wiſh is that of attaching, and at the ſame time ſupporting, ſuch congenial bodies as you are to, dear Sir,

Your, etc.

* The *Memoirs of Scriblerus.*

† The letters publiſh'd by Dr. Swift.

LETTER IX.

Bath, Feb. 4, 1740-1.

IF I had not been made by many accidents ſo ſick of letter-writing, as to be almoſt afraid of the ſhadow of my own pen, you would be the perſon I ſhould oftenеſt pour myſelf out to: indeed for a good reaſon, for you have given me the ſtrongeſt proofs of underſtanding, and accepting my meaning in the beſt manner; and of the candour of your heart, as well as the clearneſs of your head. My vexations I would not trouble you with, but I muſt juſt mention the two greateſt I now have. They have printed in Ireland, my letters to Dr. Swift, and (which is the ſtrangeſt circumſtance) by his own conſent and direction, without acquainting me till it was done. The other is one that will continue with me till ſome proſperous event to your ſervice ſhall bring us nearer to each other. I am not content with thoſe glympſes of you, which a ſhort ſpring viſit affords; and from which you carry nothing away with you but my ſighs and wiſhes, without any real benefit.

I am heartily glad of the advancement of your *ſecond Volume* *; and particularly of the *Digreſſions*, for they are *ſo much more of you*; and I can truſt your judgment enough to depend upon their being pertinent. You will, I queſtion not, verify the good proverb, that the furtheſt way about, is the neareſt way home: and much better than plunging thro' thick and thin *more Theologorum*; and perſiſting in the ſame old track, where ſo many have either broken their necks, or come off very lamely.

* Of the *Div. Leg.*

This leads me to thank you for that very entertaining, and, I think, inſtructive ſtory of Dr. W***, who was, in this, the image of ***, who never admit of any remedy from a hand they diſlike. But I am ſorry he had ſo much of the modern Chriſtian rancour, as, I believe, he may be convinced by this time, that the kingdom of Heaven is not for ſuch.

I am juſt returning to London, and ſhall the more impatiently expect your book's appearance, as I hope you will follow it; and that I may have as happy a month thro' your means as I had the laſt ſpring.

I am, etc.

LETTER X.

April 14, 1741.

YOU are every way kind to me; in your partiality to what is tolerable in me; and in your freedom where you find me in an error. Such, I own, is the inſtance given of — You owe me much friendſhip of this latter ſort, having been too profuſe of the former.

I think every day a week till you come to town, which, Mr. G. tells me, will be in the beginning of the next month: When, I expect, you will contrive to be as beneficial to me as you can, by paſſing with me as much time as you can: every day of which it will be my fault if I do not make of ſome uſe to me, as well as pleaſure. This is all I have to tell you, and, be aſſured, my ſincereſt eſteem and affection are yours.

LETTER XI.

Twitenham, Aug. 12, 1741.

THE general indiſpoſition I have to writing, unleſs upon a belief of the neceſſity or uſe of it, muſt plead my excuſe in not doing it to you. I know it is not (I feel it is not) needful to repeat aſſurances of the true and conſtant friendſhip and eſteem I bear you. Honeſt and ingenuous minds are ſure of each other's; the tye is mutual and ſolid. The uſe of writing letters reſolves wholly into the gratification given and received in the knowledge of each other's welfare: unleſs I ever ſhould be ſo fortunate (and rare fortune it would be) to be able to procure, and acquaint you of, ſome real benefit done you by my means. But fortune ſeldom ſuffers one diſintereſted man to ſerve another. 'Tis too much an inſult upon her to let two of thoſe who moſt deſpiſe her favours, be happy in them at the ſame time, and in the ſame inſtance. I wiſh for nothing ſo much at her hands, as that ſhe would permit ſome great perſon or other to remove you nearer the banks of the Thames; tho' very lately a nobleman, whom you eſteem much more than you know, had deſtined etc.——

I thank you heartily for your hints, and am afraid if I had more of them, not on this only, but on other ſubjects, I ſhould break my reſolution, and become an author a-new: nay a new author, and a better than I yet have been; or God forbid I ſhould go on jingling only the ſame bells!

I have received ſome chagrin at the delay of your Degree at Oxon. As for mine, I will die before I receive one, in an art I am ignorant of, at a place where there remains any ſcruple of beſtowing one on you, in a ſcience of which you are ſo great a maſter. In ſhort, I

will be doctor'd with you, or not at all. I am ſure, wherever honour is not conferred on the deſerving, there can be none given to the undeſerving; no more from the hands of Prieſts than of Princes. Adieu. God give you all *true bleſſings*.

LETTER XII.

Sept. 20, 1741.

IT is not my friendſhip, but the diſcernment of that nobleman * I mentioned, which you are to thank for his intention to ſerve you. And his judgment is ſo uncontroverted, that it would really be a pleaſure to you to owe him any thing; inſtead of a ſhame, which is often the caſe in the favours of men of that rank. I am ſorry I can only wiſh you well, and not do myſelf honour in doing you any good. But I comfort myſelf when I reflect, few men could make you happier, none more deſerving than you have made yourſelf.

I don't know how I have been betray'd into a paragraph of this kind. I aſk your pardon, though it be truth, for ſaying ſo much.—

If I can prevail on myſelf to complete † the Dunciad, it will be publiſhed at the ſame time with a general edition of all my Verſes (for Poems I will not call them) and, I hope, your Friendſhip to me will be then as well known, as my being an Author; and go down together to Poſterity. I mean to as much of Poſterity as poor moderns can reach to; where the Commentator (as uſual) will lend a crutch to the weak Poet to help him to limp a little further, than he could on his own feet. We ſhall

* Lord Cheſterfield.

† He had then communicated his intention to the Editor, of adding a fourth book to it, in purſuance of the Editor's advice.

take our degree together in Fame, whatever we do at the Univerſity: And I tell you once more, I will not have it there without you.—

LETTER XIII.

Bath, Nov. 12, 1741.

I Am always naturally ſparing of my letters to my Friends; for a reaſon I think a great one; that it is needleſs after experience, to repeat aſſurances of Friendſhip; and no leſs irkſome to be ſearching for words, to expreſs it over and over. But I have more calls than one for this letter. Firſt, to expreſs a ſatisfaction at your reſolution not to keep up the ball of diſpute with Dr. M. tho', I am ſatisfied, you could have done it; and to tell you that Mr. L. is pleaſed at it too, who writes me word upon this occaſion, that he muſt infinitely eſteem a Divine, and an Author, who loves Peace better than Victory. Secondly, I am to recommend to you as an author, a bookſeller in the room of the honeſt one you have loſt, Mr. G. and I know none who is ſo worthy, and has ſo good a title in that character to ſucceed him as Mr. Knapton. But my third motive of now troubling you is my own proper intereſt and pleaſure. I am here in more leiſure than I can poſſibly enjoy even in my own houſe, *vacare literis*. It is at this place, that your exhortations may be moſt effectual, to make me reſume the ſtudies I have almoſt laid aſide, by perpetual avocations and diſſipations. If it were practicable for you to paſs a month or ſix weeks from home, it is here I could wiſh to be with you: And if you would attend to the continuation of your own noble work, or unbend to the idle amuſement of commenting upon a poet, who has no

other merit, than that of aiming by his moral ſtrokes to merit ſome regard from ſuch men as advance Truth and Virtue in a more effectual way; in either caſe, this place and this houſe would be an inviolable aſylum to you, from all you would deſire to avoid, in ſo public a ſcene as Bath. The worthy man, who is the maſter of it, invites you in the ſtrongeſt terms; and is one who would treat you with love and veneration, rather than what the world calls civility and regard. He is ſincerer and plainer than almoſt any man now in this world, *antiquis moribus*. If the waters of the Bath may be ſerviceable to your complaints (as I believe from what you have told me of them) no opportunity can ever be better. It is juſt the beſt ſeaſon. We are told the Biſhop of Saliſbury is expected here daily, who I know is your friend: at leaſt, tho' a Biſhop, is too much a man of learning to be your enemy. You ſee I omit nothing to add to the weight in the balance, in which, however, I will not think myſelf light, ſince I have known your partiality. You will want no ſervant here. Your room will be next to mine, and one man will ſerve us. Here is a Library and a Gallery ninety feet long to walk in, and a coach whenever you would take the air with me. Mr. ALLEN tells me, you might on horſeback be here in three days; it is leſs than 100 miles from Newarke, the road through Leiceſter, Stow in the Wolde in Glouceſterſhire, and Cirenceſter by Lord Bathurſt's. I could engage to carry you to London from hence, and I would accommodate my time and journey to your conveniency.

Is all this a dream? or can you make it a reality? can you give ear to me?

Audiſtin'? an me ludit amabilis
Inſania?

Dear Sir, adieu; and give me a line to Mr. Allen's at Bath. God preſerve you ever.

LETTER XIV.

Nov. 12, 1741.

YOURS is very full and very kind, it is a friendly and ſatisfactory anſwer, and all I can deſire. Do but inſtantly fulfil it. — Only I hope this will find you before you ſet out. For I think (on all conſiderations) your beſt way will be to take London in your way. It will ſecure you from accidents of weather to travel in the coach, both thither and from thence hither. But in particular, I think you ſhould take ſome care as to Mr. G.'s executors. And I am of opinion, no man will be more ſerviceable in ſettling any ſuch accounts than Mr. Knapton, who ſo well knows the trade, and is of ſo acknowledged a credit in it. If you can ſtay but a few days there, I ſhould be glad; tho' I would not have you omit any neceſſary thing to yourſelf. I wiſh too you would juſt ſee ***, though when you have paſs'd a month here, it will be time enough, for all we have to do in town, and they will be leſs buſy, probably, than juſt before the Seſſion opens, to think of men of letters.

When you are in London I beg a line from you, in which pray tell us what day you ſhall arrive at Bath by the coach, that we may ſend to meet you, and bring you hither.

You will owe me a real obligation by being made acquainted with the maſter of this houſe; and by ſharing with me, what I think one of the chief ſatisfactions of my life, his Friendſhip. But whether I ſhall owe you any in contributing to make me a ſcribler again *, I know not.

* He had concerted the plan of the fourth book of the Dunciad with the Editor the ſummer before; and had now written a great part of it; which he was willing the Editor ſhould ſee.

LETTER XV.

April 23, 1742.

MY letters are ſo ſhort, partly becauſe I could by no length of *writings* (not even by ſuch as lawyers write) *convey* to you more than you have already of my heart and eſteem; and partly becauſe I want time and eyes. I can't ſufficiently tell you both my pleaſure and my gratefulneſs, in and for your two laſt letters, which ſhew your zeal ſo ſtrong for that piece of my idleneſs, which was literally written only to keep *me* from ſleeping in a dull winter, and perhaps to make others ſleep unleſs awaken'd by my Commentator; no uncommon caſe among the learned. I am every day in expectation of Lord Bolingbroke's arrival: with whom I ſhall ſeize all the hours I can; for his ſtay (I fear by what he writes) will be very ſhort. — I do not think it impoſſible but he may go to Bath for a few weeks, to ſee (if he be then alive, as yet he is) his old ſervant. — In that caſe I think to go with him, and if it ſhould be at a ſeaſon when the waters are beneficial (which agree particularly with him too) would it be an impoſſibility to meet you at Mr. Allen's? whoſe houſe, you know, and heart are yours. Though this is a mere chance, I ſhould not be ſorry you ſaw ſo great a genius, though he and you were never to meet again. — Adieu. The world is not what I wiſh it; but I will not repent being in it while two or three live.

I am, etc.

LETTER XVI.

Bath, Nov. 27, 1742.

THIS will ſhew you I am ſtill with our friend, but it is the laſt day; and I would rather you heard of me pleaſed, as yet I am, than chagrin'd as I ſhall be in a few hours. We are both pretty well. I wiſh you had been more explicit if your leg be quite well. You ſay no more than that you got home well. I expect a more particular account of you when you have repoſed yourſelf awhile at your own fire-ſide. I ſhall inquire as ſoon as I am in London, which of my friends have ſeen you? There are two or three who know how to value you: I wiſh I were as ſure they would ſtudy to ſerve you.—A project has ariſen in my head to make you, in ſome meaſure, the Editor of this new edition of the Dunciad *, if you have no ſcruple of owning ſome of the graver notes, which are now added † to thoſe of Dr. Arbuthnot. I mean it as a kind of prelude, or advertiſement to the public, of your Commentaries on the *Eſſays on Man*, and on *Criticiſm*, which I propoſe to print next in another volume proportioned to this. I only doubt whether an avowal of theſe notes to ſo ludicrous a poem be ſuitable to a character ſo eſtabliſhed as yours for more ſerious ſtudies. It was a ſudden thought ſince we parted; and I would have you treat it as no more; and tell me if it is not better to be ſuppreſs'd; freely and friendlily. I have a particular reaſon to make you intereſt yourſelf in me and my writings. It will cauſe both them and me to make the better figure to poſterity. A very mediocre poet, one

* That is, of the four books complete.

† Added in the three firſt books, and diſtinguiſhed in this edition of his works.

Drayton, is yet taken ſome notice of, becauſe Selden writ a few notes on one of his poems. —

Adieu. May every domeſtic happineſs make you unwilling to remove from home; and may every friend you do that kindneſs for, treat you ſo as to make you forget you are not at home.

I am, etc.

LETTER XVII.

Dec. 28, 1742.

I Have always ſo many things to take kindly of you, that I don't know which to begin to thank you for. I was willing to conclude our whole account of the Dunciad, at leaſt, and therefore ſtaid till it was finiſhed. The encouragement you gave me to add the fourth book firſt determined me to do ſo; and the approbation you ſeem'd to give it was what ſingly determined me to print it. Since that, your Notes and your Diſcourſe in the name of Ariſtarchus have given its laſt finiſhings and ornaments.—I am glad you will refreſh the *memory* of ſuch readers as have no other faculty to be readers, eſpecially of ſuch works as the *Divine Legation*. But I hope you will not take too much notice of another and duller ſort; thoſe who become writers thro' malice, and muſt die whenever you pleaſe to ſhine out in the completion of the Work; which I wiſh were now your only anſwer to any of them: except you will make uſe of that ſhort and excellent one you gave me in the ſtory of the *reading-glaſs*.

The world here grows very buſy. About what time is it you think of being amongſt us? My health, I fear, will confine me, whether in town or here, ſo that I may

expect more of your company as one good reſulting out of evil.

I write, you know, very laconically. I have but one formula which ſays every thing to a Friend, "I am "yours, and beg you to continue mine." Let me not be ignorant (you can prevent my being ſo of *any thing*, but firſt and principally) of your health and well being; and depend on my ſenſe of all the *Kindneſs* over and above all the *Juſtice* you ſhall ever do me.

I never read a thing with more pleaſure than an additional ſheet to * Jervas's preface to Don Quixote. Before I got over two paragraphs I cried out, *Aut Eraſmus aut diabolus!* I knew you as certainly as the ancients did the Gods by the firſt pace and the very gait. I have not a moment to expreſs myſelf in, but could not omit this which delighted me ſo greatly.

My Law-ſuit with L. is at an end. — Adieu! Believe no man can be more yours. Call me by any title you will but a *Doctor of Oxford*; *Sit tibi cura mei, ſit tibi cura tui.*

LETTER XVIII.

Jan. 18, 1742.

I Am forced to grow every day more laconic in my letters, for my eye-ſight grows every day ſhorter and dimmer. Forgive me then that I anſwer you ſummarily. I can even leſs bear an equal part in a correſpondence than in a converſation with you. But be aſſured once for all, the more I read of you, as the more I hear from you, the better I am inſtructed and pleaſed. And this misfortune of my own dulneſs, and my own abſence,

* On the origin of the books of Chivalry.

only quickens my ardent wiſh that ſome good fortune would draw you nearer, and enable me to enjoy both, for a greater part of our lives in this neighbourhood; and in ſuch a ſituation as might make more beneficial friends, than I, eſteem and enjoy you equally. — I have again heard from Lord — and another hand, that the Lord * I writ to you of, declares an intention to ſerve you. My anſwer (which they related to him) was, that he would be ſure of your acquaintance for life, if once he ſerved or obliged you; but that, I was certain, you would never trouble him with your expectation tho' he would never get rid of your gratitude. — Dear Sir, adieu! and let me be ſometimes certified of your health. My own is as uſual; and my affection the ſame, always yours.

LETTER XIX.

Twitenham, March 24, 1743.

I Write to you amongſt the very few I now deſire to have my Friends, merely, *Si valeas, valeo.* 'Tis in effect all I ſay, but it is very literally true, for I place all that makes my life deſirable in their welfare. I may truly affirm, that vanity or intereſt have not the leaſt ſhare in any friendſhip I have; or cauſe me now to cultivate that of any one man by any one letter. But if any motive ſhould draw me to flatter a great man, it would be to ſave the friend I would have him ſerve from doing it. Rather than lay a deſerving perſon under the neceſſity of it, I would hazard my own character and keep his in dignity. Tho', in truth, I live in a time when no meaſures of conduct influence the ſucceſs of one's applications, and the beſt thing to truſt to is chance and opportunity.

* L. Granville.

I only meant to tell you, I am wholly yours, how few words ſo ever I make of it. — A greater pleaſure to me is, that I chanc'd to make Mr. Allen ſo, who is not only worth more than — intrinſically; but, I foreſee, will be effectually more a comfort and glory to you every year you live. My confidence in any man leſs truly great than an honeſt one is but ſmall. ——

I have lived much by myſelf of late, partly thro' ill health, and partly to amuſe myſelf with little improvements in my garden and houſe, to which poſſibly I ſhall (if I live) be ſoon more confined. When the Dunciad may be publiſhed I know not. I am more deſirous of carrying on the beſt, that is, your edition of the reſt of the *Epiſtles* and *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, etc. I know it is there I ſhall be ſeen moſt to advantage. But I inſiſt on one condition, that you never think of this when you can employ yourſelf in finiſhing that noble work of the *Divine Legation* (which is what, above all, *iterum, iterumque monebo*) or any other uſeful ſcheme of your own. It would be a ſatisfaction to me at preſent only to hear that you have ſupported your health among theſe epidemical diſorders, which, tho' not mortal to any of my friends, have afflicted almoſt every one.

LETTER XX.

June 5.

I Wiſh that, inſtead of writing to you once in two months, I could do you ſome ſervice as often; for I am arrived to an age when I am as ſparing of words as moſt old men are of money, though I daily find leſs occaſion for any. But I live in a time when benefits are not in the power of an honeſt man to beſtow; nor indeed of an honeſt man to receive, conſidering on what terms they

are generally to be had. It is certain you have a full right to any I could do you, who not only monthly, but weekly of late have loaded me with favours of that kind, which are moſt acceptable to veteran Authors; thoſe garlands which a Commentator weaves to hang about his Poet, and which are flowers both of his own gathering and painting too; not bloſſoms ſpringing from the dry Author.

It is very unreaſonable after this, to give you a ſecond trouble in reviſing the * *Eſſay on Homer*. But I look upon you as one ſworn to ſuffer no errors in me: and tho' the common way with a Commentator be to erect them into beauties, the beſt office of a Critic is to correct and amend them. There being a new edition coming out of *Homer*, I would willingly render it a little leſs defective, and the bookſeller will not allow me time to do ſo myſelf.—

Lord B. returns to France very ſpeedily, and it is poſſible I may go for three weeks or a month to Mr. Allen's in the ſummer; of which I will not fail to advertiſe you, if it ſuits your conveniency to be there and drink the waters more beneficially.

Forgive my ſcribling ſo haſtily and ſo ill. My eyes are at leaſt as bad as my head: and it is with my heart only that I can pretend to be, to any real purpoſe,

Your, etc.

* The Editor did reviſe and correct it as it now ſtands in the laſt edition.

LETTER XXI.

July 18.

YOU may well expect letters from me of thanks: but the kind attention you ſhew to every thing that concerns me is ſo manifeſt, and ſo repeated, that you cannot but tell yourſelf how neceſſarily I muſt pay them in my heart, which makes it almoſt impertinent to ſay ſo. Your alterations to the Preface and Eſſay * are juſt; and none more obliging to me than where you prove your concern that my notions in my firſt writings ſhould not be repugnant to thoſe in my laſt. And you will have the charity to think when I was then in an error, it was not ſo much that I thought wrong or perverſely, as that I had not thought ſufficiently. What I could correct in the diſſipated life I am forced to lead here, I have: and ſome there are which ſtill want your help to be made as they ſhould be. — Mr. Allen depends on you at the end of the next month or in September, and I will join him as ſoon as I can return from the other party. I believe not till September, at ſooneſt — You will pardon me (dear Sir) for writing to you but juſt like an attorney or agent. I am more concerned for your Finances † than your Fame; becauſe the firſt, I fear, you will never be concerned about yourſelf; the ſecond is ſecure to you already, and (whether you will or not) will follow you.

I have never ſaid one word to you of the public. I have known the greater world too long to be very ſanguine. But accidents and occaſions may do what virtue would not; and God ſend they may! Adieu. Whatever becomes of public Virtue, let us preſerve our own poor ſhare of

* Prefix'd to his Homer's Iliad.

† His debt from the Executor of Mr. G.

the private. Be aſſured, if I have any, I am with a true ſenſe of your merit and friendſhip, etc.

LETTER XXII.

Octob. 7.

I Heartily thank you for yours, from which I learn'd your ſafe arrival. And that you found all yours in health, was a kind addition to the account; as I truly am intereſted in whatever is, and deſerves to be dear to you, and to make a part of your happineſs. I have many reaſons and experiences to convince me, how much you wiſh health to me, as well as long life to my writings. Could you make as much a better man of me as you can make a better author, I were ſecure of Immortality both here and hereafter by your means. The Dunciad I have ordered to be advertiſed in quarto. Pray order as many of them as you will; and know that whatever is mine is yours.

LETTER XXIII.

Jan. 12, 1743.

AN unwillingeſs to write nothing to you, whom I reſpect; and worſe than nothing (which would afflict you) to one who wiſhes me ſo well, has hitherto kept me ſilent. Of the Public I can tell you nothing worthy the reflection of a reaſonable man; and of myſelf only an account that would give you pain; for my aſthma has increaſed every week ſince you laſt heard from me, to the degree of confining me totally to the fire-ſide; ſo that I have hardly ſeen any of my friends but two, who happen to be divided from the world as much as myſelf, and are

conſtantly retired at Batterſea. There I have paſt moſt of my time, and often wiſh'd you of the company, as the beſt I know to make me not regret the loſs of all others, and to prepare me for a nobler ſcene than any mortal greatneſs can open to us. I fear by the account you gave me of the time you deſign to come this way, one of them (whom I much wiſh you had a glympſe of) will be gone again, unleſs you paſs ſome weeks in London before Mr. Allen arrives there in March. My preſent indiſpoſition takes up almoſt all my hours, to render a very few of them ſupportable: yet I go on ſoftly to prepare the great Edition of my Things with your Notes, and as faſt as I receive any from you, I add others in order—

I am told the Laureat is going to publiſh a very abuſive pamphlet. That is all I can deſire; it is enough, if it be abuſive and if it be his. He threatens you; but, I think, you will not fear or love him ſo much as to anſwer him, though you have anſwered one or two as dull. He will be more to me than a doſe of hartſhorn: and as a ſtink revives one who has been oppreſſed with perfumes, his railing will cure me of a courſe of flatteries.

I am much more concerned to hear that ſome of your Clergy are offended at a verſe or two of mine*, becauſe I have a reſpect for *your* Clergy, (though the verſes are harder upon *ours*.) But if they do not blame *you* for defending thoſe verſes, I will wrap myſelf up in the layman's cloak, and ſleep under your ſhield.

I am ſorry to find by a letter two poſts ſince from Mr. Allen, that he is not quite recovered yet of all remains of his indiſpoſition, nor Mrs. Allen quite well. Don't be diſcouraged from telling me how you are: for no man is more yours than, etc.

* Ver. 355 to 358. ſecond Book of the Dunciad.

LETTER XXIV.

IF I was not aſhamed to be ſo behind hand with you, that I can ever pretend to fetch it up (any more than I could in my preſent ſtate to overtake you in a race) I would particularize which of your letters I ſhould have anſwered firſt. It muſt ſuffice to ſay I have received them all; and whatever very little reſpites I have had, from the daily care of my malady, have been employed in reviſing the papers *on the uſe of Riches*, which I would have ready for your laſt reviſe, againſt you come to town, that they may be begun with while you are here. —I own, the late encroachments upon my conſtitution make me willing to ſee the end of all further care about me or my works. I would reſt for the one, in a full reſignation of my being to be diſpoſed of by the Father of all mercy; and for the other (though indeed a trifle, yet a trifle may be ſome example) I would commit them to the candour of a ſenſible and reflecting judge, rather than to the malice of every ſhort-ſighted and malevolent critic, or inadvertent and cenſorious reader. And no hand can ſet them in ſo good a light, or ſo well turn their beſt ſide to the day as your own. This obliges me to confeſs I have for ſome months thought myſelf going, and that not ſlowly, down the hill. The rather as every attempt of the phyſicians, and ſtill the laſt medicines more forceable in their nature, have utterly fail'd to ſerve me. I was at laſt, about ſeven days ago, taken with ſo violent a fit at Batterſea, that my friends Lord M. and Lord B. ſent for preſent help to the ſurgeon; whoſe bleeding me, I am perſuaded, ſaved my life, by the inſtantaneous effect it had; and which has continued ſo much to amend me, that I have paſs'd five days without oppreſſion, and recovered, what I have three months wanted, ſome degree

of expectoration, and ſome hours together of ſleep. I am now got to Twitenham, to try if the air will not take ſome part in reviving me, if I can avoid colds; and between that place and Batterſea with my Lord B. I will paſs what I have of life, while he ſtays (which I can tell you, to my great ſatisfaction, will be this fortnight or three weeks yet.) What if you came before Mr. Allen, and ſtaid till then, inſtead of poſtponing your journey longer? Pray, if you write, juſt tell him how ill I have been, or I had wrote again to him: But that I will do, the firſt day I find myſelf alone with pen, ink, and paper, which I can hardly be even here, or in any ſpirits yet to hold a pen. You ſee I ſay nothing, and yet this writing is labour to me.

I am, etc.

LETTER XXV.

April 1744.

I Am ſorry to meet you with ſo bad an account of myſelf, who would otherwiſe with joy have flown to the interview. I am too ill to be in town; and within this week ſo much worſe, as to make my journey thither, at preſent, impracticable, even if therew as no Proclamation in my way. I left the Town in a decent compliance to that; but this additional prohibition from the higheſt of all powers I muſt bow to without murmuring. I wiſh to ſee you here. Mr. Allen comes not till the 16th, and you will probably chuſe to be in town chiefly while he is there. I received yours juſt now, and I writ to hinder — from printing the Comment on the *Uſe of Riches* too haſtily, ſince what you write me, intending to have forwarded it otherwiſe, that you might reviſe it during your ſtay.

Indeed my preſent weakneſs will make me leſs and leſs capable of any thing. I hope at leaſt, now at firſt, to ſee you for a day or two here at Twitenham, and concert meaſures how to enjoy for the future what I can of your friendſhip *.

I am, etc.

* He died May 30. following.

THE
LAST WILL
AND
TESTAMENT
OF
ALEXANDER POPE,
of TWICKENHAM, Esq.

THE
LAST WILL and TESTAMENT
OF
ALEXANDER POPE, Eſq.

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN. I Alexander Pope, of Twickenham, in the county of Middleſex, make this my laſt Will and Teſtament. I reſign my Soul to its Creator in all humble hope of its future happineſs, as in the diſpoſal of a Being infinitely good. As to my Body, my will is, that it be buried near the monument of my dear Parents at Twickenham, with the addition, after the words *filius fecit* — of theſe only, *et ſibi: Qui obiit anno* 17 — *aetatis* — and that it be carried to the grave by ſix of the pooreſt men of the pariſh, to each of whom I order a ſuit of grey coarſe cloth, as mourning. If I happen to die at any inconvenient diſtance, let the ſame be done in any other pariſh, and the Inſcription be added on the monument at Twickenham. I hereby make and appoint my particular friends, Allen Lord Bathurſt, Hugh Earl of Marchmont, the honourable William Murray his Majeſty's ſolicitor general, and George Arbuthnot, of the court of Exchequer, Eſq; the ſurvivors or ſurvivor of them, Executors of this my laſt Will and Teſtament.

But all the manuſcript and unprinted papers which I ſhall leave at my deceaſe, I deſire may be delivered to my noble Friend, Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, to whoſe ſole care and judgment I commit them, either to be preſerved or deſtroyed; or, in caſe he ſhall not ſurvive me, to the aboveſaid Earl of Marchmont. Theſe, who in the courſe of my life have done me all other good offices, will not refuſe me this laſt after my death: I

leave them therefore this trouble, as a mark of my truſt and friendſhip; only deſiring them each to accept of ſome ſmall memorial of me: That my Lord Bolingbroke will add to his library all the volumes of my Works and Tranſlations of Homer, bound in red Morocco, and the eleven volumes of thoſe of Eraſmus: That my Lord Marchmont will take the large paper edition of Thuanus, by Buckley, and that portrait of Lord Bolingbroke, by Richardſon, which he ſhall prefer: That my Lord Bathurſt will find a place for the three ſtatues of the Hercules of Farneſe, the Venus of Medicis, and the Apollo in chiaro oſcuro, done by Kneller: That Mr. Murray will accept of the marble head of Homer, by Bernini; and of Sir Iſaac Newton, by Guelfi: and that Mr. Arbuthnot will take the Watch I commonly wore, which the King of Sardinia gave to the late Earl of Peterborow, and he to me on his death-bed; together with one of the pictures of Lord Bolingbroke.

Item, I deſire Mr. Lyttelton to accept of the buſts of Spencer, Shakeſpear, Milton, and Dryden, in marble, which his royal maſter the Prince was pleaſed to give me. I give and deviſe my library of printed books to Ralph Allen of Widcombe, Eſq; and to the Reverend Mr. William Warburton, or to the ſurvivor of them (when thoſe belonging to Lord Bolingbroke are taken out, and when Mrs. Martha Blount has choſen Threeſcore out of the number.) I alſo give and bequeath to the ſaid Mr. Warburton, the property of all ſuch of my Works already printed, as he hath written, or ſhall write Commentaries or Notes upon, and which I have not otherwiſe diſpoſed of, or alienated; and all the profits which ſhall ariſe after my death from ſuch editions as he ſhall publiſh without future alterations.

Item, In caſe Ralph Allen, Eſq; aboveſaid ſhall ſurvive me, I order my Executors to pay him the ſum of

One hundred and fifty pounds, being, to the beſt of my calculation, the account of what I have received from him; partly for my own, and partly for charitable uſes. If he refuſe to take this himſelf, I deſire him to employ it in a way, I am perſuaded, he will not diſlike, to the benefit of the Bath-hoſpital.

I give and deviſe to my ſiſter-in-law, Mrs. Magdalen Racket, the ſum of Three hundred pounds; and to her ſons, Henry, and Robert Racket, One hundred pounds each. I alſo releaſe, and give to her all my right and intereſt in and upon a bond of Five hundred pounds due to me from her ſon Michael. I alſo give her the family pictures of my Father, Mother, and Aunts, and the diamond ring my Mother wore, and her golden watch. I give to Eraſmus Lewis, Gilbert Weſt, Sir Clement Cotterell, William Rollinſon, Nathaniel Hook, Eſqrs. and to Mrs. Anne Arbuthnot, to each the ſum of Five pounds, to be laid out in a ring, or any memorial of me; and to my ſervant, John Searl, who has faithfully and ably ſerved me many years, I give and deviſe the ſum of One hundred pounds over and above a year's wages to himſelf, and his wife; and to the Poor of the pariſh of Twickenham, Twenty pounds, to be divided among them by the ſaid John Searl: And it is my Will, if the ſaid John Searl die before me, that the ſaid ſum of One hundred pounds go to his wife or children.

Item, I give and deviſe to Mrs. Martha Blount, younger daughter of Mrs. Martha Blount, late of Welbeck-Street, Cavendiſh-Square, the ſum of One thouſand pounds immediately on my deceaſe: and all the furniture of my grotto, urns in my garden, houſehold goods, chattels, plate, or whatever is not otherwiſe diſpoſed of in this my Will, I give and deviſe to the ſaid Mrs. Martha Blount, out of a ſincere regard, and long friendſhip for her. And it is my will, that my aboveſaid Executors,

the ſurvivors or ſurvivor of them, ſhall take an account of all my eſtate, money, or bonds, etc. and, after paying my debts and legacies, ſhall place out all the reſidue upon government, or other ſecurities, according to their beſt judgment; and pay the produce thereof, half-yearly, to the ſaid Mrs. Martha Blount, during her natural life: and after her deceaſe, I give the ſum of One thouſand pounds to Mrs. Magdalen Racket, and her ſons Robert, Henry, and John, to be divided equally among them, or to the ſurvivors or ſurvivor of them; and after the deceaſe of the ſaid Mrs. Martha Blount, I give the ſum of Two hundred pounds to the aboveſaid Gilbert Weſt; Two hundred to Mr. George Arbuthnot; Two hundred to his ſiſter, Mrs. Anne Arbuthnot; and One hundred to my ſervant, John Searl, to which ſoever of theſe ſhall be then living: and all the reſidue and remainder to be conſidered as undiſpoſed of, and go to my next of kin.

This is my laſt Will and Teſtament, written with my own Hand, and ſealed with my Seal, this Twelfth day of December, in the year of our Lord, One thouſand, ſeven hundred and forty-three.

ALEX. POPE.

Signed, Sealed, and Declared by the Teſtator, as his laſt Will and Teſtament, in Preſence of us,

RADNOR.
STEPHEN HALES, Miniſter of Teddington.
JOSEPH SPENCE, Profeſſor of Hiſtory in the Univerſity of Oxford.

FINIS.

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